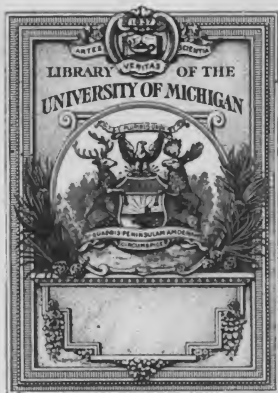




Metropolitan Magazine





THE GIFT OF
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"GREAT BRIDGES" BY THOMAS HASTING

APRIL, 1906

PRICE 15 CENT

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE



EASTER



*"Young Again, eh!
That's it exactly."*

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as he feels,
And a woman is as
old as she looks"—

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keeps one young both
in feeling and looks.

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beneficial results.

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state of "surgical cleanliness," and keep him there.

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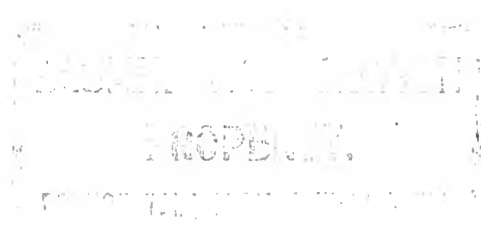
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From the Water-Color Drawing by F. Hopkinson Smith.

GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE BRIDGE AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
Carrère & Hastings, Architects.

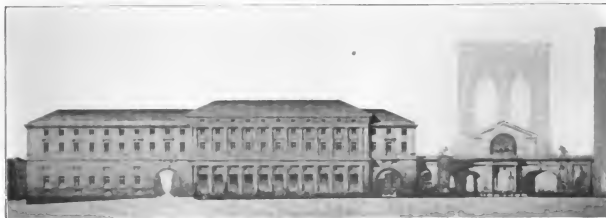
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THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV

APRIL, 1906

NUMBER I



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROPOSED MANHATTAN TERMINAL OF THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

NEW YORK'S GREAT BRIDGES

BY THOMAS HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH, JULES GUÉRIN AND
VERNON HOWE BAILEY, AND WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS
BY ARTHUR HEWITT



AMONG all the varied problems of construction which present themselves to human ingenuity, it may be said that the bridge most influences the landscape or transforms the general character of a city. From the rustic bridge which crosses the brook, lending interest to the woodland scenery, to the impressive construction which spans the mighty river without interrupting its circulation, whatever may be its purpose, there is nothing human

which may add more to the beauty of a landscape or may so seriously detract from it.

Man more than any other animal has always been migratory, penetrating the most distant regions, and to this end he encircles the world with railroads, pierces the mountains with tunnels, or crosses the intervening valleys with bridges or roads, giving a human interest to nature which in its primeval condition it never had. There is no more lasting or permanent construction than that of the bridge, because it does not give way to the changing conditions of the country, or to the growth and

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ELEVATION OF THE PROPOSED MANHATTAN TERMINAL STATION OF THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

development of the city as does almost any other architectural structure. It is therefore evident that the most serious thought should be given to the character and design of such lasting monuments.

New York is destined to have more bridges of colossal size than perhaps any other great city in the world. The geographical conditions which are most natural, almost like those of Venice, isolate the city on an island, and this island is becoming more and more overcrowded. The large bodies of water in the immediate neighborhood of the metropolis impose varied conditions upon the bridge builder, which will for many generations to come bring about wonderful developments in this relation; and let us hope that these great bridges will make the city more beautiful. If only our municipal authorities continue to take the intelligent interest which the present administration so visibly manifests, this hope may be realized. It would be difficult to picture how beautiful the future city may become when in time these bridges make their impress upon the many miles of our water front. We have

indeed made too little of these natural conditions and have too seldom realized how much the large bodies of water—the Sound, the Ocean and the Rivers mean to the inhabitants of the City, not only for purposes of navigation and pleasure, but also for comfort and beauty. These waters, whose tides twice a day bathe the shores of our city, mean more to us than we can realize, and to appreciate this, one need only to visit some western inland town to feel a real longing for our own environment.

New York has grown too large for Manhattan Island, and it must reach out and over the waters as well as under them. Our highways must be extended, giving most interesting problems to the engineer and the architect for many generations to come. Let us hope that the authorities who are now doing so much in this direction will some day force the railroads to have more respect for private property instead of destroying, as is so often done, the entire appearance of those portions of the towns they pass through, seeing only the commercial side or how much money can be drained from an ever patient but



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

THE GREAT NEW APPROACH ON THE MANHATTAN SIDE TO THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE AS PROPOSED BY THE ARCHITECTS CARRÈRE & HASTINGS.

constantly moving and growing population. It is pitiable indeed to note how often, especially in our smaller cities, the railroads build walls through the heart or center of a town, and make them none too good for mere cellar construction with ugly guard rails of pipe, without the slightest consideration of the feelings of the property

owners. When one considers the enormous cost of hundreds of miles of railroads from place to place, it is apparent how comparatively small would be the increased expenditure if some thought were given to making such constructions in some way add to the character of any railroad town.

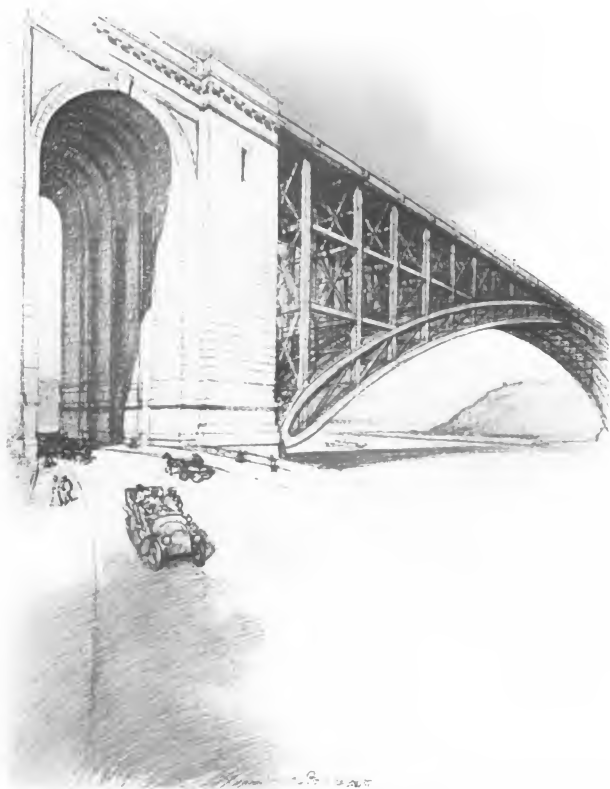
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Drawn by Julia Gustin.

THE APPROACH TO THE NEW MANHATTAN BRIDGE FROM THE EAST END.

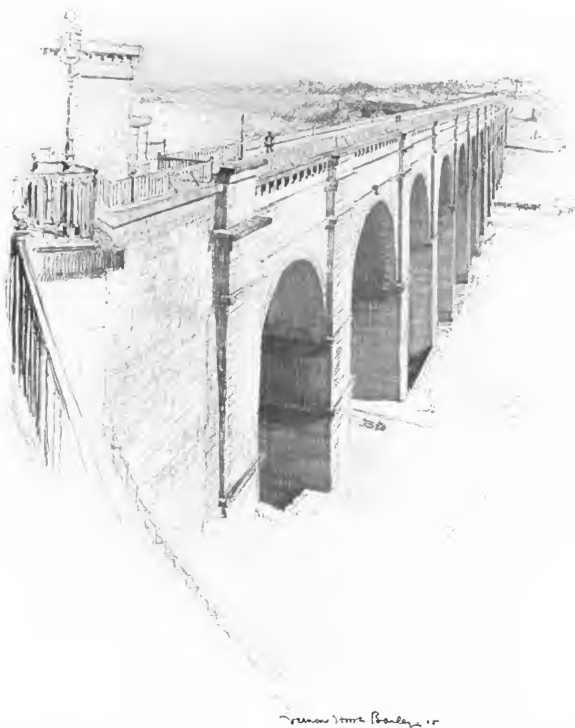
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THE PROPOSED NEW HUDSON RIVER MEMORIAL BRIDGE.

iron and steel in large quantities these metals have in a great measure taken the place of the use of stone or wood in bridge construction; this has had a very great influence upon architectural development of bridges. This influence was most generally felt in the building of railroads in the first part of the nineteenth century. There

is on record, however, a design made by Thomas Paine, the author, for an iron bridge in the year 1786. It was a segmental arch and this design has formed the basis of many cast iron arched bridges since built. The model for this bridge was placed on exhibition in the house of Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia and



THE FAMOUS HIGH BRIDGE ACROSS THE HARLEM RIVER.

was afterward sent to Paris, where it was exhibited at the Academy of Sciences.

It was not until 1840 that any great iron bridges were built in this country, excepting suspension bridges, where iron links were used in the cables and suspenders, the floors being of wood. To realize the great influence railroads have had upon bridge

building, we must consider the fact that prior to 1860 the bridges for the railroads were generally designed by the railroad engineers and executed in the shops of the railroad companies. This made an emergency demand, and naturally little thought was given to esthetics or to the permanent character of such constructions. Later the

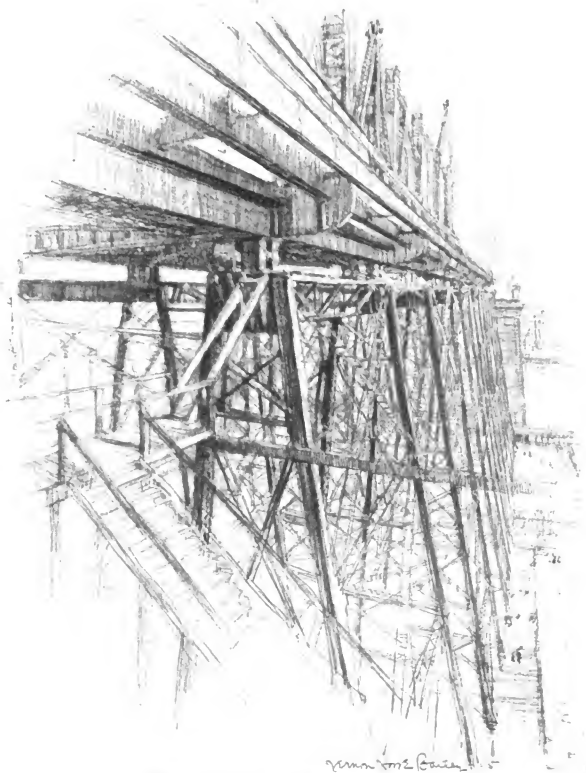


THE WASHINGTON BRIDGE ACROSS THE HARRIS RIVER.

railroads gave the building of these bridges to construction companies who furnished both designs and bids at the same time, and it is only in recent years that the engineers in this class of work have emerged from these construction companies to enter into the general practice of this profession. In designing bridges and writing specifica-

tions, their designs were to become the property of the railroad companies, so that they might obtain competitive bids from different contractors.

It is unfortunate that many, though by no means all, of our highway bridges have been designed by engineers who have obtained their education through these channels, so



A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE NEW BLACKWELL'S ISLAND BRIDGE.

it is not surprising that there has been a marked disregard for the architect and his work. Unquestionably until modern times, most engineers knew more about architecture than they do to-day, as also did architects know more about engineering, but with this modern tendency of differentiation and with the multitude of complicated

problems brought about by iron construction, there must be more collaboration between engineer and architect in order to produce better results from the practical, as well as from the artistic point of view. This would, indeed, be an advantage not only in that it would make the bridge more beautiful, but I believe that there would

be an economy of time and money if the engineer and architect would unite in the design. From the first they would work hand in hand to scheme the bridge, instead of the architects being called in at the last moment, as is so often done, merely to design lamp-posts, balustrades and other minor details. Planning and designing together, the architect and engineer would produce most satisfactory results. In mat-

as are hereditary maladies. He shows a total lack of respect for precedence, or the things which have been done in the past. He little realizes that in the history of civilization most things have been destroyed or taken down which were only practical; I really believe that in our conduct of life even a moral law would not be adhered to unless it were in some way and somehow beautifully expressed.

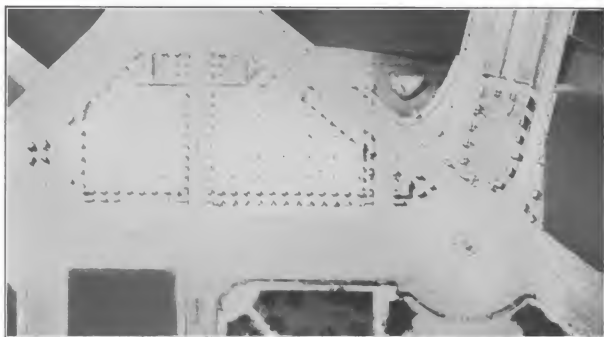


THE NEW BLACKWELL'S ISLAND BRIDGE AS IT NOW APPEARS.

ters of construction, the architect mainly sees the qualitative side of things, while the engineer sees the quantitative side. A thing builds well that looks well and that follows the laws of architectural proportion and is unquestionably more economical. Alas, a strange sense is that sense of beauty whose absence is as often wanting in human character as is the sense of humor, and the man is as unconscious of this shortcoming in the one case as in the other. He sometimes even seems to have a sort of disdain for any thought of the beautiful, and the deplorable mistakes he makes because of this fact are as incurable and as incorrigible

Leaving the architect out altogether in the scheming of the bridge is as though he were to be left out of the designing of tall buildings, because so-called skeleton construction has come into the building practice. Such tall buildings are bad enough as it is, but they would not be enduring if there were to be an exhibition in our public streets of their unclothed and unadorned skeletons.

There is a great hope for the future development of bridges in that there seems to be a tendency among financiers more closely to consider the question of maintenance as related to original cost in large



GROUND PLAN OF THE MANHATTAN TERMINAL OF THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

construction enterprises, and this will unquestionably induce them to build more largely of stone and brick than has been the case until this generation. In fact, it is already the present policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad to build stone bridges wherever practicable. It means much for art. To everything there is a season, and a time, for every purpose under the heavens.

In the construction of stone bridges, the Romans were the first great builders. Bridge building was in fact one of the most interesting problems they had to solve. In architecture and construction, they were indeed a most original and artistic people; too little appreciated and studied by modern Anglo-Saxons. They were the fore-runners of our present construction. Until their time the Greeks had reached that measure of perfection now so much considered, and theirs was the culmination of the slow artistic development through the ages. The Romans, however, had presented to them untried problems to be solved which called for new methods of construction, and of these the bridge or aqueduct was one of the most interesting. They were practically the first people to use the principle of the arch and voussoir construction. The use of the arch principle, while sometimes attributed to the Chinese, was practically unknown to the ancients of the Western civilization until the Roman conquest. It has been contended that the idea of the arch principle

was first evolved by the Etruscans; if this is true, it is indeed coming near to Rome.

Such wonderful bridges as the one built by Caesar Augustus at Rimini or the Pont du Gard, the great aqueduct situated about twenty miles from Nîmes built across the river Gard and attributed to Agrippa; the bridge of St. Augustus at Rome started by Adrian, and many others too numerous to mention have scarcely ever been surpassed. There seems to have been a period between this time and the twelfth century when few bridges of importance were built, and it was between the years 1178 and 1188 that the famous bridge of St. Benezet at Avignon was built. Several other beautiful bridges soon followed, similar to it in construction. Then came the early Renaissance bridges, also too numerous to mention—the old Pont Neuf being, perhaps, the finest in Paris, the famous bridge attributed to Ammannati, the architect, in the sixteenth century at Florence, also the largest stone bridge ever built in the world, with a span of one hundred and eighty-three feet and a rise of sixty feet over the Allier at Vieille Bretonne, France, or the bridge at Chester over the Dec, forty feet high with two hundred feet span.

Finally, we come to modern times full of interesting examples, too innumerable to catalogue, excepting, perhaps, a few in our immediate neighborhood. The bridges around New York are more interesting from the engineering point of view



Photographed for THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE by Arthur Hewitt.

A WESTWARD VIEW OF THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



THE NEW WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE BEFORE COMPLETION, AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE EAST TOWER.

than from the artistic. It would seem almost a sacrilege to criticise the old Brooklyn Bridge, either from the architectural or the engineering point of view. It is too much a part of us which we have learned to revere as old New Yorkers rather than to criticise; nor will I criticise the new Williamsburg Bridge. I refrain from criticism on general principles, because I believe criticising individual work often does more harm than good.

When we were asked to design in collaboration with the engineers the new Manhattan Bridge now in course of construction, before beginning our studies we rode in an automobile over the Brooklyn Bridge, returning by way of the Williamsburg Bridge. We were much impressed with the added interest in the Brooklyn Bridge, due to the fact that the towers of that old structure were of stone rather than of iron, giving more color and variety to the composition. We felt greatly the need of stone above the roadbed in the proposed Manhattan Bridge, the third large bridge to be built across the East River; and with this in view we took advantage

of the great masonry anchorage necessary to receive the four cables pulling each at about the rate of ten millions of pounds. We felt that the masonry should be indicated above the roadbed by some masonry design, and with this in view we designed a colonnade, as seen in one of the accompanying illustrations, thus forming a courtyard of stone as large as a city block and one hundred and twenty-five feet above the water, making a vivid contrast with the necessary forest of iron work. The foundation for the towers and a large portion of the anchorage for this bridge, which is situated between the old Brooklyn and the new Williamsburg Bridge, is already completed.

A much mooted question in the newspapers and elsewhere is, whether these bridges are all to be made through thoroughfares, and with this in view, we were asked to design a station at the entrance to the old Brooklyn Bridge, the first studies of which accompany this article. An interesting condition confronted us, and one which the critics of this project do not seem to understand. We were asked to



Photographed for THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE by Arthur Hewitt.

A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE LOOKING ACROSS THE
EAST RIVER.

design this station in such a way that it should meet the conditions now existing, and at the same time be so built that it would be possible at a small expense to adapt it to new conditions in case of through traffic. In this case such a station would not be a terminal, but a stopping place on the way. It is unfortunate that this fact has been so little understood, as I believe it would silence much opposition. The problem as presented to us by the Bridge Department is in other ways most interesting. It is proposed to design a building in such a way that a vista through a great triumphal entrance arch, showing the old stone towers, may be obtained by people walking on Broadway or in the City Hall Park. Here is one of the greatest bridges in the world, and yet, with the present deplorable and unpractical entrance, one does not know when in this neighborhood that the bridge exists until one is actually

launched half way out on its roadbed.

All tramways or trains on the level of the roadbed of the bridge will, according to the new plan, go under ground, and those that are elevated will remain elevated at the entrance to the height of twenty-five feet, so as to make the desired vista possible. This, at the same time, will be a wonderful relief to the congestion at this point, because the entire ground floor will be free and open for circulation, while the waiting rooms or stations will be above and below. This is one of the most interesting architectural problems we have ever had to study, and if carried out, it will offer for further study a most engaging architectural problem. The development of a great city is an evolution, and we need make no effort to find ways to beautify our city; they exist everywhere if we will but recognize them when they are offered to us.

THE GRACEFUL TOWERS AND SWEEPING SPAN OF THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



Photo

ALL'S FAIR

BY GELETT BURGESS



YOU must have been a romantic youngster," she said, her eyes fixed on the distant landscape.

"I was, decidedly," he answered, his eyes fixed on her. Then he added, "And I am yet."

"Indeed?" She raised her eyebrows, smiling.

"I spent my childhood here and I feel now, somehow, as if I owned the place."

"It's very good of you to let me stay here—" she began.

"I'm so glad you came—at last! I missed you when I was a boy. I knew you would come, sometime."

"Indeed? How dear of you! How long ago was that?"

"Let's see—I was ten years old—eighteen years ago. Just think of it!"

"And I was eight. I'm afraid I wasn't very romantic myself. I was a matter-of-fact little thing, though I did have some queer fancies now I remember it." Her eyes had come back from the hills, fluttered about him and alighted on his face. "Tell me what you did here when you were a boy," she said, impulsively, almost warmly.

"I was alone most of the time and so I had to make up games that only *one* could play."

"But I thought you were expecting *me*."

His eyes fell from hers. "I used to pretend you were here. You did not keep me awake then as you do now."

She laughed, with a note of pleased incredulity.

"You don't believe me?" he said.

"I believe you do stay up later than is good for you," she replied. "You were out late last night. Am I to believe *that* was my fault?"

"I was thinking about you all the time," he said.

"I suppose I ought to be sorry that I came down here to trouble you, but really I didn't know you were to be here, and I had no idea that it was your farm. The advertisement led me to believe that it belonged to Mrs. Briggs. But go on about your happy childhood hours. I don't believe you were half so silly then as you are now."

"Well, I used to play Indians all by myself, and hide behind that stone wall there to shoot arrows at the pumpkins on the vines. I lived for a whole day on a desert island in the brook. Oh! And I buried a treasure in this very orchard! I had almost forgotten about that."

"What fun! That *is* exciting! What was it you hid?"

"I can't quite remember whether it was a punched nickel or a manuscript in a tin box. It was something very mysterious and very important, at all events."

"Where did you bury it?"

"Somewhere over in that corner by the pear-tree. I know I painted a lot of cabalistic marks on the roof of the barn to locate it by. They ought to be there yet."

"Let me see them! We *must* dig up the treasure. I'm dying for some excitement." Her intonation was imperative.

"Oh, it was only schoolboy nonsense. It might be something I wouldn't wish you to see. Besides, you never could get near enough to read the painting—the rafters are frightfully dusty."

"I don't care. I insist that you show me the place."

He smiled and rose to lead the way. The barn was dark and cool, odorous with the freshly garnered hay. He helped her up the ladder and over the springy mows to where a rickety set of cross-bars led to the sparsely-floored beams above. This she

reached in triumph, though the victory brought ruin to a fresh white duck gown.

"Where is it?" she said, craning her neck to peer into the shadows under the roof.

"I'm afraid you can't get any nearer unless you dare to walk along that timber," he said.

"No, thank you. I won't try it at present. You go over there and read it to me."

He walked boldly across the narrow beam to where, in the gloom of the roof, a patch of lettering, done crudely in red paint, shone out. There, he read aloud:

"Under nail in knot number two pear tree, line to summit 18, toward S corner barn 5. Down 3."

"Do you want me to write it down?" he asked.

"Yes," she cried, "we must dig it up immediately."

He drew out a pencil and note-book and copied down the directions and rejoined her on her perch. In a few moments more they were standing in the sifted sunlight of the orchard, and she pored over his memorandum.

"I don't understand it," she complained.

"That's because you've never been a boy. Any youngster who has ever read Poe would find this as clear as day. Wait until I get a spade and I'll show you."

Returning from the house with a spade and a yardstick, he walked over to the pear-tree and drew up a barrel, which he ascended.

"I used to think this bough was terribly high, when I was a boy, but I can reach it easily from here. This must be the knot, although the bark has closed over the nail. Now watch where this stone falls."

"Oh, I see, now! You go eighteen feet towards the summit, I suppose," she said, referring to his notes, "is that hill it over there? My! you *did* take a lot of trouble over it, didn't you?"

"Yes, especially as I did it at night."

"Why, you couldn't see the hill at night."

"You don't know anything about romance! You have to dig the hole first and measure afterward when you're a truly pirate."

With her assistance he gravely measured off the distance, then went five feet toward the corner of the barn where a single sprig of wild turnip grew. Here he removed his coat and took up the spade.

"I'm almost frightened," she said, putting her hand for an instant upon his; "it does seem so terribly real—almost as if we were digging up your dead childhood."

"Well, you can bring it to life if anybody can," he laughed, sinking his spade in the soil.

She jumped atop the barrel and watched him as the hole grew deeper and the mound of earth beside it grew larger. She was smiling through half-closed lids, ceasing suddenly whenever he looked up. "I'm afraid you're going to be a boy again and allow me to remain an old lady," she said. "I didn't ever bury any old treasure at all. I never did *anything* interesting but play with my dolls and write in my diary."

He stopped, buried to his knees in the excavation, and looked up at her eagerly. "Did you keep a diary?" he asked. "By Jove, I'd like to see it! I tried it once, but I gave it up after the first week—the weather part bored me so. Won't you let me see it?"

"Go ahead and dig! This suspense is terrible."

"I won't dig another stroke unless you promise to let me see it."

"You're taking an unfair advantage of me, but I'll see if I can find it in my trunk. I *think* I brought it down here with me. But you *must* hurry now."

"I haven't told you I'd let you see this yet."

"Then you'll never see my diary, and it's a good deal more interesting than your old treasure."

He dug furiously for a few moments and then his spade struck against a rock. "Ha-ha!" he cried, "didn't that sound hollow and sepulchral enough?"

She jumped off the barrel and knelt excitedly upon the edge of the hole to look. He lifted a flat slab of stone and threw it up. Underneath, in the rusty remains of what had once been a tin box, he scraped the earth aside and discovered a glass bottle whose cork was buried in a mass of red sealingwax. He held it aloft in triumph.

"Behold," he cried, "the lost treasure of the Incas!"

"I'm going to open it," she announced. He nodded and she dropped it on the flat stone. A roll of brown stained paper fell out.

As she unfolded and read the scroll his head was perilously near hers. She did

not seem to notice it, though the color swept up over her cheeks. She felt his hair brush against her temple, but read on without moving.

The manuscript was printed in crude letters, some backwards, the large mingled with the small in childish guise. At the bottom where his name was signed a discolored dime was fastened by a faded ribbon to a blob of sealing-wax.

The document ran thus:

"I, hereby, sware, bing of sound mind that I will not marry or wedd any body unless they are named Jane and must have light brown hair. I must be two years older or the wedding will be null and void notwithstanding. In testimony, whereof, I have hereby signed my name and seal.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY,
Captain-general."

She looked up, and, seeing him so near, started suddenly aside. He didn't spare her in his glance, and his eyes questioned hers anxiously.

"I feel as if I'd been eavesdropping," she said; "I had no idea little boys took things so seriously."

"No more seriously than men do," he said, meaningly.

"Little boys always change their minds."

"This one never did."

Her eyes dropped and her fingers plucked at her handkerchief. Then, seemingly against her will, a smile blossomed on her face. "I'd like to keep this for reference," she said. "I don't quite understand it yet."

"You may have it on condition that you get me your diary immediately."

"My diary is very silly. It's much sillier than this." She hesitated, watching his pleading look.

"Please hurry and bring that little girl here. A little boy of ten is waiting for her."

She tossed him a smile and was off, running through the trees to the old house. It was some time before she returned, much more slowly. She was reading a little book as she walked.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I really can't show it to you. It's altogether too foolish."

"You promised." He reached out his hand.

"Did I? Well, take it then." She handed it to him and walked away through the trees toward the barn, while he sat down beneath the pear-tree to examine her gift. He smiled, as he turned the pages of the little book, at her conscientious records of fact and fancy. Upon the fly-leaf was written in a girlish hand the name Jane Gladden, and the dates were those of eighteen years ago. He read for a while in silence, tasting her experiences day by day, until at last he turned a leaf to find a more introspective chronicle. Then he laughed aloud.

"I have decided that I shall not marry until I am twenty-six years of age like mamma was and He must be twenty-eight like papa. I like the name of Richard best of all names because it means brightness."

He put the book in his pocket and went after her. As he reached the barn-door a voice greeted him from high among the rafters. "Come up here," she cried, "if you've finished your vivisection."

He climbed up to find her balanced perilously upon the upper beam. It was his turn to blush now. He held his breath as she came boldly towards the platform.

"Have you read it?" she asked.

His answer was to take her in his arms and seek her lips. From this comfortable position, her next question came a bit shyly.

"Weren't we silly when you were ten and I was eight?" she said softly; "almost as silly as we are now," she added.

"I think we are very wise," he replied. "It's very comfortable to think that this has been going on so long."

"We must have written our confessions at just about the same time," said she.

"Yes," he assented, "it doesn't seem eighteen years ago, does it?"

She broke into a little storm of laughter. "No," she exclaimed, "by the looks of that red paint on your sleeve, I should really think it was only yesterday."

"And by the looks of the new ink spot under your finger nail," he replied, "it might almost have happened to-day."



BY M. H. SQUIRE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

Rothenburg ob der Tauber



WE did quite a little bit of sight-seeing since leaving Steinach and are now content to settle down for a while in this charming town. Baedeker says, of all the cities of Germany it most perfectly preserves its mediaeval character, and it certainly is an artist's paradise. I don't mean by that a place where good artists go, for it is mostly pretty bad stuff you see when you walk up behind them and gawk as I always do; but you could sketch right out in the middle of the main streets here and few people would notice you. Artists are so common, the people are used to them and do not think them imbeciles. It is a genuine old town, not marred in any way by modern buildings, and not a note out of tune. Even the electric street lights are dim and hung to suggest old street lamps. The walls with their many gates and towers are just as they were in the Middle Ages; you wouldn't be much surprised to see a knight with waving plumes ride down the street; and he would be more in harmony than the tourist of reality with his little green hat and red book. In Nuremberg things are too inconsistent. There you go

down a delightful street of tall, old houses with leaded panes in the windows and high-pitched roofs full of dormers, and suddenly come upon a modern business block; or you glance over the picturesque old wall and gate only to see a horrid new hotel looming up and spoiling the effect.

I am so glad we came to this place though I fussed and fumed all the way here; the scenery was flat and uninteresting, we had to make several changes and wait about and the last train crawled every bit of the way. To cap the climax, as we neared Rothenburg, we passed a collection of miserable huts named on the sign-post Schweinsdorf—Pigsville. But I was more than reconciled at the first glimpse of the moat and towers and the street beyond, framed by the archway of the gate. A man was urging an ox-team through which dragged a heavy-wheeled cart, and another passed with a squealing pig in a bag under his arm. There were promising cobblestone cross-streets that turned and disappeared; low arched doorways, massive doors with great hinges and knockers, rows of little windows full of flowers, a high wall and an overhanging chestnut tree.

Every evening we walk through a grove of little birch trees just outside the Klingenthor to a summer-house on the peak, and



Drawn by M. H. Squire.

THE KLINGEN-THOR.

sit and watch the night creep over the valley and the sunset die on the city walls looming high because of the hillslopes there. Only it is a true lovers' spot and sometimes we are conscious of being rather in the way.

To-day is King Otto's birthday (Otto is king of Bavaria) and big white and blue flags are hanging from the Rathaus and the Postamt, and two yellow stage-coaches for outlying towns have just driven off, their drivers wearing big blue and white pompons in their shiny hats and tooting "God Save the King" on their bugles.

The Tauber is a mere creek wending its serpentine way between and around high hills, now and then dividing or spreading into shallows with wide gravel beds. It is crossed by old stone bridges; one is a curious affair with a double row of arches one above the other, dating from the fourteenth century. Its banks are lined with old mills and farm houses and scraggly poplar trees; while behind the hills rise high, cultivated to the top in patches of every shape and color and outlined with little evergreens. The town sprawls along the top of a ridge of hills which twist and turn so that you can get several fine views of the walls with their many towers and the red roofs of the houses. The towers are square or round, turreted or otherwise, finished with high-pointed roofs and pierced with narrow slits of windows. Those over the gates have clocks with blue dials and gilt ornamentation. An artist sits in front of every one.

In the streets are many old fountains, mossy and weather-worn, some surmounted by stone figures—usually that of a woman with a mirror; sometimes it is a merman with two tails, one tucked under each arm or a rampant lion with tightly curled mane. St. George spearing a very squirming Dragon caps the Herterich Brunnen in the marketplace, beautiful with the faint remains of old-time color and gilding; all around the basin are grotesque heads. For centuries it has supplied the town with clear, cold water flowing ceaselessly from its several spouts.

The houses have high-pitched roofs with the gable end usually turned toward the street, its edge fashioned into steps or graceful curves or ornamented with pinnacles. The façades are often decorated with prettily colored scrolls and curly-queues, signs, escutcheons, verses or mot-

toes. The Gasthaus zum Goldenen Lamm with its primitive emblem swinging out over the street shows a fantastic knight and lady brandishing tankards and set off by a long verse which I haven't as yet found time to copy.

The Burg-Garten or public park is laid out on the site of the old castle founded in the ninth century and whose only remains are a massive tower and the crumbling ruins of the Chapel. It is on a high spur jutting out over the valley with superb views of the Tauber Thal and town. In the summer-houses and under the trees, women knit while watching their babies play; children romp and risk their lives on the walls; old men gossip in groups, smoking fantastic pipes whose china bowls are painted with gay hunting scenes; tourists infest the place with their guide books and field-glasses, artists with their traps.

There are beautiful promenades, too, on the slopes just below the walls, and benches along them where you can sit and watch the busy life at your feet, and listen to the hum of the mills along the Tauber.

The reason the old-time character of this town is so well preserved is that no one is allowed to rebuild or remodel, not so much as put in a window, without special supervision of the city fathers. A hotel man once built an addition to his hotel and these city fathers were so mad about it, they were going to make him take it all down, but were finally satisfied in some way, and since then are very strict about such things, making sure that everything is consistent and the mediaeval character in no wise lost. They do not even have beer-gardens where bands play because the people of the Middle Ages did not so amuse themselves.

We have quit our first hotel. I am rather sorry, for the view from our window was simply panoramic; house-tops and towers with swallows careering around them, roads accented with little trees zigzagging from the different gates down to the valley below, the hills opposite backed by blue ridges of distant mountains. And when we tired of that, there was Schmidt in the court below busily painting from his model—an old man leaning upon a cane—his absorbed glare, his frenzied gestures, and his final prancing satisfaction whetted my curiosity till I saw him on the Herrenstrasse one afternoon,



Drawn by M. H. Squire.

A PICTURESQUE BY-STREET.

surrounded by an admiring group while he dashed in a background for his carefully finished figure, the one painted in the courtyard in the mornings. You bet he was never caught in the messy stage; when he was found, he usually had nothing to do but "tiddle his little camel's hair brush" and gloat over the admiration he excited.

You simply can't escape the artists here. If you climb the steps of the Klingenthor and walk on the walls as did the watchers of old, looking out of the peep-holes at the country beyond, you are sure to see a painter strutting with pride before his easel in the heart of a field, getting a comprehensive view of the walls and towers on his 3x6 canvas. Strolling along the picturesque Roder-Gasse, you come upon an imaginative creature putting a mounted knight—plumes, armor, caparison and all—into his painting of the Roderbogen and Marcus Thurm. Women sit around in pairs doing little water-colors; and there is a tall bony one with an irritating smile who is always going about sizing up places and picturesque bits, though I never saw her paint anything. Then there was a red-cheeked German girl who makes careful pencil sketches. Every morning she goes about with her sketch book, her gouty mamma hobbling along a block or so behind her, both in flopping sun-hats. The rest of the day they spend drinking beer at one of the tables hedged in by decorative little trees in front of the hotel.

There is one advantage, models are not so hard to get. My pet, Lisa, knew just what was wanted when Sue got her for me; said an artist had painted her once before—in costume, on the steps of the old Rathaus door. She has a charming Fra Lippo Lippi face and a raft of little brothers and sisters so that she now and then has to miss an engagement in order to look after them. Her mother doesn't allow her to accept money for posing so I have to deluge her with chocolate drops with greater detriment to my purse.

The Germans are great travelers; the men delight in costumes, they wear green hats with feathers in them. They remind me of pigeons, always pruning themselves and posing to be looked at, pulling their mustaches till the ends stick straight up. Sue thinks them very attractive and the fatter and pinker and cleaner they are, the more she admires them, even though some have

whiskers like Uncle Sam or trim their beards into little tufts on each side of the chin, like clipped poodles. They are nearly all large, with good figures.

I don't believe they are all so domineering, nor the women all such drudges as we are told; a kind-faced professor who has been at the inn for the past week waits on his wife with the devotion of an American husband. The wife is sick upstairs, mine host says from over-eating and drinking, while his Frau declares she is simply too lazy to come down to meals and go about hunting for a house; meanwhile, the poor husband and father, single-handed, looks after the six children at meal-time, sharing his beer with the eldest boy.

This inn has certainly all the ups and downs, the irregularities and inconveniences that make the Dickens' inns so attractive. By day we must grope our way through the dark, narrow corridors, feeling for the unexpected step. At night, to be sure, there is an electric light (the only modern improvement) but the maid is so economical with it she runs upstairs ahead of us to turn on the lights in the corridors, and I suspect turns them out again the minute we are safe in our room.

The other day we took a nice long walk down the valley and ended by climbing the Engelsberg; it wasn't fun beating your way through brambles and tripping over the roots of trees, but there was a glorious view of Rothenburg from the top and of the valley with its gorgeous autumn coloring; and after we had walked till we were tired, we stopped at a nice little café where there is a garden with trees, and arbors covered with scarlet vines. You can't walk far on a German road without finding some such place.

It is Tuesday and, as frequently happens on that day, there is a wedding. Three men with horns were on the high tower of the old Rathaus playing solemn music, first toward the East, then West, North and South—proclaiming it from the house-tops in very truth. They play a chorale to the four winds several times a week (a carefully preserved old custom) and when a wedding is to take place are paid to make it extra long and mournful I suppose. Marriages are celebrated only on Tuesdays and Saturdays; those are the good-luck days; it would be bad luck on any others.

Much is made of the legends and his-

tory of this town as is natural where they lay so much stress on their past glories. The shop-windows are full of big glass cups with painted figures of the Emperor, the seven Electors, and other worthies (souvenirs for the unwary tourist); and in some of the decorations of inns and wine-rooms a man is pictured drinking out of such a cup, accompanied by verses alluding to a Georg Nusch and to a Meister-Trunk.

We wondered about it till we found a local guide-book with the explanation. It seems this Nusch by his famous drink saved the town several centuries ago. He was a Senator and a son of the inn-keeper of the Rother Hahn (Red Cock) which is still standing a little way down the street here. Many of the inns are hundreds of years old and are run under the same names they have always borne. Well, during the wars of the Reformation, this was a Protestant town and was besieged and taken by Tilly after a spirited resistance. He entered the place followed by his train and proceeded to the Rathaus where the Bürgermeister and the Senators were assembled, and in the barbarous style of those days ordered that they all be beheaded. Then there was such wailing and entreaties from the wives and children and townspeople, that he finally said he would be content with the death of four, but the rest would not listen to this and said all of them or none, or something to that effect, and the Bürgermeister was sent off to get the executioner. At length, when every-

thing was in a great uproar, Tilly called for drinks and a trembling bar-maid brought him a great stirrup-cup of Tauber wine; he drank from it and passed it on to some of his men, and still it wasn't emptied when suddenly struck by its size and being in a better humor from the wine, he said in jest:

"If any man of you can 'empty this full cup at one draught, I will show mercy and spare the town."

At this all the people stood and stared, not one daring to undertake it (the cup held three quarts) until Nusch, thinking that would, at least, be the pleasanter death and probably used to drinking a great deal, said he would try it. Everybody was breathless with suspense, fearing he would give out before emptying the cup, but on and on he went till the last drop was drained. He had only strength enough left to hand the cup to Tilly and say: "Thy promise," when he fell fainting to the ground. He recovered in a few days, however, and lived to be eighty. And Tilly kept his word. Nusch's fam-

ily were given titles and honors and he was made a hero since he saved the town. His descendants still live here and have the cup, the very cup, which they show to tourists who want to see it. There is a play, "Der Meister Trunk," given in the Rathaus every year to commemorate this event, but the chief actor doubtless side-tracks his wine.

Sometimes on the fronts of the bakery shops you notice a coat-of-arms. This



THE TAUBER THAL.

is because in Vienna during stormy times of war long ago, the enemy was one night tunneling under the walls to gain an entrance to the city. The bakers, who work at night baking bread for the next day, heard them and gave the alarm, thereby saving the city. As a reward the Emperor gave to the bakers throughout the Empire the privilege of having coats-of-arms.

We noticed a stork's nest on top of one of the inner towers. Our hotel man said they were just beginning to come back after an absence of centuries. It seems a watchman on the old Rathaus once threw from the tower a nest with little storks in it away down to the ground below, and they were all killed; at which the parent storks were so enraged, they brought a burning straw and set the tower on fire and all the storks left the town. It is a fact that the inside of the tower was completely burned and that the storks really did all leave.

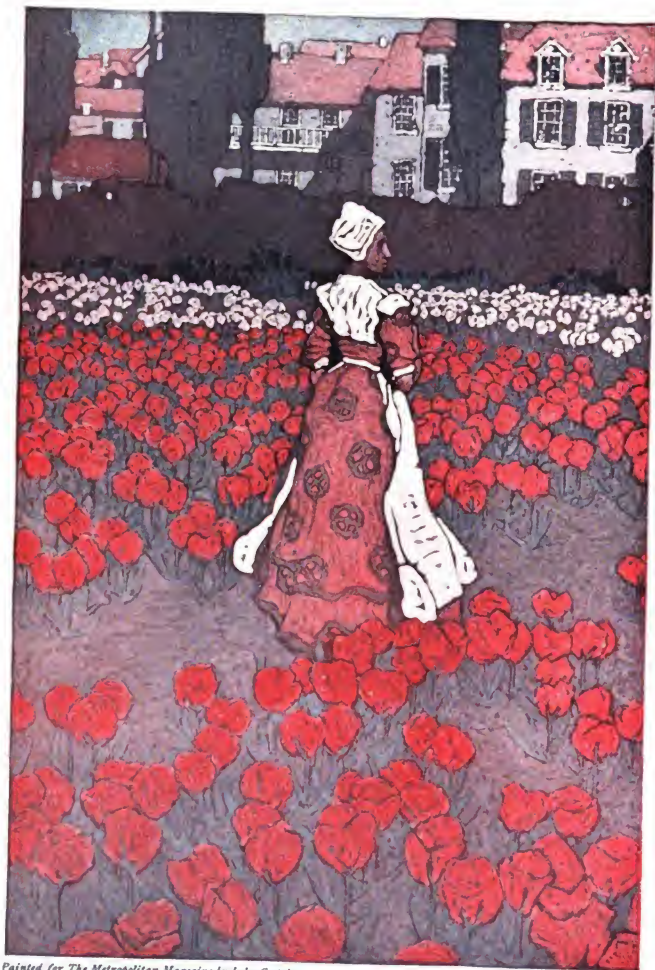
Another tale is about an old church, the Chapel of the Holy Blood. It had an altar, a very sacred affair, which was removed to the Jacob's Kirche when that was built. So when the altar was gone, of course, the Devil slipped into the Chapel. But the townspeople paid no attention to him and acted as though he were not there, which irritated him quite a bit; and he was in such a bad humor one day that when he heard a peasant swearing at his team as he passed under the arch outside, he rushed out, grabbed him up and threw him against

the wall. The corpse dropped to the ground but the soul stuck to the wall and a black stain is there to this day. I can't say if this is all true, but some day I shall go over to the archway under the church and see if there is a black stain on the wall. I shall know then, that it is the peasant's soul sticking there all these hundreds of years and that the whole story is true.

Some days ago we were out sketching, Sue doing the Tauber Thal with its autumn clothes on, while I had scared up some pigeons all ruffled up on the roof of a little white house with reddish criss-cross pieces and some verses in fancy German lettering. An old woman trundling a wheel-barrow passed along the road and stopped to ask if our hands didn't get cold sketching in such chilly weather. Then she asked where we came from. Sue told her and the old woman dropped her wheel-barrow and threw up her hands.

"Von Amerika! Mein Gott, Fräulein, von Amerika!" She didn't pay so much attention to Sue because she spoke German, but she looked upon me as the pure, unadulterated article because I spoke only English. She examined my coat, my skirt, my hat, exclaiming all the while, "Von Amerika!" She passed the next day and again stopped to look upon me and say, "Von Amerika!" Presently she seemed to tear herself away from me with a mighty effort and went painfully hobbling off, mumbling under her breath, "Von Amerika, von Amerika!"





Painted for The Metropolitan Magazine by Jules Guérin.

Work

A BRIGHT MORNING

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IN A DUTCH GARDEN.

O'HARA'S EASTER GUEST

BY THEODORE ROBERTS



FOR miles and miles up and down the valley of Dead Wolf River and away on either hand, the wilderness lay imprisoned under a shell of silver crust. The crust was the result of a March thaw followed close by a nipping frost. So tough was the crust over all the long drifts, levels and sharp brows of the wind-packed snow, that a heavy man might run across it in his moccasins.

Mike O'Hara sat before his lonely hearth on a certain Saturday night. He was brooding sullenly over a shortage in his season's take of fur and over the trespassing of Micmac Jim upon the great tract of wilderness which he considered, by the right of long usage, to be his own trapping ground. Humped there, with the yellow firelight in his face and the gloom on his shoulders, smoking his black pipe in slow and audible puffs, the big trapper of the Dead Wolf region was not a pleasant fellow to the eye. His frame was fairly gigantic. His shoulders bulked against the light like a haystack. His body and arms were long; his legs were short and slightly bowed; his big head was overgrown with a tangle of gray-shot hair; his face was a jungle of untidy whisker, tobacco stained about the lips; hard gray eyes and massive features warned one of a will as powerful and unrelenting as shoulders and back were strong.

"I've spoke four times to that thievin' injun," muttered O'Hara. "I've told him what I'll do if he don't get out. Well, God help him if he don't hit the trail by day-break."

He got heavily to his feet, shook the ash from his pipe into the palm of his hand and laid the black clay tenderly on the shelf that crossed the bulge of the chimney.

"That was a sweet smoke," he murmured. "I wonder if Micmac Jim be

drawin' on his old T. D. to-night. If he don't mind hisself, he'll—he'll lose his taste for good baccy afore this time to-morry."

He threw aside a few outer garments, rolled a log of birch into the back of the fireplace, and retired to the gloom and blankets of his bunk.

Outside a pale radiance lay over the black and white vastnesses of the wild. The vague illumination was not suggestive of either moonlight or dawn. It was as if the whole soft dome of the sky gave itself to the bestowing of a tender half-light upon the sleeping world. Perhaps the stars were the cause of it, shining above a high, thin veil of indefinite mist. So calm and breathless was the air, so still were the spires and buttresses of the forest, that it seemed as if the whole wilderness slumbered. But many little hunters of the night were abroad, footing along hidden and silent trails.

In a shack on a knoll above the white valley, Micmac Jim kept vigil. He was a young man with a dark, pathetic eye and lean features.

"O'Hara him tarn beast," soliloquized Jim. "What for him tell me no more trap on Dead Wolf? Him no own dis lan—not much! Him no pay Governor nor nobody for trap an' shoot up an' down Dead Wolf! Ugly man, dat Mike O'Hara! Oh, yes! But Jim no pappoose—hell, no! Jim no scare at dat tam Irishman."

But, in his heart, the young redskin feared the big trapper; and it was only stubbornness and the strength derived from the knowledge that right was on his side, that kept him in the good fur country about the valley of Dead Wolf River.

Every scurry of a wood-mouse across the floor, every rustle of tiny feet under the eaves, set Jim's heart fearfully astir in his breast. Suddenly he got up and examined the wooden bar across the door.

"By tam," he cried, "me shoot, tool Me

sit up all night an'—an' shoot first, maybe! O'Hara no feel bad if he kill me! Den why me care if O'Hara get bullet in hees belly? Dis beeg wilderness don't b'long to no dirty Irishman. All trapper got good leave to take pelt here."

Mike O'Hara sat up sharply and tossed his blankets aside in the same movement. A second before, he had been deep in dreamless slumber. He paused, listening keenly, one leg across the edge of the bunk. There it was again: A weak, appealing rap, rap of knuckles on the planks of the door. He crossed the cabin noiselessly and took up a heavy sheath-knife from the table.

"Who is it?" he asked, with his lips to the frosty crack of the door.

"A stranger to this country side, David Brant, in want of food and shelter," replied the untimely visitor.

For a heart-beat the big O'Hara stood uncertain. Then he tossed his sheath-knife behind him, dropping it among the blankets of his bunk with sure aim, and drew back the bolt.

"Ye be welcome to what food and shelter I have," he said, peering into the unreal light beyond the gloom of the doorway.

"Give me a hand," said the stranger.

With a flutter of curiosity at his tough heart Mike assisted David Brant across the sill and shut the door after him.

"Set down an' make yerself easy," he invited, "an' I'll be havin' the water boilin' in no time at all."

He threw dry wood across the red coals on the hearth. He lit a battered lantern and set it on the table against the wall. Then he turned and surveyed his uninvited guest. What he saw was a slim man in garments of gray blankets, red stockings and moccasins. The face was bearded and thin and tanned. It carried signs of age and suffering, indications of youth and hope, in equal measure. A meager pack, blanket-rolled and backed with snow-shoes of the Micmac pattern, lay at his feet. Belt-axe and rifle leaned against the log wall.

"D'ye know," said O'Hara, "that when I heard your voice it seemed familiar like. But I ain't seen ye before, have I? Ye're a stranger about these parts, I take it."

"I have been away to the westward," replied the other. "Now I am heading for the salt water. My grub ran out yesterday."

"Lord, b'y," exclaimed O'Hara, "then ye've tramped all day on an empty belly! Help yerself to a taste out o' that bottle beyant the big painted almanac there." He laughed good-naturedly. "That almanac," he continued, "was give to me by as pesky a little pink-faced missionary parson as ever I see. That was five year ago." He laughed again. "An' while ye take a nip, I'll put on the kettle an' the bacon," he concluded.

David Brant stepped over to the corner-shelf whereon stood a highly-colored church calendar propped against a black bottle. He glanced at the calendar; then he uncorked the bottle and set it briefly against his lips.

For hours the two sat before the fire, though the matter of eating was soon over with. Brant did the talking; the big trapper puffed at his pipe, leaning back in his rough seat and chuckling freely at Brant's stories. All the time he kept his eyes on his soft-voiced guest.

Some of Brant's stories were purely humorous; others were keenly pathetic; all were homely—of the hearth, the cabin and the soil. At first his talk dealt altogether with the wilderness and frontiers of the Eastern Provinces, of Newfoundland and of the desolate Labrador. Bulk forward in his chair, with his beard in his great hands, O'Hara gave his undivided attention and seemed to catch, in the stranger's voice, the accent of many vanished companions of camp and trail. He wondered at that, but with no disturbing curiosity.

Later, David Brant changed the scene of his stories to a certain tiny harbor on the east coast of Newfoundland; and O'Hara, with his eyes half closed, went back, by faint trails of memory, to the gray fish-stages and the clustered cabins. He nodded and nodded. His great face settled between his hands, and a dream of youth led him away from all the harshness and greed of the later years.

Of fire and opal and pearl was the lift and growth of the forest dawn; but Micmac Jim, peering from the one tiny window of his shack, thought nothing of the glory of God's morning. He snatched his Winchester to his knee; his thin lips hardened; then his brows wrinkled for a second, only to smooth themselves immediately. He

sighed with relief and laid his rifle along the floor.

"Good," he muttered, "O'Hara, he forgot hees gun. He look tam jolly, too!"

Mike O'Hara advanced, unarmed, up the hillside clearing. He rapped awkwardly on the door, with a mittened hand. The Micmac opened to him cautiously.

"Mornin', Jim."

"Mornin'."

"Have ye seen a stranger go by?"

Jim shook his head.

"Not one by name David Brant?" asked O'Hara. "He mugged up at my shanty las' night. I took a nap—and when I woke he was gone."

"T'ief any grub?" enquired Jim.

"No — oh, no," replied O'Hara. He gazed about the quiet edges of the forest. Then he looked squarely at the Micmac.

"If David Brant ever routs ye out, Jim, don't grumble," he said, "for he'll lighten

the heart of ye wit his talk. An' look a-here, Jim—will ye come over an' mug-up with me? It's Easter Day, ain't it?"

"I guess so," stammered Jim, perplexed. "Easter Sunday, for sure," remarked O'Hara.

Suddenly he pulled off a mitten and extended his hand. Micmac Jim took hold of it very cautiously.

"There be plenty o' fur hereabouts for the two of us," said the Irishman.

The Reverend David Brant, breaking trail through the snow-hung wilderness, smiled as he looked abroad over the white and blue.

"I think I softened the fellow's heart," he murmured, "and that's not bad for a 'pesky, pink-faced missionary parson.'"

He laughed quietly and gave a hitch to his pack-strap; for his Bible, making a sharp lump beneath the rolled blanket, galled his shoulder.

MIZPAH

BY ANITA STEWART

An angel, radiant and bright,
Is watching over me,
Who hovers near me day and night,
And guards me tenderly;
She guides my feet o'er the rough stones,
And whispers low to me.

Her hair falls all about her face
In golden, rippling flood,
And melts into the aureole
God gives to his beloved—
Around her head a wreath of stars
To guide me whom she loved.

Her eyes, like two clear pools most deep,
Gaze ever into mine,
And looking there she seems to see—
Not ravages of time—
Nor want—nor care—but something there
That makes her own eyes shine.

Her folded wings are quiv'ring still
As some bird stopped in flight,
To gaze upon the one it loves,
Her hands are clasped tight;
With parted lips she looks at me,
And round her falls the light.

From the bless'd heights of heaven she turns
And stooping leans to me,
With hands stretched out and yearning eyes
That never seem to see
Aught but my wondrous love for her,
And her great love for me;
And standing thus she ever waits
Unto eternity.



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A BRIEF EASTER SERMON DELIVERED BY POPE PIUS X. TO THE REVERENT CROWD
IN THE COURTYARD OF ST. PETER'S IN ROME.

—“Easter Observances in Europe.”



AN EASTER MORNING PROCESSION IN AMSTERDAM.

SOME CURIOUS EASTER OBSERVANCES IN EUROPE

BY FRITZ MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



TO the European mind Easter is an annual festival only second in importance to Christmas. The Easter holiday is scrupulously, nay enthusiastically, observed throughout the Continent from Italy to Norway and from France to Siberia, and the methods of its observance are for the most part quaint and interesting. The most impressive of these ceremonies is that which takes place at St. Peter's in Rome, when the Pope personally conducts the mass and outstretches his jeweled hands in benediction over tens of thousands of devout Catholics gathered before the great cathedral.

From the Vatican the Pope enters the church in a state of splendor with which no sovereign can compete. He is carried in his chair of state, with its richly decorated canopy of silk, his gorgeous robes glittering

with gold, while on his head is a towering triple-golden miter. By his side are borne huge fans of peacock feathers, symbolizing the watchful eyes of the Church. It is a picture of blinding, dazzling grandeur, as he is carried through the reverent crowds that throng the church towards the altar. After celebrating the mass, accompanied by an escort of richly clad officials, he is carried to a balcony over the central doorway, where he pronounces the benediction and absolution to the surging sea of humanity spread out in the square below him.

In Spain, and particularly in Seville, the processions wind through avenues of spectators in stately spectacle. In long lines tableaux, which illustrate the story of the Saviour's latter days on earth, are borne aloft on cars drawn by gaily caparisoned horses. One tableau shows the Last Supper, another the Betrayal, and so on; but the center of interest is the body of the Cofraidias holding aloft huge candles, banners and crosses.



AN EASTER VOTIVE OFFERING BEING CARRIED TO CHURCH IN A NORMANDY TOWN.



AN EASTER PROCESSION IN A BAVARIAN VILLAGE.

The Cofraidias wear tall, conical caps, the front of which cover the face, with two small openings for the eyes, and, descending below the waist, are the letters "I. H. S." surmounted by a cross. The most remarkable feature is the girdled cloak ablaze with precious stones, loaned for the occasion by the wealthy ladies of the city.

In Russia the feast of all feasts, the day of all days, is Easter, and high and low, from czar to serf, from prince to pauper, it is celebrated according to the means of the celebrant. On Easter eve at midnight, the exquisite bells in the great tower of Ivan Veliki, in the Kremlin, at Moscow, are heard to perfection. On the preceding Sunday (Palm Sunday) the people buy palm branches, artificial flowers, and branches bearing waxen fruits to lay before their icons. On Holy Thursday the metropolitan has washed the feet of twelve men representing the apostles in the cathedral. Then, at midnight, on Easter eve the great bell sounds, followed by every other bell in Moscow, and the whole city blazes into light, while the tower of Ivan Veliki is illuminated from its foundation to the cross on its summit. The square below is filled with a motley throng and around the churches are piles of Easter cakes, each with a taper stuck in it, waiting for a blessing. The interior of the Church of the Rest of the Virgin is thronged by a vast multitude bearing wax tapers. The metropolitan and his clergy, in robes blazing with gold and precious stones, have made the external circuit of the church three times, and then, through the great doors, have advanced toward the throne between myriads of lights. No words can describe the light, the color, the blaze, the roar of the universal chant. Descending from the throne, the metropolitan has sprayed with holy water the clergy and

the people, and the clergy have baptized the metropolitan, whilst the spectators bow and cross themselves incessantly. After a service of two hours, the metropolitan advances, holding a cross which the people throng to kiss. He then retires to the sanc-



AN ITALIAN EASTER PROCESSION.

tuary, whence, as Ivan Veliki begins to toll, followed by a peal from a thousand bells announcing the stroke of midnight, he emerges in a plain purple robe and announces "*Christos voscres*" (Christ is risen). Then kisses of love are universally exchanged, and most remarkable of all, the metropolitan, on his hands and knees, crawls around the church, kissing the icons on the walls, the altars and the tombs, and through their opened sepulchers the incorruptible bodies of the saints. After this no meeting takes place without the words "*Christos voscres*," and the answer, "*Vo istine voscres*" (He is risen).



AN EASTER CEREMONIAL IN A SWISS CANTON.

Amid all this tumult, a procession, headed by the priests, each bearing a taper or a torch, passes around the church, and then the last ceremony, the blessing of the food, takes place about three o'clock in the morning. The rich who have the means of consecration at hand, do not find it necessary to carry their food to church, and generally they are content with the species of consecration a good cook can give, but the poor cannot enjoy their Easter breakfast till it has been blessed by the priests; perhaps they have a foreboding how ill it is likely to sit upon the stomach weakened by long fasting. The spectacle in the church is most extraordinary; the people range all their dishes in long rows through the entire length of the church, leaving only space enough between for the priests to pass; the increasing numbers generally compel the formation of lines outside the church, and even a considerable distance round it. The huge and oddly shaped loaves called *Kulitshe*, the towers of white cheese, into which many colored leaves of spice are interwoven, the former decorated with flowers, the latter bearing a burning wax-taper on its summit,

the heaps of red colored eggs, lumps of sugar, pots of honey, plates of preserved fruit, all these painted, illuminated, varicolored, strange-looking eatables, and in such quantities, have so curious an effect, that one can hardly help supposing the important ceremonies are to end at last in child's play. One looks into the faces of the reverend and white-bearded fathers to see whether they are not masked children who will, at last, throw off their disguise, and in the midst of all their flowers and fruits, end the affair with a dance. It is not necessary to observe them long, however, to know that these childlike people are quite serious. As the priest advances, sprinkling to the right and left, and pronouncing the blessing, while his attendant keeps up a constant chant, the people press closer and closer, crossing themselves and keeping a sharp watch that their flowers and food get their due share of the purifying waters. "*Bati-ushka*" is heard here and there, "*sdas moi pashka*" (Father dear, my Easter dish has got none). Breathless with haste others come running up, and as they untie the cloth containing their dishes, they supplicate a

moment's delay from the priest, who is generally good-natured enough to comply.

The Easter egg plays a very important part in Russia at this time of the year. St. Petersburg, lying in a plain, procures her eggs from a great distance, Moscow, in particular, supplying large quantities. On a very moderate calculation, there cannot be less than fifty million eggs used at Easter in the capital, for, as it is always customary at Easter, on greeting an acquaintance, to press an egg into his hand, many individuals dispose of a hundred or more. It is amusing to visit the markets and stalls where the painted eggs are sold. Some are painted in a variety of patterns; some have verses inscribed on them, but the usual inscription is the general Easter greeting "*Christos vosreses*," or "Eat and think of me," etc.

The wealthy do not content themselves with the real eggs dyed with Brazil wood, but profit by the custom to show their taste, and scarcely any material can be named that is not made into Easter eggs. At the imperial glass-cutting manufactory several halls are filled with workmen employed in cutting flowers and figures on eggs of crystal. Part of them are for the emperor and empress to give away as presents, and as the recipients get many of these things, they, of course, give them away again to their friends and favorites, who the next Easter bestow them in their turn elsewhere, so that these eggs often travel to amazing distances. One, which came from the imperial palace, is known to have passed through numberless hands of high and low degree, till its last possessor, having let it fall on a



THE ANNUAL EASTER TABARACK IN DEVILLE, SPAIN.



A PROCESSION OF FIRST COMMUNICANTS EASTER SUNDAY MORNING IN ROTTERDAM.

stone, pitched the useless fragments into the Black Sea.

In the Greek churches all over the world at Eastertide, priests gorgeously arrayed advance from the richly painted altar screen toward an open space under the dome, and one, the archimandrite, carries a lighted candle in his hand, while a sonorous voice proclaims:

"All come and take the light that never sets, and embrace Christ, who has risen from the dead."

The second priest, and the reader, light their candles at that of the archimandrite, and repeat the deep intonation; persons from the congregation move forward quietly, one or two at a time, and light the tapers which they hold in their hands at the larger candles borne by the priests. Then these return among the congregation and their neighbors do the same. It is the service of the Resurrection, celebrated on Easter Sunday in the Greek Church; the lighting of the candles is symbolic, and it represents the new light which came into the world

with Christ—the new teaching of the Gospel.

"If any be pious and a lover of God, let him enjoy this beautiful and bright festal gathering," chants the high priest, and at the close, when the last notes of the choir have died away, and the sonorous voices are heard no more, the priests make their way through the throng to tables by the main entrances, where they distribute gaily colored genuine Easter eggs to the crowds of worshipers, according to the ancient custom and as a sign of rejoicing.

In Munich and Vienna, the churches on Good Friday are the scene of a very striking picture of the burial of Christ. A figure of the Saviour is carried in state around the church to the altar, where is a sepulcher, to which access, through an opening formed by artificial rocks,

awaits it. The windows are darkened and, through the gloom, the eyes of thousands of awed worshipers are drawn to the tomb, where a solitary light illumines the white-palled figure of the crucified Christ. In some parts of Austria large processions parade the streets, headed by priests riding on horses and bearing banners,



A TYROLEAN EASTER CEREMONIAL.



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THE TRATA OR ANCIENT "CHOROS" DANCE AT MEGARA, GREECE, ON EASTER SUNDAY.



THE RUSSIAN PEASANT'S EASTER MORNING BREAKFAST.

with an escort of white-robed choristers chanting hymns, and in Bavaria the peasants form processions, hundreds, sometimes thousands, strong, heralded by a man bearing a gigantic candle.

One of the most peculiar of these continental celebrations of Easter is that which for centuries has been practised by the monks of Roncevaux. As day breaks on the morning of Good Friday, a long procession of the monks files out through the gateway of the abbey, each bearing on his back an enormous and heavy cross, by way of annual penance and in imitation of what they consider to have been one of the severest forms of Christ's physical suffering. Through hamlets and villages, this pathetic procession makes its way, in spite of the trembling knees and aching muscles, while the villagers, with bare and bowed heads, do homage to the cross. That their penance may lack nothing of severity, these monks strike into the country, choosing the steepest and roughest paths.

The pretty Dutch custom of *ciertikken*, its simplicity in striking contrast to the gorgeous functions described, must not be overlooked. For a whole week before Easter,

the peasant children go round, from house to house, begging for eggs, and carrying a wreath of green leaves stuck on a long stick. This stick and wreath they call their "Palm Paschen," which really means Palm Sunday, and it may be so called because they make the wreath on that day. They parade the village streets, singing as they wave their wreath above their heads:

"Palm, Palm Paschen,
Hei kockerei.
Weldra is het Paschen,
Dan hebben wy een ei.
Een ei-twee ei,
Het derde is het Paschei."

Which may be roughly translated into English as:

"Palm, Palm Sunday,
Hei kockerei.
Soon it will be Easter,
And we shall have an egg.
One egg—two eggs,
The third egg is the Easter."

They visit the farmhouses and seldom go away empty-handed. When they have collected all the eggs they want, three or four apiece, they boil them hard, and stain them with two different colors, brown with coffee,



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**A PROCESSION OF GREEK PATRIARCHS ON THE WAY TO THE HOLY SEPULCHER IN
JERUSALEM ON EASTER SUNDAY MORNING.**

or red with beet-root juice, and then on Easter Day, they all repair to the meadows carrying their eggs with them, and the "*eiertikken*" takes place. The youngsters sit down on the grass and each child knocks one of his eggs against that of another in such a way that only one of the shells breaks, and the child whose egg does not break wins and becomes the possessor of the broken egg.

Picturesque, indeed, is the observance of the Easter festival in the Tyrol. From day-

light to dark of "Holy Saturday," the valleys of the country of towering mountains are paraded by bands of musicians, wearing wide-brimmed hats wreathed in flowers, and singing Easter hymns to the accompaniment of their guitars. As the bands step bravely out, making the valleys ring with their sweet singing, the children flock after them, and from every village on their line of march the inhabitants stream forth to give them greeting and to join in the festival of thanksgiving and joy.

A RUSSIAN BOYARD DISTRIBUTING EASTER ALMS TO THE INDIGENT PEASANTS ON HIS ESTATE



AN EASTER SONNET

BY JULIAN DURAND

SEASON of self-denial, yearly sent,
 Now come the weary, melancholy weeks
 To steal the roses from Myrtilla's cheeks,
 And all Love's happiness to circumvent:
 Her garb betokens her imprisonment;
 She walks in silence, and she seldom speaks
 Save in the service when her conscience
 seeks
 Celestial comfort in the days of Lent.

Sackcloth and ashes all her days beguile;
 Psalter and prayer-book, morning, noon
 and night
 Companion her. But wait till
 Easter! Then,
 Once more shall you behold her sunny smile,
 Under a hat that is her heart's delight,
 And in your fancy, hear her say—
 Ah, men!



THE GARDEN

BY FRANCES A. SCHNEIDER

Into the garden creeps the dusk
 (Scent of lavender, odor of musk),
 Creeps and settles and deeper grows—
 (Sheen of the lily, flush of the rose)
 Falls on the trace of forgotten ways,
 Hidden and faint 'neath a weedy maze;
 Into the garden creeps the dusk.

Off in the quaint old garden close
 (Falling petals of full-blown rose),
 Long ago, in the tender gloom—
 (Shrubs that blossom and flowers that bloom)
 One there strayed with a footstep light,
 Over the paths now hid from sight;
 Off in the quaint old garden close.

Perfumed heart of the still night-time
 (Stars that glitter from depths sublime),
 Hold you no mem'ry faint and sweet
 (Years that are weary, hours that were fleet)
 Of a tender voice and a form of grace—
 Of glowing eyes and a fair, fair face?
 Perfumed heart of the still night-time!

Drawing by S. Schneider.



Drawn by Hermann C. Wall.

"ALREADY IS YOUR WOE COME UPON YOU, CHILDREN OF DOOM."

... ..

--"The Doomsman."

THE DOOMSMAN

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMANN C. WALL

XVII

THE AWAKENING



CONSTANS climbed to his observatory on the roof of the "Flatiron" as usual the next morning. It was a fine, bright day and so clear that he could see for miles without the use of his glass. And there was something to see—far away to the North, he discovered a thin thread of smoke that must mark the spot of a newly extinguished camp-fire. At last the raiders were back from the South-land; they would be within the city boundaries by this time and should arrive at the Citadel Square by noon at the latest.

Glancing down into the fortress, he saw that tidings of the return must have already been received. Torch signals had probably been sent during the night from the High Bridge announcing the fact of the arrival and now all was bustle and excitement. Outside of the White Tower stood a slave holding the bridle of a horse whose housings were of the most gorgeous description, a blaze of crimson cloth and gold thread. The owner's spear, with its fluttering pennon of embroidered silk, stood close at hand and upon the banneret, Constans, with his glass, made out the symbol used by Quinton Edge, a raven in mid-air bearing a skull in his beak. Evidently, he was to command the guard of honor who would escort the returned warriors down the Palace Road and the hour must be close at hand; on every side were gathered trampling steeds and hurrying men.

A trumpet sounded and Quinton Edge,

issuing forth from the White Tower, mounted his horse. Apparently he was in good humor this morning; he chatted animatedly with those nearest to him and once or twice he even laughed aloud. This indeed was to be a day of triumph for Doom and for Quinton Edge.

Again the trumpet sounded and without much pretense at military smartness, the escorting party scrambled into their saddles and the cavalcade moved forward through the North Gate and up the Palace Road. By noon, at the latest, they should return and preparations immediately began for the great feast that was to be given in honor of the long-absent warriors, now happily restored to the society of their families and friends. The day had turned so warm that there would be no discomfort in dining out of doors, for all that the date was the twenty-second of March and the last snow-fall still lay a foot or more in depth in the side streets. The square itself had been thoroughly cleaned, or it would have been a veritable sea of slush. Astonishing! but as the sun's rays became more and more inclined to the vertical, it became apparent that the day would not only be warm but actually hot.

Constans had grown tired of making his observations at long range; he resolved to descend and mingle boldly with the people in the square. He had only Quinton Edge to fear, and it would be easy to keep out of his way. Moreover, this was the golden chance for him to pick up some intimate information about the defences of the Citadel Square; such an opportunity might not occur again.

Carefully adjusting the details of his ecclesiastical costume, Constans prepared to descend. His last act was to cast a

perfunctory glance in the direction of Arcadia House, and it seemed that his eye caught the flutter of something white. He raised the binoculars—it was true, the signal was there, a handkerchief tied to the lattice-blind of the northern window.

Constans frowned and reflected. It was only last night that the girl had asserted her entire ability to look after herself—it was like a woman to be so soon of another mind. And there was Ulick, Ulick who would have shed the last drop in his veins to serve her. Yet she would have none of him and she had deliberately tied Constans' hands in exacting the promise that he should not reveal her whereabouts to the man who of all things desired to serve her.

Yet his promise must be kept. He would go again to Arcadia House sometime during the afternoon or evening, for the matter was not one of absolute urgency. In the latter case two signals would have been displayed and there was but one. So dismissing the matter from his mind for the present, he made his way to the street and mingled boldly with the crowd that was continually passing in and out of the North Gate.

With an air of easy unconcern, he directed his steps towards the entrance. A harsh croak greeted him and he recognized the familiar voice of the crippled scoundrel who called himself Kurt the Knacker. He glanced up to see that worthy ensconced in a snug corner of the gateway and surrounded by his accustomed cronies, the warders on duty.

"Hola! shipmet," said the Knacker in a tone that was doubtless intended to be affable. "Your master yonder was of too proud a stomach to clink can with us, but you will be more amiable. There's a fresh cask on the trestles and not a token to pay."

Without troubling himself to reply to the Knacker's hospitable invitation, Constans tried to press forward and seek concealment again in the crowd. But Kurt reached out and caught his sleeve. "No skulking, reverend sir," he said maliciously. "Which shall it be? A swig from my comfortable black-jack or a full toss of the horn?"

One of the guardsmen held out a full ox-horn of wine and the knacker seized it and forced it into Constans' hand.

"After all, the good malt is for stronger stomachs; wine is the tipple for women,

boys, and priests. Down with it right cheerfully or take a sousing in the butt itself—to drown there or drink it dry."

It was not a prudent thing to do, but Constans was angry. Seizing the ox-horn, he dashed its contents full in his tormentor's face. Kurt the Knacker, half strangled, fell back coughing and breathing stertorously. It was a critical moment, but luckily the temper of the by-standers was in mood to be amused. A great roar of laughter went up and under cover of it Constans managed to push his way on through the crowd and so reach the open square. Stepping into one of the empty guard-huts he quickly divested himself of cowl and cassock and rolling them up into a bundle, he tossed them into a dark corner. His under suit was made of the ordinary gray frieze worn generally among the Doomsmen and now neither Prosper nor the witnesses of the fracas at the gate would be likely to identify him.

Constans gazed about him with lively interest. Yet so accurate had been his previous bird's-eye observations that he found but little to add to them. He noticed, however, that a banquette of earth, rammed hard, ran around the inside periphery of the walls, affording vantage for the defenders to discharge their arrows and other missiles over the parapet. But as Constans quickly saw, this same terrace would give useful foothold to the besiegers should the top of the wall once be gained. Instead of being obliged to draw up their scaling ladders or risk the sixteen foot drop to the hard surface of the enclosure, they had only to jump onto the banquette and from thence to the ground.

A gang of carpenters were putting the finishing touches to an elevated platform which stood near the entrance to the White Tower. A crimson canopy warded off the sun's rays and the structure was probably intended for the accommodation of Dom Gillian. A large chair stood in the center of the dais and over it a gray wolf-skin had been carefully draped; certainly, this must be the official seat of the wolf himself. But as yet it stood empty.

How blazing hot the sun was! And yet this was only the day of the vernal equinox; it was most extraordinary! Everywhere the gutters ran streaming with water, the snow melting under the unexampled heat of the solar rays like wax in a candle

flame. The atmosphere seemed abnormally close and heavy and Constans found himself actually panting for breath.

As the hours dragged on, Constans felt a vague uneasiness pressing down upon him and he could see that the people also were growing restless under the unaccountable delay. The laughter and talk little by little died away; men stood in silent groups staring through the open gate, up the long avenue of the Palace Road, shading their bent brows under their hollowed hands. Would they never come!

With noon a small diversion offered. Four negro slaves carrying a litter issued from the door of the White Tower. There was no mistaking that gigantic form, that great head with its mane of coarse white hair—the old Dom Gillian. With infinite difficulty, the attendants succeeded in hoisting the unwieldy bulk upon the platform and into the great chair. The people looked on in silence; not a murmur of applause greeted the appearance of their lord. And with equal indifference did Dom Gillian regard his people; plainly he was wearied, for his hands rested heavily upon the arms of his chair and he neither spoke nor moved. A slave stood on either hand wielding a large fan; presently the gaunt figure seemed to collapse into a huddled heap, the eyes closed and Dom Gillian slept placidly in his chair, the gray wolf-skin upon his knees.

Again, the slow hours dragged along. The sun had already passed the zenith, the barbecue fires were dying out, on the western skyline rested a cloud in bigness like to a man's hand and of the blackness of night itself. Would they never come!

Far down the aisle of the Palace Road a black dot stood out boldly against the snowy background. A moment later it had resolved itself into the figure of a horse and his rider. The man was riding fast, heedless of the slippery, dangerous footing; now he was at the gate and the close-packed crowd pressed back to give him room. On and on, with the red drops falling from his bloody spurs, until he drew rein at the very steps of the platform. And no man durst speak or move as Quinton Edge flung himself from the saddle and ascended to where the Lord Keeper of Doom still slept placidly in his great chair, with the wolf-skin upon his knees.

XVIII

A PROPHET OF EVIL

Straight to the steps of the scarlet-draped platform rode Quinton Edge. Flinging himself from the saddle, he mounted to Dom Gillian's side and bending over whispered a few words in his ear, inaudible even to those who stood nearest. And yet the people knew that woe had fallen upon Doom. Like flame upon flax the voiceless signal leaped from heart to heart; here and there in the crowd appeared little centers of disturbance, the strong ones pushing the weak forcibly aside, that they might the quicker fill their own gasping lungs; an inarticulate murmur rose and swelled, like to the stirring of innumerable forest leaves under the breath of the rough north wind. Quinton Edge heard and turned to face the people.

"It is true," he said, and gripped hard upon the rail on which his hand rested. "A child's trick it was, but the Southlanders are men of smooth tongue and our brothers were encumbered with the cattle and perhaps over-confident, now that their faces were turned at last towards home. Six score brave men—" he stopped and swallowed at something in his throat.

"The ambushade was well planned and the Southlanders had enlisted the aid of the wild men, to their shame be it said. So our brethren found themselves hemmed in at every point. Yet they sold their lives at a good price and they are mourning to-day in the Southland, even as we are. Not a Doomsman set out upon his long journey to the shadowland but that a southron was forced to bear him company. It was well done—a good fight, the sword-point driven home, and then the dropping of the curtain. Hail! a hail! to our brothers who have passed beyond. One and all, a hail! a hail!"

A few wavering and uncertain voices took up the cry, but it quickly died away before the uplifted hand of Prosper, the priest. He had pushed his way steadily through the crowd and was now standing in its outmost rank directly opposite the platform.

"There were six score who rode away," he said, addressing himself directly to Quinton Edge. "Six score, and how many have returned?"

An insolent question in the manner of its asking, but the Doomsman's answer matched it well.

"Four that I counted, but there may be a straggler or two to come in later. Does the Shining One no longer know where his own thunderbolts have struck, that he sends his hired servants to gather up the gossip of the market-place?"

"The All-Wise both sees and knows," retorted the priest. "It is the people you deceive who have need to look and listen, if haply they may understand. You have dared to take the name of the Shining One upon your lips; stand forth now like a man, if you would face him in his wrath."

During the past few minutes it had grown suddenly dark; the sun had disappeared and a curtain of opaque cloud was rapidly overcasting the sky. A peculiar, yellowish light had replaced the radiance of day, and under its rays the faces of the people appeared wan and pinched. Was it indeed an omen?

"But what does your god demand that his anger may be turned away?" asked Quinton Edge. "Doubtless the material offerings upon which his faithful priests depend for their easy, unearned living. Sides of fat beeves and measures of wheat, not forgetting a cask or two of apple wine or corn brandy."

But the priest, disdaining to answer the taunt, had already turned and was speaking directly to the people.

"Is it that you seek a deliverer and find none? But how shall the Shining One keep faith with you who turn your feet away from his sanctuary and bring no victims to his altars? Has he not called to you daily—and have you not stopped your ears? And now that ye call in turn, shall he indeed hear? Already is your woe come upon you, children of Doom, perverse and disobedient generation. See how his anger is writ in letters of flame upon the heavens, listen to his voice as he speaks in his wrath."

A flash of lightning accompanied the priest's last words and the crash of the thunder came almost simultaneously. The obscurity was momentarily increasing and the gigantic nimbus cloud-band now reached far beyond the zenith, its slate-blue edges contrasting vividly with the green and saffron tints of the narrow strip of clear sky that still remained visible. And in another moment that too had dis-

appeared; the dragon had swallowed at a gulp the dismembered fragments of the day; such was the darkness that a man could not see his neighbor's face, though their elbows might be touching. A panic of fear seized upon the people; in an instant the whole mass was in what the mathematicians call a state of unstable equilibrium.

"To your holes and dens!" shouted the priest, now quite beside himself in his fanatical exaltation. "Begone, I say! and pray that the walls may bow their heads to hide you from his countenance, mighty and terrible. He speaks again, he speaks again! Woe, woe, to the city of Doom!" Again the firmament seemed cleft in twain by a fiery sword, again the earth trembled under the reverberations of the tremendous electrical discharges. The effect upon the overwrought nerves of the throng was instantaneous; as one man the crowd turned and made for the exits from the Citadel Square. Even the personal attendants upon Dom Gillian were affected by the panic and leaped over the guard rails of the platform into the struggling mass of humanity below. In less than five minutes the enormous square was deserted, save for a few crippled and infirm stragglers, and Constans himself thought it prudent to withdraw to the shelter of one of the empty guard-huts, from whose doorway he could still watch the progress of events.

Only Prosper, the priest, remained in the open, standing there with uplifted hands and gazing steadfastly into the sable vault above him as though it were the very altar of his god. Quinton Edge called to him, but he answered not. Then the Doomsman, leaning far over the balustrade of the platform, touched the priest sharply on the shoulder with his truncheon of office.

"Come up here and help me with the Lord Keeper. These cowardly dogs have all sought their kennels and left us to shift for ourselves."

With quiet deliberation Prosper gathered up his long, black robe and ascended the steps of the platform where Quinton Edge met him.

Suddenly the obscurity lightened. A heavy downpour of rain was imminent, but the sky had lost its terrifying aspect of abnormality; the yellowish haze, that in superstitious eyes presages some dreadful convulsion of nature, had drifted away before the rising wind—it would be a pelt-

ing shower and nothing more. Quinton Edge looked around, smiling.

"So it was only a player's effect; an opportune conjunction of bad news and bad weather that is hardly likely to occur again. The next time that the Shining One condescends to forge his thunder bolts——"

"They will fall from out of a cloudless sky," interrupted the priest with a savage vehemence that in spite of himself shook the cool confidence of the Doomsman. Yet the latter flung back the challenge contemptuously.

"Words, words—painted bladders with which to belabor the backs of fools and children. It calls for a buffet of sturdier sort to convince a man."

The priest measured his adversary coldly. "Let it be a blow then," he said with bitter irony, "since a prating mouth knows no other argument than the mailed fist. But you shall not see the hand that smites, nor even know the quarter from whence it comes."

A dozen big raindrops splashed down, and from the distance came the patter of the advancing hail. Quinton Edge drew himself up stiffly; the necessity of immediate action was a relief more blessed than he would have cared to own. He stepped hurriedly to Dom Gillian's chair and, putting his hands under the armpits of the old man, lifted him unresisting to his feet.

"Help me with him to the White Tower," he said with curt command, and Prosper obeyed in silence. Together they managed to get Dom Gillian down the rickety steps and across the open space to the entrance of the Tower, barely gaining the shelter when the storm broke in earnest, the rain coming down in great gray masses as though the laboring clouds had been literally torn asunder by the weight of their burden. For a few moments everything was blotted out by the deluge, then it lightened again with the coming of the hail, and Constans drew in his breath sharply as he saw a little cavalcade trotting slowly through the North Gate from the Palace Road. First came a few of the escort guard and behind them three or four troopers, survivors of the ill-fated expedition, followed by a couple of rude horse litters, improvised from fence poles and blankets. In these rough beds lay two grievously wounded men, and Constans gazed, half in hope, half in fear, upon

their wan faces, upon which the stinging hail beat down. Soldierly men they were, too, for they made no complaint, but Ulick was not one of them. A moment later Constans saw him bringing up the rear on a big bay horse. He had a blood-soaked bandage about his head and looked thin and careworn, but he was alive and Constans felt glad at heart for his friend. He managed to catch Ulick's eye as the train swept by and for an instant the latter drew rein, bending low over his saddle bow as he whispered to Constans standing in the shadow of the guard hut:

"In half an hour at the old library," and then with passionate eagerness: "Esmay, have you seen her?"

"Yes," answered Constans, and the next instant could have bitten his unthinking tongue in twain.

XIX

IN QUINTON EDGE'S GARDEN

It was late that night when the friends finally parted. Their interview had been a trying one; it might have ended in a serious estrangement had Constans been of a nature less straightforward or Ulick of disposition less generous. Friendship between men is a beautiful thing, but of such delicate poise that only the touch of a finger is needed to displace it. And the disturbing hand is usually that of a woman. Esmay had come between them, and it needed but the mention of her name that a certain inevitable constraint should at once manifest itself.

"We'll have to drop the subject then, or rather, leave it where it began," said Ulick, breaking the final pause. "Perhaps it's just as well that I don't understand the reason why—it's even possible that you don't know clearly yourself. I shan't ask you to tell me."

Constans flushed and was angry with himself at the evidence of a weakness so unexpected. "It can't go on in this way," he said decidedly. "Neither of us could wish that and it lies with me to make it plain—to her, you know. Of course, you must have guessed that there are certain contingencies." He stopped abruptly as the remembrance of what Esmay had said rushed back upon him. "I don't see that Boris is with you," he continued gravely.

"He lies under the shadow of the southern pines—one of the first to fall that morning when the storm of gray goose arrows drove down upon us. A good end and perhaps the better one."

Constans was silent. Here was one of his contingencies that existed no longer; with Boris out of the way, the decision that Esmay must make was enormously simplified. Or was it still more infinitely complicated? With a woman to consider, the question was not so easy to answer. Nor would he attempt it. He rose and put out his hand, "I am going to tell her," he said simply, and Ulick, in his turn, had no further word to say; so they parted.

It was not until noon of the following day that Constans found opportunity to set out for Arcadia House. The abnormally high temperature of yesterday still prevailed, although the sky was clear; and everywhere could be heard the sound of running and dripping water. How hot the sun was! it might have been midsummer instead of the last of March; how oddly sounded the premature chirping of the birds in the leafless trees!

Arcadia House was once more in sight, and Constans' first thought was for the signal. It was still flying from the cupola window, but that fact of itself meant little. All or nothing might have happened in the twenty-four hours that had elapsed since its first setting.

The rope-ladder was in its hiding-place and Constans, by its aid, was quickly on the garden wall. Here he waited for an instant to look and listen.

All was quiet and there was no sign of life in the closely shuttered house. The snow in this exposed and sunny enclosure had entirely disappeared; there would be no fear of his footprints being noticed. The dogs—but Esmay had assured him that they would be kept in leash so long as the signal was flying. He wasted no further time in reflection, but descended into Quinton Edge's garden.

The plantation of spruce trees screened him for the moment; then he ran quickly across the open space and reached the shelter of the pavilion. It was empty; but he had expected that; he had previously set his answering signal at the window of a house overlooking the garden at the back, and he would now have to wait until Esmay should find opportunity to join him.

An hour passed and there was no sign of her appearance. Constans grew restless, impatient, uneasy, until finally inaction became intolerable. Certainly Esmay should have come by this time, supposing that she had observed his answering signal. She might be absent, ill, a prisoner.

He looked searchingly at the silent and apparently deserted house; the bold thought struck him to examine it more closely, even at the risk of discovery. He had his rope-ladder with him and at a pinch could make a run for it. Along the northern wall of the enclosure there was a wind-break of evergreens that would protect him up to the sunken carriage way, and surely he could venture thus far and then trust fortune and his own wits for the next move. He owed that much to Esmay seeing that he had failed to answer her call at the time that it was made.

The piece of open ground was some seventy yards in width; he crossed it at speed and dived into the shadow of the trees, keeping close to the wall as he worked along towards the sunken way. He reached the road without misadventure and dropped lightly down upon its stone-paved surface. It was cool and damp in this semi-subterranean causeway; the stone flagging was blotched with lichenous growth and fern flourished rankly in the wall crevices. Constans stood for a moment gazing up at the blank façade of the north wing wondering how best to proceed. Then suddenly a face appeared at a window; Esmay herself was looking down upon him in wide-eyed astonishment. She hesitated, then motioned him toward the eastern or river side of the house, and he obeyed unquestioningly. Following the driveway around, he found himself before the wide, pillared portico that masked the front of the main edifice; springing up the steps, he met her standing at one of the French windows that opened off the drawing-room of the mansion. She drew back, inviting him to enter.

"You are very foolish," she said in a whisper, yet looked upon him approvingly, as a woman always must upon the man who dares.

"I told you that I would come," he answered. "Yesterday it was the unexpected that happened, the return of the expedition. Between the storm and Ulick

you and the signal were clean put out of mind until too late."

She flushed. "Then you have seen Ulick?"

"Yes; he is safe and well." He hesitated. How should he tell her the truth about the other? He ended by blurting it out.

"You know that Boris—he will not return."

She paled. "He is dead?"

Constans nodded. The girl turned and looked out of the window for perhaps half a minute.

"I was to have decided between them this very day. He, who is my master, had so determined and that is why I sent for you. For indeed I cannot—" she stopped; it was so difficult to put into words what must be said. Then she went on speaking softly.

"If it had finally come to that, I must have named Boris, for I could have gone hating him just the same as before. With Ulick it is different, for he really cares."

"But now," interrupted Constans impatiently, "it is no longer a question of choice but of a decision."

"I have already come to it," she returned. "I must escape from Doom; I cannot stay here for even another day."

In their absorption neither noticed how the door leading into the central hall slowly opened. It remained ajar, its very attitude that of a listener.

"You want my help," said Constans half to himself. He was rapidly casting over in his mind the effect that the death of Boris might have upon Quinton Edge's intrigues and he could not but conclude that Esmay had become a more necessary factor than ever in their successful development. Ulick was now the sole heir to the old Dom Gillian and he was openly hostile to Quinton Edge. Only through Ulick's passion for this slip of a girl could the Doomsman hope to control him; what an admirable stroke then to snatch the card from his hand before he had a chance to play it. Against an enemy like Quinton Edge one must make every blow tell.

"I will help you," he continued aloud. "But where, at this short notice, to find a boat?"

"There is a canoe which is generally kept moored at the private dock; you can see it from the terrace. It is a good, stout dugout and, oh—"

"Well?"

"There is Nanna, my sister; I cannot go without her."

"She is in no danger," said Constans with calm indifference. "The boat will carry only two—is that it?"

"Yes."

"Very well then; Nanna must remain behind."

"It is impossible to leave her; I have promised."

"No; it is her coming that is impossible and because I say so."

The girl remained silent; had she yielded to a will stronger than her own? The door closed noiselessly.

Retreat is the first and essential principle of feminine strategy and in practice it should suggest the ambushade to even the most thoughtless of masculine minds. But it never does; Constans stepped up a little closer.

"Nanna must go with me," repeated the girl hurriedly. "You will help us to get out the boat and tell me in what direction Croye lies. We shall find our way, never fear, for I know the stars and Nanna can paddle all day long as well as a man."

"And what will you do when you get to Croye?" asked Constans gently. "Must you hear the whole truth about your uncle Messer Hugolin? It is not that he is unable but unwilling to turn a hand in your behalf. The humblest shelter, the meanest food—I know what you would say. But not even a night's housing in the cattle-byre or a plate of broken victuals is to be had from Messer Hugolin unless one is prepared to pay, and roundly too. Remember that I too am of his blood and have dwelt in his house."

The girl's eyes grew cloudy and troubled. "There is the town itself," she faltered. "Surely among so many people there must be some chance for a livelihood—there is work—"

"Not of the honest kind and for such as you," he retorted. "Must I make you understand? Look at yourself then in the glass behind you." Suddenly he took her hand between both his own. "Who would dare hint at work to those fingers, so slimly white and to that pink roseleaf of a palm. But one may live delicately, even in Croye."

The girl recoiled as though from a blow, and Constans felt the shame of having

actually struck one. "But not you," he stammered and raged inwardly at himself. She forgave him in a look of divinest serenity. "But Esmay," he said humbly. She smiled to him to go on.

"You are thinking of the world beyond, but indeed you do not know it—its cruelty to the weak, above all to a woman. It is a hard and evil world believe me, while here at least——"

"Here the least of all," she interrupted, but would not look at him to make her meaning clearer.

"Yet you see how I could not let you go alone or even with Nanna," he urged.

"Yes; I understand that. What is it that you wish me to do?"

Constans started. Was he then prepared to make himself responsible for this young creature's future? Of course she could not remain longer in a position so dangerous and equivocal, but why should she not be reasonable? It was true that Nanna was quite capable of managing the boat; he had only to assist them to get away and give the word to Ulick that he might follow. Ulick would go to the end of the world to serve her.

A thoroughly sensible solution of the problem and then in a twinkling Constans forgot that he had ever wanted Esmay to be reasonable, forgot the faith owed to a friend and the vengeance sworn against an enemy, forgot times and seasons and the peril in which they stood, forgot all things save that he was a man and she was a woman and that he had suddenly come to desire her above all else in life.

Esmay stood waiting for the answer to her question. She looked at him inquiringly; then her eyes dropped swiftly before the sex challenge that leaped forth from his. There was a little silence; the remembrance of honor doubly pledged came to Constans and again he put it from him. Friendship, justice, patriotism; these things were but names and Esmay stood before him. "A woman, and some day he would come to know what that meant." Now he knew.

"You cannot go alone," he said hoarsely, "and your sister's protection is useless. You will have to trust yourself to me. I want you," he said, and would have taken her—then stopped confounded and appalled.

Through the open window came the

sharp, staccato yelp of a hound at field. Yes; the dogs were out and already they were at work ranging in great semi-circles, alert with the joy of the chase. Constans drew a deep breath as he watched them. Already they were nearing the pavilion; in a few seconds at the farthest they would be giving tongue upon the striking of his scent. He must decide quickly then and he turned to Esmay.

A vague suspicion gathered in Constans' mind as he looked upon her mute agony and misinterpreted it.

"What is it?" he asked with rising anger, but she answered no word. The memory of the ancient betrayal flashed back upon him full force.

"Perhaps another bracelet of carbuncles?" She shrank back as though he had struck her.

"Esmay!" he said roughly and shook her by the shoulders.

Then as she still gave no sign, he flung her from him and strode away, the flame of a fierce anger in his heart. To die here—the base fate of a runaway slave upon whose trail the waster has set his hounds—no, it should not be! Yet with only his bare hands, for there was not even a billet of wood lying about—well, the struggle should be over the more quickly. Then he bethought him of the boat that Esmay had told him was always kept moored at the private landing stage. The dock could be seen from the riverward windows. He glanced out and saw that the canoe had disappeared. He turned to the girl and announced the fact. "If indeed it were ever there," he added. It seemed as though her eyes pointed to the door leading to the other part of the house, but he shook his head. "I would rather meet it in the open," he said coldly.

He considered a moment longer and threw off his black soutane, having determined to take to the water, although it was truly a desperate chance, the current running like a millrace with the ebbing tide and, moreover, being choked with ice floes. Ah, there was Blazer's bay, he must lose no time now. Without another glance at that silent, rigid figure, he stepped quickly through the long window onto the portico. Something snapped in the girl's throat, her lips quivered hysterically and she laughed aloud, a flood of silvery sound.

[To be continued]

ARE AMERICANS INTELLIGENT?

BY A CHINESE GENTLEMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *At least one of the distinguished gentlemen composing the Imperial Chinese Commission, which august and interesting body of social investigators has just sailed away from our shores, will devote himself at once to a book dealing largely with American manners and customs. This volume will doubtless arouse world-wide attention. It is the good fortune of THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE to be able to present at this time the views of the Chinese gentleman who, though preferring to remain incognito, does not take advantage of his anonymity to criticise America and the Americans in any but a calm and, it must be confessed, a just and truthful manner.*



If an American wishes to pay you any attention, he invites you to dine. If you present a letter of introduction, you are invited to dine, and you see the charming American women at their best at these feasts of Lucullus, where wine and soul blend and flow on a seeming Pactolian stream.

The American gentleman is here seen at his best, and when I say *gentleman*, I mean a man like Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Beveridge or Senator Aldrich, or Senator Lodge of Boston, Senator Daniel of Virginia, or Secretary Bonaparte of Baltimore. I specify these names as they were given me by a lady in Washington who kindly offered to separate for me the social goats from the lambs.

These gentlemen are gentlemen always. They represent the type; on the other hand we have Senator B—— and Senator S—— who are estimable men, but not gentlemen, and types of that class.

I ventured to ask why she did not consider Senator B—— a gentleman, as I had often met him and found him a most courteous person.

"He lacks the pose, the bearing, and, above all, he does not feel like a gentleman," said this terrible critic. "Senator B—— is a politician pure and simple. You would not offend him by telling him that he was not a gentleman, as he knows it. Ah, this is the cross that so many of our 'leaders' in America have to bear," she continued. "They dress, ape and even look like gentlemen, but they know they are not."

This conversation was held at a dinner party, and one of the offending senators came in late, not one I have mentioned, but a similar type, and the difference between such a man and the other appeared to be that one had the air of having always mingled with gentlemen and the other not.

I wish I could describe this dinner, since it represented the people one meets at the highest and most select of the official circles.

I understood that two-thirds of the guests held the highest social positions in the parts of the country from which they came; the rest were men who had forced themselves to the front by their brilliancy of mind or executive ability.

Every man had two ladies by him, one on each side, and it was his duty to see that they were entertained, so the dinner was a *conversazione*. The guests of honor were the Earl and Countess of ——. The Earl sat on the right of the host; beyond that no question of precedence came up.

There is always one great dinner feature —this is the story teller. He is always dressed as a gentleman and he tells the most amusing stories, and all the guests are of a piece, they all could tell stories. Suddenly the conversation would lag, and some one would whisper: "The senator is telling a story."

The conversation had been on "tipping"; giving servants presents for the service they are paid for, which is one of the blemishes on American life.

"My wife isn't here," said the senator, "so I will tell the story. Her mother, my mother-in-law, has been spending the win-

ter with us." (Here every one laughed, but myself, and they all laughed heartily when I said I couldn't see anything funny in such a visit. I suppose it was some insidious joke.) "My mother-in-law on leaving, failed to tip the maid who had been very attentive to her, so when she left, to prevent the servants from talking, I gave the girl ten dollars, saying that it was from the departed guest. At that moment the bell rang and in stepped my mother-in-law. She had missed the train; this was hard luck enough," (laughter from every one), "but before I could intervene, the maid stepped forward and making a little Swedish courtesy said: 'I wish to thank Madame for the ten dollars she left with the master for me.'"

I have a list of over forty different "mother-in-law" stories, all making light of this relative, that in China is highly respected, and I was surprised when all the guests laughed. Aside from the question of a joke on a near relative, it appeared to me bad form, as they say, to joke at the expense of his wife.

I mentioned this to my companion, at which she laughed heartily at my innocence. The senator had merely used his wife and his imaginary mother-in-law to aid in the effect of the story. He was not even a married man.

The conversation drifted upon the subject of unhappy marriages, and I startled the guests by venturing the suggestion that one cause of trouble was they expected too much of one wife. Some rich men in Asia have one hundred wives, and divorce is unknown.

"A Mormon come to judgment," said some one.

"You are fighting against nature," I said. "Man is the highest animal, yet your peculiar religion, or the adoption of your religion, permits a man to have but one wife, when nature intended him to have as many as he could support. In all animals, in all the higher animals, the male has a herd or a number of wives, as did the prophets of old. This is your trouble to-day—lack of wives."

Consternation was depicted on the Earl's face, and I saw that I had put my foot into it. Some one kicked me under the table, and one of the guests, to divert attention, doubtless, from my line of thought, told this story:

"A man and his wife had not spoken for

years. One occupied the second floor and one the third; they never met. Finally, in due course of time, the man found himself dying. The priest was called and he received the last offices of the Church. Then, just as he was dying, he turned to his weeping valet, who knew that this was an end of his clothes supply, and said, 'Augustus, take this down to my wife.' It was a card which bore the letters P. C. C. (Call to take leave). A card which ladies or gentlemen send to friends when they are going to take a long journey."

This story created much merriment despite its solemn nature, and illustrates the importance of the story at the American dinner; also how opposite are the lines of thought of Americans and Chinese.

All the stories were "good" from their standpoint, but while I laughed, I found them barren of real wit. Indeed, I rarely understood them until they had been explained.

The Earl told a story at the expense of the English.

Two gentlemen were crossing a bridge when one said to the other:

"Dean, do you like bananas?"

"Yes," replied the Dean.

A year later, and as it happened, on the same day and hour, the Bishop and Dean were crossing the same bridge, and when in the center the Bishop said "How?"

"Fried," replied the Dean. This was received with roars of laughter.

All these stories were told in a natural way; that is, they were suggested by the conversation, each guest in telling a story saying: "That reminds me of a story"—then telling it.

To be a good story teller has an important bearing upon a man's career. He becomes famous as such and it is not too much to say that you read more about the stories told by distinguished Americans than any of their acts.

The stories of Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln are told to-day with infinite gusto, while the story of George Washington and his hatchet is taught in the schools.

I soon saw that unless I had a stock of stories I would be considered very stupid, so as I had read up a lot of the old Dervish stories, I retailed them as original with great success.

Conversation soon turned on the mistakes of imitation, and I promptly said:

"That reminds me of a story: A young girl of a small town in the Shanto province was married to a young man who to her dismay turned out to be not over bright, and her pride made her make every effort to disguise this.

"To some she said he is a great student, his mind is occupied with thoughts which we do not understand; to others she said that he had taken a vow to appear simple for a year in order to humiliate the flesh.

"One day he was invited to the house of a relative who also had recently married, and who boasted of the fine mental attainments of her husband. The wife of the simple husband was in a great quandary, fearing that he would commit some gross error, so she urged him to follow the actions of this distinguished man, and do just as he did, all of which he promised. Late in the evening he returned, and his wife seized him and said, 'Did you disgrace us, or did you do exactly as your uncle's nephew?'

" 'I copied him in all except the *frothing at the mouth*,' was the amiable reply.

"It appeared later that the man selected as a model by the wife was subject to fits, and when he fell upon the floor, the visitor flung himself down also, and imitated him so closely that every one supposed that he too had fits." As the Americans say, "I brought down the house," with this story.

"Speaking of fits," said a Senator after the laugh had subsided, "reminds me of a doctor named Adams who lived in my native town. He was called in to attend my uncle who had some very strange symptoms. The old doctor puzzled over it for some time, then rose and handed him some pills saying, 'I don't know what is the matter with you, but take these pills, they will throw you into fits and I am Hell on fits'."

This, too, was received with laughter, and one lady told a story on old age, as a take-off on the story which it appears was antiquated.

In polite society, you never, at least, where ladies are, hear a story with a double meaning, but you invariably hear tales where the point turns on an *oath*. Clergymen of the Episcopal Church who are very liberal are prone to this, and the number of "swearing" stories I heard at dinner would make a book.

Finally, the conversation drifted upon the relative intelligence of great nations, the Earl claimed that in literature and science,

his country stood at the head, while Senator H—— claimed that America led in everything, and as he was somewhat overheated with wine and whiskey, he drove the Earl from the field, and finally, they all appealed to me, and I, of course, said that they were both wrong, that China led in all things.

It did not take me long to learn that the gentlemen present were well posted on, but one side, and this was particularly true of the ladies. One of the latter made the claim that American women led all nations, and when she was through and had received the congratulations of all, I said:

"Madam, the statistics of your countrymen and countrywomen are not so flattering," and, amid dead silence, I told them in a general way what I knew about the intelligence of the Americans, and in about the following words, my opportunity having come, as I was requested to respond to a toast. I said:

"You have in America a population of ninety millions, more or less; according to your claims, nine-tenths of these would be above the average. What are the facts? Out of this enormous body, you have but 12,000 or 14,000 men and women who have achieved enough intellectual prominence to lift them above the average; of all these, but a twelfth or fourteenth are women, so out of 90,000,000 of souls, you have but 1,400 women who have shown brains sufficient to place them on a plane above the common herd, who live and die without being heard of. Of this small group of pseudo intelligent people, about a fourth live in New York, and New England produces the most.

"In China we have 600,000,000 souls according to some estimates, and 400,000,000, according to others, and the percentage of ultra-intelligent men is fifty times as large as in America. Our principal is education; true, it is not like your own, and some of your illiterate politicians appear very strangely educated to me, as in our country we have had what is virtually civil service for ages, and every office holder keeps his position by virtue of his having passed a very severe classical examination. My ancestor of particular note in what would be fifteen hundred years ago, was an astronomer of distinguished parts, and we have had many of your arts and sciences for ages.

"Chinamen visited America a thousand

years before Columbus was heard of. Your native American Indians could trace their ancestry back to far Cathay thousands of years ago had they preserved their annals, and so I might go on and speak all night, telling you of the inventions which fill your patent office which were stolen from China. The Yankee is famous for his 'cuteness,' but it does not stand investigation. When the first Yankee sea captain entered China, he made a list of all our inventions and appliances, and when he returned to America, he began to invent things and get them patented. I have seen scores of patented articles that have been known in China for two thousand years. The patents your inventors did not discover in China, they found in the Pompeian Museum in Rome. Assuredly, you Americans are not remarkable originators, you are adaptors. You devour the idea of some one else and present it in a new and charming guise."

My criticism was received in the best of good nature. After this dinner I was invited to the house of Senator D——, where they played poker until four each morning. I was impressed by their skill. I lost \$200 in learning the game, but you pay for teachers everywhere. Poker is the American game *par excellence* and the sums that change hands over it are astounding.

I saw a senator who is a multi-millionaire wager thousands against another. He

had a hand that was absolutely valueless, but he drew one card to give the impression that he held a good hand, and then, by backing this worthless hand by piling on the bets, he "bluffed out" all the rest and made a fortune. The "bluff" is a natural characteristic.

The English language is very difficult. In our language the Americans claim that some words have different meanings according to inflection, but American words have meanings according to their use and the surroundings.

Thus at breakfast, the butler or servant says, "Will you have some toast?" Which is roasted bread, crisp. At a dinner they have a toastmaster who proposes the toast which is now a sentiment to be followed by a speech.

A man says to your polite inquiry as to his health, "bully," meaning *good*, yet this is the name of a scoundrel who is *bad*.

It is impolite to say Hell, but Hades is quite correct. I am constantly laughing at my good American friends, on account of their strange contradictions.

The hats and dresses of the aristocracy come from France. France establishes the fashion for America. Even their olive oil which they import is made of cotton seeds raised in Georgia and sold to the European olive oil men, who send it back.

Did you ever hear of so strange a people? Are Americans really intelligent?



THE MAN WHO FOUND KANSAS

BY JACQUES FUTRELLE



"I WON'T say that I discovered Kansas," said Sunset Joyce. "The Lord only knows who was to blame for that act of unrighteousness. But I will say that I was one of the most imminent citizens of that suverren state for a time, bein' as I was the only human bein' in one ind of it. The Governor, in Topeka, held down the other ind. Also, I

did more than Peary ever will do, even if he finds the North Pole. I discovered the city of Kinsley. No man who has always lived in the fastidjious East, where everything is labelled, can appreciate the glory an' honor of that achievement.

"That was thirty years ago. I had a hundred an' ninety dollars, an abidin' faith, an' had just reached that age where I knew more than the man who invinted the dictionary. I didn't get over that until I was forty. No man does. So, I decided

to go West. There, so the ginirous an' beneficent government told me, were homestead claims lyin' around invitin' American citizens to settle on 'em an' grow up with the country. If yer lived on one of thim for five years without dyin' it was yours. It looked easy, an' at that time I didn't know the government was playin' a joke on the unsophisticated an' effete East.

"The government was that thoughtful an' deceptive about it all that it sint me a map, showin' the homestead lands in Kansas. An' there on the map in letters so big they simply shouted for yer to look at thim, was the city of Kinsley, an' near it the Buckner River. Judgin' be the size of the letterin' on the map, I figured that Kinsley was at least as big at Philadelphia, an' me heart simply palpitated to get out there an' become a property owner, me never havin' owned anything prayvious to that time but a good old Irish thirst. An' the Lord knows I got that honest.

"So I kissed me brothers an' sisters an' fathers an' mothers good-bye, and promised to sind for thim all whin I made a million dollars, an' thin I bought a railroad ticket for Newark, New Jersey, to Topeka. I waded into the West, quotin' Horace Greeley at every other step. I felt in me bones that I was goin' out there to show that country how to grow up. Me wisdom was that infinite at the time that I felt I was doin' the West a great favor be condescendin' to lind it me presence. It ain't so great now.

"I wint straight to Topeka, which at that time contained six saloons, the Governor an' some other buildin's of no consequence. In Topeka I got me outfit. It consisted of one hoss, which cost me forty dollars an' he was that thin yer didn't have to open the door to let him out of the stable—he came through a crack. Also, I purchased a wagon an' some other doin's principally sow belly an' corn meal. Being that delicate in me innards an' disinclined to coarse food I laid in a great supply of these delicacies. Thin, armed with a compass, I set sail across the boundin' prairie for Kinsley.

"I have never bin to Hell, of course, but I'll bet it isn't any hotter than a Kansas prairie in summer. The heat sizzled up at me an' the hoss, an' the latter beast lost flesh at every step. After a day or so it

got so I was afraid to let go of him at all at all, for if I did I'd never be able to see him again, he was that thin. Everytime he swallyed yer could trace the hay he et from his eye-teeth to his diaphragm because of the lump it made in him. So finally I arrived at Oakley which was forty miles from Kinsley, so me map said.

"In Kansas in thim days they grew the land shark, a bird of prey who always had one hand in yer pocket, an' the other hand was a cloven hoof. He was the first type of the high financier, an' was indigenous to the adjacency of anything that was free. One of thim attempted to clutch me, but I only had seven dollars left an' his reg'lar price was tin. So he took it out in abuse an' tellin' me what he intinded doin', bein' as he didn't get the seven.

"'Where are yer goin' anyhow?' says he.

"'Beyond Kinsley,' I says, 'where I'm goin' to settle on me magnificent estate near the Buckner River,' I says, 'if I can find it,' says I.

"'An' if I ever pass that way,' says he, 'I'll make ye jump in the river,' he says.

"An' thin the bystanders pried me teeth loose from his ear, an' I continued West. Be this time the one ninety an' the abidin' faith I started with was down to abidin' faith, except the seven dollars, an' I hurried on toward Kinsley with that. The Lord knows I needed it.

"I druv an' druv an' druv, due south-west be west, be the compass, across miles an' miles an' miles of land as flat as a ball-room floor an' just about as fertile. That whole day I seen, not a house, nor a tree, nor a sign of a livin' thing. Whin I struck camp that night I knew just how Adam felt when the good Lord set him down in the middle of the universe. Some fried bacon an' corn bread cheered me internal works some, an' all night I listened to the serenades of inquirin' coyotes.

"Next day I started again. On till about noon I druv, seein' nothin' an' inhalin' so much dust me lungs felt like a brick-yard. Thin, blessed be the Lord, I saw a man on horseback comin' toward me.

"'Glory Hallelujah,' says I to meself, I says: 'I don't care if it's Captain Kidd or the James boys,' says I, 'I'm goin' to speak to him,' I says.

"'How do?' says he, when he came up.

"'Good mornin',' says I. 'Can yer tell me,' says I, 'where the city of Kinsley is?' I says.

"'This is it,' says he, an' he waved his hand ginirally about him at the prairie. I just naturally looked around.

"'Where?' says I. 'I think me eyes are full of dust,' I says.

"'This in Kinsley,' he says, 'right here,' says he. 'Yer're now on Commonwealth Avenue,' he says, 'the main street of Kinsley,' says he.

"'Oh, says I. 'Is that so?' I says. 'How it has changed,' I says, me havin' in mind that metropolis I had pictured in me innocence. 'Is this all of it?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, 'this is all of it. Right over there behind yer,' says he, p'intin' to a place as bare as the pamm of yer hand, 'is the City hall,' says he.

"I looked, interested like.

"'A handsome building,'" says I, not to be outdone. 'That piazza on the third floor makes it very Rennasance,' I says.

"'An' there's the theatre, right here in front of yer,' he says.

"'Is that so?' I says, as I looked at that. 'Who is playin' there now?' says I.

"'An' right over there's the Post Office,' he says, never crackin' a smile.

"'My, my, how the conveniences are crowded together,' I says, not knowin' be this time whether he was crazy or I was. 'I think I'll have to go over after awhile an' get me mail,' I says. 'I'm expectin' a little billy doo from King Edward,' says I.

"Then the stranger laughed. It was one of thim honest laughs that comes from the vitals of a white man.

"'I dunno,' I says, 'whether yer're jokin' with me or not,' says I, 'but if yer are I can lick yer,' I says.

"'Keep yer pants on, brother,' he says, cheerful like. 'Yer're from the East an' yer've come out to take a homestead claim,' says he. 'I know, because I've met others of yer,' he says. 'But this really is Kinsley—all of it,' says he.

"'I don't suppose yer ever felt like sittin' down in the middle of a bigsome prairie an' weepin' yer heart out? Well, I did, I was that dissap'inted. I was over-come that when the stranger offered me a drop from his flask I took nearly all of it before I recovered. Thin I unbosomed me hopes an' ambitions to that strange man, an' he treated me like a brother, bein' the

only man I met in Kansas who was per-lite an' didn't expect to be paid for it.

"Thin the stranger took the map an' the compass an' showed me that I belonged in section four, claim number three an' traced it out on the map.

"'It's just sixteen miles due West from Kinsley,' he says.

"'Yes,' says I. 'What part of Kinsley?' I says. 'The Theatre, the City Hall or the Post Office?' says I.

"'Come an' I'll show yer the real city of Kinsley,' he says, 'where they measure from,' says he, an' he led me off through the grass. 'Yer see,' says he, as he wint, 'Kinsley is only three years old,' he says, 'an' it isn't built up very thick yet,' says he.

"'So I see,' I says. 'The houses on Commonwealth Avenue,' says I, 'are some distance apart,' I says.

"Thin he stopped an' kicked some grass on one side.

"There is the city of Kinsley,' he says, an' he p'inted to a white stone about as big as a pie-plate. 'That is the cinter of our thrivin' an' progressive city,' says he.

"'An' yer say the city's three years old?' says I, lookin' at the pie-plate.

"'Yes,' says he.

"'My,' says I. 'Isn't it small for its age?' I says. 'Somebody is liable to pick up the city of Kinsley,' I says, 'an' throw it at a coyote,' says I.

"It was only be the Grace of the Lord that I met that man. He et some of my sow belly an' I took another drop from his flask, an' he sampled a little good old Irish whuskey I happened to have by me, an' all was peace an' contintment. Then he rode on his way. His name was Dick Miller an' later he was lynched for stealin' a hoss, but he was a good man, rest his soul.

"Just about the moment that grand an' noble hoss-thief's head disappeared behind the horizon, I realized that I faced a problem. It was this: If me claim was due west from Kinsley, an' sixteen miles away, how the devil was I to know whin I got to it? An' I don't believe there's any rule of algebra that will throw any great light on that subject. I wint over an' sat down on the city of Kinsley, an' brought me giant intellect to bear on the problem. The hoss, meanwhile, amused himself be chewin' the whiskers off Commonwealth Avenue.

"Now,' says I to meself, 'now,' I says 'we'll think this thing out, Sunset,' says

I. An' I sat there an' held me head an' abused me ancestors for not puttin' more in it until the hoss had et up the City Hall, an' thin a great light came to me.

"I have it," says I to meself. 'I ought to be in the State Department,' I says. 'There are five thousand, two hundred an' eighty feet to a mile,' says I, 'an' it is twelve feet two inches around the wagon wheel,' says I. 'Therefore,' I says, 'the wagon wheel will go into the mile—! An' thin I wint stark, ravin' mad, an' takin' a stick I figured over two acres of the prairie, arrivin' at the conclusion that all I had to do was to count the revolvments of the wagon wheel six thousand nine hundred an' forty-three times, an' some odd cints. An' I had to keep goin' west, climbin' any loose trees an' jumpin' any ravines that might be there, which thank the Lord there weren't.

"That's what I did—kept goin' west, countin' as I wint. Can yer imagine a human bein' in full possession of the intelligence the Lord gave him sittin' on a wagon with a compass in one hand, the reins in the other an' countin' the revolvments of a wheel with the third? In the first five miles I tore up me shirt, tyin' it in strips about the wheel so as I could tell whin it had turned all the way over. In the next five miles I used up me undershirt, an' whin I had finally counted the sufficient number of revolvments I was attired in low neck pants, me hat an' me shoes. An' I maintain that that was not a decent way to move into a new neighborhood.

"Me eyes were nearly out from lookin' three ways at once, at the hoss, the compass an' the wheel, an' me back had sun-blisters on it so high that they were cooler at the top than they were at the bottom, bein' that elevated. But I was home. The hoss fell down in his tracks an' I fell beside him an' we slept it off like a couple of sailor drunks.

"Next mornin' I looked over me sumptuous estate an' swelled with pride. The river was five miles away, an' there were other things prejudicial to its favor, but I set to work. In three weeks I had built a dugout, in another three weeks I had planted some growin' things, which didn't grow, an' I was gettin' so I could look me own property in the face an' not fall dead at its desolation.

"Not a livin' soul had I seen since I

came there, except prairie dogs an' an occasional coyote an' me tongue was stickin' to the roof of me mouth, through lack of action, whin one day I spied a movin' speck in the distance.

"'Be the shades of St. Patrick,' I says, 'it's something bigger than a coyote,' says I, an' as it came nearer I saw it was a man on horseback. That was a red-letter day in me life.

"Whin the man came up, who do you suppose it was? The land shark, bird of prey from Oakley. But I was forgivin'.

"'I would shake hands with the devil,' says I to meself, 'if he'll only let me talk to him a little bit,' says I. For, me lad, the silence of the desert is a maddenin' thing, an' me bein' considerable loquacious, felt it pressin' on me.

"'Good mornin',' says I, when the shark came up.

"'Hello,' says he. 'Settled are yer?' he says.

"'Some,' says I. 'I am some inconvenienced, however,' I says, 'be the failure of me retinoo of servants to arrive,' I says. 'I miss me valet so,' says I.

"'Like it out here?' he says. An' be this time I could just see devilment leakin' out of his eyes. They shone like a cat's in the growin' dusk. His ear was all healed up, where I had masticated it, an' he wasn't thinkin' of that, but the failure to get me tin dollars set heavy on his soul.

"'Yes, I like it,' says I. 'I've just built me house,' I says, 'an' all the plumbin' ain't in yet,' says I, 'but I'm fairly comfortable,' I says.

"'Got a lot of stuff planted, I see,' says he.

"'Yes,' I says airily, 'the Lord only knows what's goin' to come up,' I says, 'but something's set out all right,' says I.

"'Think yer'll stay here?' he went on.

"'I'll serve me time,' I says, 'five years if the Lord is willin',' says I.

"'Oh, yer will, will yer?' says he. 'Got anything to drink?' he says.

"'The river is only five miles over there,' I says. 'I drink out of that whin there's enough water in it to lay the dust,' I says. 'If yer're real thirsty don't let me keep yer,' says I.

"I have never yet had the pleasure of lookin' the devil in the face, whatever hopes I may have of the hereafter, but I'll wager me pipe that his countenancial appurten-

ances are more invitin' than that fellow's was at that minute.

"Think yer're smart, don't yer?" says he.

"Pretty fair," says I. "I know enough to keep me money," I says.

"Yer know what I've come here for?" says he.

"No," says I. "I don't think though it was for yer health," says I.

"I'm a government officer," says he. "An' I've come here to serve a writ of ejection. That means that yer get off this claim an' that at once," says he. An' he babbled on about me bein' on the wrong spot, an' that I oughter have paid him an' took his advice in the first place, an' all that time I was just figuring where I should plant me teeth. He never knew how close he came to losing that other ear.

"He rambled on an' on an' finally drew out a paper an' waved it at me an' the hoss, was lookin' on in blessed innocence.

"May I see the paper?" says I. "It's gettin' dark out here," I says. "Come in an' have a little something while I look at it," I says, that meek an' humble that it would have deceived St. Patrick himself. An' I led the way into the dugout, figurin' considerable an' he followin'.

"Inside I motioned him to me sumptuous divan, the same bein' the head of a barrel of potatoes, but the only seat in that ind of Kansas, thin I made meself comfortable standin' up an' lighted the candle. After all these bedoodlements he handed me the paper.

"Perhaps," I says, 'yer'd like to see my papers,' I says.

"They're no good," says he. "Yer move now," he says, 'or I'll put a hole in yer,' he says.

"An' bless yer soul I was lookin' deep down in a revolver before I knew it. Now there isn't anything on earth calculated to make a man change his political faith so suddenly as lookin' into the business ind of a gun, particularly when his taxes

isn't paid. I changed mine on the spot. I stood in fear an' trimblin' with me knees knockin' together that loud that they sounded like a drump corps in the distance. Me breath came in short pants, as it were. Ginirally speakin' he had me flirtin' with death most outrageous. An' judgin' be the expression about his lips it was the most amusin' thing he had ever seen in his life.

"Will yer move?" says he.

"I will," says I, an' I did.

"Me foot lit in the midst of his commissary department an' I made a giniral wipe at his gun. It sint a shot palpitating into the blue heavens. I may say without boastin' that I was a sizable buck thim days an' whin I got hold of his wind, an' began to beat his intellectuality to a pulp with his own revolver he weakened. Thin I took him out an' tied him to his hoss, hand an' foot—an' the Lord knows I needed that rope, too.

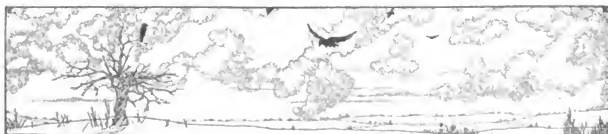
"Does yer hoss know where yer live?" says I.

"Yes," says he, that weak an' feeble like I was almost sorry for him.

"That's lucky for yer," I says, 'because that's where he'll take yer,' says I. "An' the next time yer go to serve a writ of dejection on anyone," I says, 'be certain to pick out a man of yer size,' says I, 'an' take him when he's sick,' I says.

"Then I took a bull whip an' hitt that hoss of his across the place where it would do the most good, an' he an' the land shark cut a scared stripe through the adjacency of Kansas into Oakley. I heard later that he reached there all right, but he never worried me any more. Anyhow I taught him a lesson.

"By the way, I have a little very fine old Irish whuskey—if yer will? Yes? This way! A little tippie for the stomach's sake, says I."





A SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF "Mlle. MODISTE."

A REAL COMIC OPERA



LITTLE band devoted to what is true and exhilarating in dramatic art has dared to transfer to the American stage in comic opera form a host of pleasant people in the simplest of simple situations, each talking and acting in the most reasonable and delightful manner, with the result that all New York is crowding to the theater of this happy consummation. Fritz Scheff, Henry Blossom, Victor Herbert and Charles Dillingham are the leading spirits of this rebellion against superficiality in current comic opera; the first the comedienne and star; the two following, hyphenated, the authors—librettist and composer respectively; the last the man behind the gun, the manager and producer.

Mlle. Modiste is the title of this opera. The production of it has emphasized several facts: that little Fritz Scheff, erstwhile of grand opera, now of a broader field, is a

comedienne paramount; that Henry Blossom can reflect tenderness, wit and pathos delicately on the stage as well as in books; that Victor Herbert is really one of the most tuneful of living operetta composers, and that Charles Dillingham is a sage who keeps his managerial ear very close to the ground. It is to be hoped that the lovable *Mlle. Modiste's* race will be multiplied infinitely. Sorry need, indeed, has the comic opera stage of to-day of her lessons. The authors threw comic opera traditions to the winds. The new work carries no tedious tidings of potentates of royal place; no phantasmagoria of impossible kings cajoled or queens cajoling. Its story and its people are as modern as the motor car and as real and joyous as youth. Its bright butterfly tones all radiate from the very true and very real love story of a little milliner who loves a soldier.

The shop girl is in love and beloved, yet all forlorn because of obstacles to the achievement of love's fond desire. The girl's tale is told with sympathy, simplicity



AN "AT HOME" PORTRAIT OF FRITZ SCHEFF.

and ultra modernity. The people and incidents that move into the kaleidoscopic circle of the author's romance are all pleasing. The melodious colony of the opera move most of the time under the high lights of chromatic scenes and costumes. The compound is tintured subtly with the alchemy of music conceived in moods joyous and plaintive. There are periodical moments of humor, of drollery, of epigram; and of amusing ideas following each other in rapid succession. The piece should remain long in popular favor.

In his book, the librettist has pictured Paris, the most real and most unreal city in the world, in two of its most striking institutions: one the rue de la Paix, the shopping street of the Parisian rich, the thoroughfare where fortunes pass daily over jewelled counters; where the fashion of the earth is found mornings and afternoons; the street that is never free in the daytime from a constant line of showy equipages carrying passengers to its sales-rooms or from them; the other institution, the *fête* custom of the still prosperous of France's old families; the jolly evening *al fresco* parties in the gardens that hang on the

heights behind Paris; the still favored pastime of the modern Frenchman of taste and title.

It is to the bonnet shop of the little *street* that year in and year out, winter and summer, gulps down the fortunes of the rich for modes and baubles that the librettist first takes us; a salon of ivory and gold; a bright handbox plumed and laced with tinted millinery.

A later scene transports us to the dinner hall of a Parisian *Cæsar*, a count who holds fast to the social code of the old régimes; a vision of panels and portraits in faint old gold reflex. Finally our guide escorts us to the gardens on the heights behind the ever-fluttering capital, showing us a fairy revel of bowers and lights and music and soldiers and handsome women, with pleasuring Paris itself shimmering in the distance.

As for the people—we meet most of them in the beginning in the bonnet shop; good-looking, trim and vivacious salesgirls, smartly gowned, white-collared, well groomed young women, with coiffures as elegant and artful as those of the ultra-rich patrons of the emporium; the shop's customers, mostly touring Americans, cheerful, careless and leisurely appreciative of



MISS SCHEFF IN "THE TWO ROSES."



From the painting by Franz von Lenbach.

FRITZI SCHEFF AS SEEN BY A NOTED GERMAN ARTIST.

their holiday; young hussars, booted and spurred and gaily uniformed; the matronly and shrewish owner of the establishment, a woman with a passion for her two daughters and her millinery business; a shrewd, penurious merchant who is helped by her girls, but often caught and cajoled amusingly by a shiftless, handsome son, a pleasing young rake who would like to become a

great artist if the thing could be done without studying and without interfering with the questionable pleasure he gets in spending his mother's bounty. These and a bluff middle-aged count, the aristocratic note of the piece, sum up the important persons.

Pretty Fifi, petite, milliner and little slavey at the bonnet shop of ivory and gold, looking very alluring in her short skirt and



MISS SCHEFF - A PORTRAIT INTIME.

eloquent coiffure, loves the nephew of *le comte de St. Mar*, he who presides in the hall of gold. The nephew is a hussar attached to a neighboring barracks, a splendid, clean-cut youth who rapturously requites the little milliner's adoration.

But the count would disrupt the relation. B-r-r-r-r! he storms. His sister's boy must wed a title. Fifi's mistress, too, with her son spending more money than she can comfortably spare, would retain the girl's services indefinitely because she speaks several languages and can sell more undesirable hats than any other salesgirl and secure better prices for them. Madame Modiste, if you please, would marry Fifi to her worthless son and so keep her talents in the family and her son out of mischief. The Count the while is busy at his own disruption plans.

This much of the plot we get fairly at the

beginning of the opera. It is with the love that laughs at locksmiths that we are later entertained. When Fifi learns of the opposition to her heart's desire, she tosses her pretty head and stamps her little boots defiantly.

Enter now cupid's ally, the foe to the locksmith; Hiram Bent, American, tourist, optimist, humorist. Bent, who is married, discovers while buying bonnets from Fifi for Mrs. Bent—bonnets that no one else would buy and that Mrs. Bent, perhaps, will never wear—that the pert little milliner with the charming manner and wistful eyes, has a voice like a mavis and an ambition not unlike his own when he was as young. He realizes she is worthy as well as talented and plucky, and before he leaves the shop, Fifi, without knowing it at the time, has been provided with enough money to carry out her plan of emancipation.

We do not see Fifi again until she has bridged the chasm between the plane of

the little milliner who occupied the attic room and the fine ladies who hold high court in the salons along the Avenue du Bois. Her accomplishments and particularly her voice, since developed, have opened to her the portals of the distant colony she had hitherto known only by its comprehensive yet intrinsically meaningless classification, society. Votaries of the circle now welcome her to its pleasures, its labors and its charities.

It is not until the night of the *fête* in the gardens of St. Mar, the home of the tyrannical uncle, that Fifi and Etienne meet for the first time since the milliner girl sought out her broader career. There the romance of the couple has its happiest manifestations. In the gardens at nightfall, under canopies of vari-colored illuminations, with Paris showing in myriad jets of light in the background below, Fifi triumphs. The scenes here are frequent and charming; one a



FRITZI SCHEFF AND WALTER PERCIEVAL IN THE SECOND ACT OF "MLLE. MODISTE."



MISS SCHEFF AS "MARGUERITE" IN "FAUST."



MISS SCHEFF AS "MUSSETTA" IN "LA BOHEME."



MISS SCHEFF AS "NEDDA" IN "IL PAGLIACCI."



MISS SCHEFF AS "OSCAR" IN "BALLO MASCHERA."



MISS SCHEFF AS "ZERLINA" IN "DON GIOVANNI."



MISS SCHEFF AS "MARGERITH" IN "FAUST."



MISS SCHEFF AS "FIFI" IN "MLLE. MODISTE."



MISS SCHEFF IN WALKING COSTUME.



FRITZI SCHEFF AT CLOSE RANGE—HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

delicious bit of coquetry before a fortune-teller's booth, with Fifi posing as the seeress and Etienne a lovelorn swain who would have his hopes renewed; another quickening our sympathies through the gladness of Bent, the American who discovers in the handsome prima donna his wistful *protégée* of the bonnet shop three years back; another, Fifi's amusingly whimsical encounter with the count, where her wit and cleverness and beauty entrance him at last.

You now have before you a slight outline of the incidents that make up the play of *Mlle. Modiste*; a faint limning. The art that interprets its stage form is full and rounded. The deportment of the *ensembles* is another tribute to the splendid stage direction of the production. The success of its simple forms is a lesson to members of the directing craft.

That *Mlle. Modiste* had Victor Herbert to interpret its moods will indubitably insure for the book a vastly increased volume of hearers. But Mr. Blossom's product with its common-sense humanity, whimsical characterization that is yet life and truth, its wit and its logic, would seem to warrant the conviction that it would win popular favor even if offered in the form of comedy without musical adjunct.

By this time every one knows of Fritzi Scheff's triumph as the little milliner. Before the inaugural performance at the Knickerbocker Theater in New York was half over, her success in the part had been recorded by wire north, east, west and south. It was a great personal triumph.

Every one who has enjoyed her performances during her grand opera seasons has fallen easy captive to her irresistible blandishments; her arch coquetry; her imperti-

nent smile; the pretty nose so eloquent of scorn when tossed at an angle of, say forty-five; so demure and submissive when tilted at, say ten; the mobile mouth, now teasing, with dimpled corners; again fascinating by its brave but utterly hopeless efforts to be stern. All this familiar sorcery with some charms that are new she exercises in winsome sway in her new success.

Melodious all of them, and admirably suited to her mimetic genius are her numbers in the operetta. After hearing her sing these lyrics and seeing her Fifi in all the character's changing phases, one unhesitatingly concedes that Fritzi Scheff is a comedienne, and comes away from the performance with added admiration and affection for this little Viennese who speaks four languages fluently besides voicing English as one who had studied its variations a lifetime instead of but three years.

In her singing and acting in the present production she adheres to the general

disposition toward simplicity. Whether she reaches this result by an adroit manipulation of the experience secured by the round of rôles she has sung and played, by the authority that would perforce come to one of her temperament as a consequence of prolonged practice and tuition, is neither here nor there. In *Mlle. Modiste*, she is a little milliner, with just the ways that we would look for in a little milliner of her kind; just such a little milliner's timorousness; just that same quality of pertness, wit, vivacity, and tenderness. By force of its appeal to all classes because of its impress of truth the graceful comedienne's new rôle must stand at the fore of all the operatic interpretations she has left behind. This is saying a great deal when her favorite



FRITZI SCHEFF HAS A WINNING SMILE FULL OF ARCH COQUETRY AND A BIT OF IMPERTINENCE.

repertory is reviewed: "Oscar" in *Ballo Maschera*; "Cherubino" in *Nozzedi Figaro*; "Musetta" in *La Boheme*; "Zerlina" in *Don Giovanni*; "Marguerite" in *Faust*; "Nedda" in *Il Pagliacci*, and many other rôles, including "Juliette" in Gounod's

Romeo and Juliette, the part that first brought her to the attention of Maurice Grau, the happy accident that later gave her to the grand opera of America and now presents her under able auspices to the comic opera field. R. H. R.

THE FINALE OF "SILLE, MODISTE."



THE MESSAGE

BY MAURICE BALDWIN

ONCE, from among the treasures of the sea,
By daring venture for wise wonder brought,
I chose a shell, wide-mouthed, and subtly wrought,
And tinted with pearl hues, exquisitely.

Held to my ear it seemed to tell to me
Of its lost home, sad murmured memories—
Vague waftures of the song of sunlit seas,
Faint echoes of the storm-wind's threnody.

So too, I think, to those who care to hear,
The flesh-bound soul doth speak and plead and pray,
And to the listener there cometh clear
The pure vast music that the angels play—
The message, kept through birth's long night of fear,
In words that once it heard God's own lips say!

THE SANCTIFIED MAN

BY T. JENKINS HAINS

ILLUSTRATED BY M. J. BURNS



WHEN Mr. Leonard Holbrook bought the fine yawl *Dartmoor*, he did so with the clear understanding that his wife would accompany him on a voyage through the inland waters of the Eastern coast of the States to Florida. The vessel was something over sixty feet on the water-line and fitted up with as much magnificence as a small craft of that size could well be. She had many trophies in solid silver, won in many hard-fought races, which adorned her cabin, and when Mrs. Holbrook beheld her interior she capitulated.

Mrs. Holbrook belonged to what was termed an "exclusive set." She went to church more than once a week, and the pastor of the million-dollar edifice in New York had much to thank her for.

"A poor person might be pious, but—ugh," he explained with a shrug to the sexton one evening, and he made it his duty to keep alive the fires of reverence which had been installed at an early age within Mrs. Holbrook's gentle breast.

It was with many misgivings that she finally became willing to trust herself upon the *Dartmoor*, for although she had faith in abundance, it was of the usual feminine variety which is best nurtured under pleasantly artificial conditions. The dangers of the sea, however, were shown to be very small indeed upon a fine craft, especially within the confines of the sounds, and she had sailed as far down the coast as Beaufort. Here it was decided to remain for a few days and enjoy the rural life of the tar-heel, and while Holbrook fished and hunted every minute of the too short days, Mrs. Holbrook passed the time aboard in pious and profound repose. It was delightful to be able

to read the texts under the bright blue sky while sitting alone upon the quarter-deck without being interrupted by talk of guns and fishing lines. Then the small but cleanly kirk upon the shell-road could be visited daily, and the good old man who attended to the religious affairs of the fishing village, was more than willing to be honored by so distinguished a visitor. Yachts were like manna, only they did not drop from the sky, but were not the less appreciated for that fact.

The fourth morning the *Dartmoor* broke out her blue pennant on the star-board spreader, showing that Holbrook had gone away for a day's sport. John Bunyan came down to the dock and stepped aboard. Jubiter John he was called among the pilots of the Core Bank, for he had lived at the inlet just above the beginning of the Florida reef. He sidled aft and met the quartermaster, who stopped him, but as he was known as a good pilot and had brought the vessel in behind the "bulkhead" safely, he was allowed certain privileges. The master came forth to meet him.

"Mornin', Cap'n," said John, slouching up and pulling forth a rank mullet roe from his pocket and nibbling the end.

The master acknowledged the salutation with a grunt.

"Youse don't take no passengers on a yacht, hey?" he ventured.

"No," said the skipper, decisively, with the vision of the possible passenger before him.

"Youse ain't allowed to hey?"

"Exactly," said the Captain.

"It's too bad!" exclaimed John.

"Yes, it is," answered the Captain, heartily, his face expressing nothing of the sorrow he might have felt at the limitations of his license.

There was a moment's silence during

which the Captain looked aft at the reclining form of Mrs. Holbrook. She sat reading in the shade of the after awning with a rug over her feet to keep off the chill of the autumn air.

"Did youse ever hear of the sanctified people?" asked Jubiter John, presently.

The Captain had not.

"Well, they live down near the Jubiter Inlet where I used to run. There's one o' the fellers ashore here now an' he wants to go back home. It would be a mighty big accommodation if youse could take him with youse—don't youse think it could be done, hey? He'd pay a little."

"How much?" asked the Captain, slightly interested.

"Well, I can't say in money, but then his services air wuth somethin'. He's an all round able man, an' he'll say the prayers fer yer."

"I see," said the Captain, with a grunt.

"There's nothin' doin'?"

"Nix," said the Captain, shortly.

"Well, naow, that's too bad. But think it over, Cap'n, think it over."

The skipper edged to the rail and sniffed suspiciously.

"If it's just the same to you, Jubiter, I'll thank ye to get to lor'ard with that mullet roe. Whew!" said the Captain.

Jubiter John looked pained. He put the rest of the fish roe into his pocket and turned to go. At that instant the Captain started and looked up the dock. A huge figure of a man hove in sight and came slowly down the shell fill towards the yawl.

The figure was dressed in black cloth of clerical cut, the broad shoulders squared across and the hands folded behind. The stranger's head was not visible owing to the fact that he bowed it over until nothing but the top of a shiny tall hat showed in front of him, and he looked almost like a huge turtle with his head drawn inside the shell. The black tails of his coat flapped about his legs in the sea breeze as he strode slowly down to where the *Dartmoor* lay.

Mrs. Holbrook noticed the man about the time the Captain started up the gangplank to intercept him coming aboard. Visitors were not always welcome to the skipper of the yacht, and it was his duty to see what they wanted. The Captain had hardly started well up the narrow way, when the stranger, who had reached the inshore end of it and was about to proceed down its

length, suddenly raised his head. The motion was not unlike that of a turtle poking forth his nose, for it increased the man's stature a full foot and he stopped, looking at the Captain out of eyes that seemed to hold both a challenge and a half-hidden fear. His shaved chin had a stubble of black hair, but it failed to cover the great square jaw except in spots. A line of white teeth showed between the partly opened lips, and the Captain hesitated to take in the man's appearance more fully before ordering him off the boat. The vessel gave a tug at her moorings and the gangplank took a sudden slue to one side. The next instant the Captain gave a spring for the string piece of the wharf. He missed it by a fraction of an inch and fell heavily against the timber and overboard, landing in the water with a rousing splash.

The accident caused a cry of alarm from Mrs. Holbrook which brought from the depths of the cabin her son Richard. He came bounding up the companion way as rapidly as a boy of twelve could. Jubiter John stood spellbound, looking over the side while the boy, the cook and a sailor rushed to the rail to lend a hand and get the skipper back aboard.

The tall stranger, however, had anticipated their arrival by a few seconds and jumping on deck, leaned over the side and reached a long thin arm down to the Captain who came spluttering to the surface. He seized the collar of the coat as it came clear of the water and without apparent effort raised the Captain to the deck. The motion was one of such ease, the Captain being a short, heavy fellow, that a close observer would have marvelled at the man's strength, but in the excitement little notice was taken of it. The stranger had saved the Captain from the sea, and Mrs. Holbrook, who had now advanced to the rail, thanked him warmly for his services.

The look of challenge died away from the man's eyes and one of fear came in place. He shuffled uneasily under the woman's gaze, but finally controlled himself. Then without a word he lifted his face heavenward and clasped his hands before him.

"The ways o' Providence air unbeknownst," said he, slowly, closing his upturned eyes and standing like some huge statue carved in wood. His voice was so soft and gentle that it brought a smile to the face of the boy who stared at him insolently. But the rest were impressed by the man's



SIR ROSE ON THE FOLLOWING SEAS LIKE A SWAN.

manner and stood silently watching him until he brought his head back to its normal position with a jerk. Then the Captain muttered something about inquisitive strangers and went below to change, for the air was cool.

"I am sure I should like to repay you for your bravery, Mr.—Mr.—" began Mrs. Holbrook, "but I hardly know how to thank you, sir."

"Mr. Jones is his name, ma'am," said Jubiter John, "an' youse kin repay him at once."

Mr. Jones looked somewhat abashed at this, and the stranger's look of defiance came into his eyes again.

"He's the sanctified man I ware tellin' the Cap'n of jest before he fell overboard," went on Jubiter, "an' all he wants is a passage down the coast a ways. The settlement is down near where I used to run."

"Ah, a clergyman,—a country clergyman, I see," said Mrs. Holbrook.

"I reckon that's about it," said Jubiter John.

"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Holbrook, "I should be very glad, indeed, to aid you down the coast. You know the yacht is small and you might have to sleep in the Captain's state-room. If you would not object to that arrangement, you are more than welcome to the voyage."

"Ah, madam," said the tall man, sol-

emnly, in a small voice hardly above a whisper, "I should be glad to have the opportunities you speak of, and if the bed be rough an' hard an' the grub poor, I know it will be the hand o' Providence what makes it so, an' I kin stand it. The ways o' Providence air unbeknownst."

"Very well, then, we leave to-morrow morning at daylight. My husband will be back before sundown and you may come aboard to-night," said Mrs. Holbrook. "Won't you come aft? I am sure the walk must have tired you. It is a long way to the village."

The tall Mr. Jones glanced at Jubiter John and then followed the lady to the quarter-deck, where he folded up like a huge jack-knife in a deck chair, to listen to the somewhat vague but religious conversation of his new patron. He sat there for a full hour, seldom even answering questions which were put to him and not offering a single sentence of his own volition. When he arose to go, he looked askance at Mrs. Holbrook, then he raised his face heavenward and said, solemnly: "The ways o' Providence air unbeknownst."

He turned in a moment and went rapidly to the rail near the dock, leaving Mrs. Holbrook staring at him.

"Ain't he a long one, say," said young Richard, "an' them legs—Gee whizz!"

But at that instant the tall man sprang to

the wharf and hurried off, hearing nothing, and Richard received a severe rebuke.

"My dear," said Mrs. Holbrook to her husband that evening, "I have taken the liberty of inviting a country clergyman to accompany us down the coast. He will be here this evening and I hope you will be civil to him."

"Huh," said Mr. Holbrook, and went on deck to smoke his cigar.

"Is he really comin' to go with us?" asked Richard.

"Yes, my dear, of course he is," answered his mother.

"But ain't he long, say?" and he bounded up the companion way to join his father.

Before eight-bells that evening the tall Mr. Jones made his appearance and introduced himself to the Captain. As the latter had been instructed to entertain the new arrival to the extent of giving up his room, he received the tall man with scant ceremony.

"What's the matter wid payin' yer passage on a steamboat?" growled the mariner, as he jerked his belongings out of the berth.

"My friend," observed the sanctified man, "it is not my wish to cause trouble, an' I can't help it. If your bed be hard I make no complaint; I'll try to sleep on it. If my grub is no good, I'll try to forget it. The way o' Providence air unbeknownst."

The short stout skipper stood looking at him a moment, but the sanctified man beamed down upon him until he turned with an exclamation of a somewhat unconventional sort and left the room. Then the tall man closed the door.

In the early morning the *Dartmoor* was cast loose from the dock and her mainsail hoisted. Jubiter John stood near the wheel and piloted her safely over the bar and out into the green waters of the Atlantic. Then he left her and took to his dory to row back.

The air was crisp with the tingle of a nor'-wester and the sun rose with a ruddy glow. The sea was smooth under the land, but the little lumpy clouds which were running away from the northward, told of wind behind. Before the sun was well above the horizon, Mr. Jones appeared on deck. He was dressed in his black trousers with suspenders tied about his waist in place of a belt. His once white shirt was open at the neck displaying a deep and brawny chest. Two long white feet poked themselves from beneath his trouser legs in most unpoetical fashion, but showed he was ready for the

washing down of the vessel's decks. He tailed onto the gaff-topsail halyards and sweated up that piece of canvas until the block nearly parted from the masthead with the strain. Even the Captain, who had spent the night sleeping upon the galley floor, felt that he had, indeed, an able seaman in the sanctified man who hurled buckets of water along the snow-white planks or hustled the squeegee along the deck until the wood and seams fairly oozed water like a sponge. The three foremast hands hurried along in his wake.

The *Dartmoor* was fast making an offing. With all sail she was running before the breeze which now began to get a heart in it, and the long heave of the heavy sea coming around Point Lookout told of something behind it. There was a live kick and quick run to this swell that made the skipper look anxiously to his lighter canvas, but it was his object to get as far down the beach as possible while the wind lasted. A few miserable hours of heavy weather and all might be well, but thrashing down a nor'-wester would cost him his job if he judged Mrs. Holbrook correctly.

The motion brought young Richard on deck where he stood looking at the tall man in amazement.

"I thought you was a minister, say?" he ventured, as the sanctified man came near with the squeegee, "an' ministers don't work."

"Well, some kinds do, sonny. I ain't just what you might call a priest."

"Naw, you look like you might be some good," said the boy. "But ain't you a long one, say? When you get through I'll come forward and talk to you. Ma won't care; she says she hates to have to sit around an' try to talk to people she don't know nothin' about."

"Did she say that?"

"Sure, she don't know nothin' about you."

The look of fear came into the tall man's eyes and he squeegeed the deck vigorously. Then he went slowly forward and put the tool away.

One of the sailors struck off six-bells and the cook announced that breakfast was ready for the Captain and the guest. As the saloon was for the owner and his party, the meal was served in the galley, the Captain and sanctified man sitting at the small table used to manipulate the several ingredients which went to make a yacht's meal.

"Do you think we'll have good weather, Captain?" asked the tall man, starting in at a plate of prepared oats.

"Naw," snapped the skipper, who still held vision of his night's rest upon the galley floor.

"D'ye mind me sayin' a thank ye fer the vittles, hey?"

"Do yer prayin' to yerself," snapped the Captain.

The long man raised his eyes and muttered something in his soft voice.

"No matter if the vittles is bad—an' poor, I'm thankful. The ways o' Providence air unbeknownst," he said as he finished.

"What's the matter with the whack?" snarled the Captain. "Ain't it good enough fer yer? I'll lay it's a sight better'n you been used to gettin', an' that's a fact."

"I didn't say it wasn't good," said the tall man, hastily, in a gentle tone. "I only said I was thankful even if it wasn't any good."

"Huh," snarled the Captain, "tryin' to sneak out of it, hey?"

"A sanctified man never fights," said the big fellow, in a small voice, "for if he did I would break you up in little pieces."

"Well, a sailor fights an' don't you fergit it," snarled the Captain. "You want to try the breakin' game a bit aboard here, you long-legged sky-pilot. What the thunder d'ye call a sanctified man anyways, hey?"

"Don't ye know?" asked the tall man, mildly, his eyes taking again that peculiar look of fear they often held.

"Naw," answered the skipper.

"Well, he's one what's been tried. A man that's been off the path an' come back again. He's taken the oath to do no more harm—nothin' but good. He's sanctified."

"No more harm! What harm hev ye done, hey?" asked the Captain, sharply.

"Well, I served my time out—all but three years," said the tall man, fearfully.

"What?" gasped the skipper.

"I served my time out, nearly out. It was only fifteen years I got. I'm all right and have papers to prove it. One of the men they thought I killed got well again. The money was divided among my pals. I didn't get a cent of it; no, not a cent. But the past is past. Let it die!"

"An' you calls yourself a sanctified man, you bloomin' convict, hey? Steward, set these things somewhere else. I may not be particular as to friends aboard ship, but I draw the line at eatin' with jail-birds."

"I never was in jail—only for a month. It was the penitentiary," corrected the tall man, his small voice almost dying away. There was something very sad in his tone; something so touching that even the steward hesitated at obeying the skipper's orders.

"An' to think," said the Captain, "that Jubiter John should play it so badly on us."

He ate his meal in silence on the other side of the little room, while the vessel plunged and ran down the slopes of following seas, creaking and straining so that he soon left for the deck.

The sanctified man sat eating slowly, in spite of the motion and cries from above, as the men shortened sail to ease the racing craft in the sea. He was lost in thought. The memories of his sufferings were upon him and as the sad years rolled back, he seemed to stand again upon a ship's deck giving orders to a crew who obeyed as only deep-water men know how. His had been a long, hard road, indeed. The surly Captain was forgotten and his insults were as though they had never been uttered.

While he sat there eating slowly and thinking over the past, he became aware that the door leading to the main saloon was open. Through it he caught a glimpse of shining silver as the *Dartmoor* rolled heavily to starboard, letting in a flood of sunlight through her side ports. A huge urn or cup weighing many pounds and of solid silver, was firmly planted upon a shelf near the end of the saloon. Upon it was an engraving of a yacht under full sail with the legend "*Dartmoor*" with "1898" beneath. Evidently the trophy of that season and probably the greatest she had ever won. It was a superb piece of ware and the man looked at it for a long time, while his face gradually took on a hard expression and the strange look of defiance and challenge came again into his eyes. He had suffered much, but there was something within him that was stirred by the glint of that silver. Twelve long years among a certain class of men had implanted new weaknesses and developed those he had already possessed. He was forgetting himself under the flashing of that reflected sunlight.

Suddenly he was aware of a small hand stealing within his own and he turned with a cry of alarm. A look of despair came across his face and his wide jaws set firm.

"I didn't mean to scare you," said Richard, glancing backward at the steward who

was busy with the morning meal. "You don't look like you scare easily. I heard what old square-head said to you. Don't you mind him. He'll eat with you—an' afterwards you can tell me what you done."

"Good God," murmured the man, and seized the boy in his arms.

"Don't hug me; I ain't no girl," cried Richard, and the tall man sat him on his knee and smilingly patted his head.

"I reckon we'll go on deck," said the sanctified man, in a few minutes. "They'll want some help reefin' the mainsail—pretty big sea to run her under all lower canvas." And he took the lad's hand and went forward through the forecastle to the scuttle and so on up to the sunlight above.

The morning was now well advanced. Eight-bells struck off and the head of Mr. Holbrook appeared emerging from the cabin companion way. The sea was sparkling in the sunshine and the quick combers running before the freshening breeze were covering the surface with patches of white. The topsail had been taken in and all hands were lowering down the mainsail to close reef it.

The sanctified man tailed onto the main sheet and soon had the boom nearly amidships. Then the sail was lowered slowly, the men handing in the canvas to ease it on the lazyjacks and toppinglift while the *Dartmoor* ran along under jigger and jib before a sea that was rapidly shifting to the eastward. Mr. Holbrook came on deck and watched his flying fabric, taking a hand and passing reef-points under the jackstay along the boom, which were all carefully pulled out again and passed under the foot-roping of the mainsail by the careful skipper.

Mrs. Holbrook decided that as the motion was very great she would remain where it affected her the least. It would be time enough to go on deck after dinner when the beauties of an afternoon at sea might be appreciated.

Mr. Holbrook soon went below to breakfast and took his son with him. When they appeared again the mainsail was set close-reefed, and the jigger rolled up letting the yawl run easily with more headsail. She now rose on the following seas like a swan and as she would reach the crest she would rush wildly along the slanting side, her nose pointing downward and the full weight of the gale in her canvas, until the sea would run from under her, letting her sink slowly into the trough where her canvas would flap

in the almost calm spot between the seas. It was a little thick to the westward, but although the land could not now be seen there was a good stretch of water plainly visible.

The sanctified man stood near the wheel looking occasionally into the binnacle where the compass card swung a good three points each side of the lubber's mark, as the vessel broached or paid off in the sea.

"D'ye ever adjust that compass?" he asked, mildly, of Mr. Holbrook.

"Ever what?" asked the owner, contemptuously.

"Do you ever see that the card swings true?" asked the sanctified man.

Mr. Holbrook looked at the tall man with undisguised pity. What should a clerical man know about navigation, he thought. The poor country clergyman was evidently a bit ignorant concerning compasses, although every school boy knew that the magnet swung north and south. He attempted to explain the matter in a wearied tone, but when he had finished the tall man only smiled and his expressive eyes showed traces of amusement. He said nothing. Finally he ventured:

"If I were you, I would let her head a little more to the eastward."

Mr. Holbrook walked away giving a little grunt of disgust as though he had been holding intercourse with a lunatic. As he never spoke to his Captain except to tell him where he wanted to go, he had a rather lonely time on deck and took to playing with his son by sitting at one end of the cabin house and throwing a line to him at the other and then pulling upon it.

The sea became rougher during the day, but in spite of it, dinner was served in the saloon. Mrs. Holbrook appeared at last and bravely tried to play the part of hostess to her guest. Holbrook had always shown an aversion to piously inclined people, and a clergyman's presence gave him extreme annoyance as it prevented his picturesque flow of words. As adjectives were a weakness of his, the conversation would have lapsed into monosyllables, had not Mrs. Holbrook determined to do her duty.

"I suppose," said that lady, "you have many sailor men in your congregation, Mr. Jones.

The tall man looked at her sharply. He thought of his "congregation" and wondered. Did the lady know what he was?

THE TALL MAN SEIZED THE JIGGER HALYARDS TO GET THE AFTER SAIL UPON HER.





HE SEIZED THE BOY AND PLUNGED TO LEeward.

He had not meant to deceive any one. Jubiter John had simply asked for a passage for a sanctified man and had not thought it necessary to go into the man's history. His eyes held the strange look of alarm they had when he first came aboard, and he answered in his thin voice.

"Yes, ma'am, there's plenty of sailors get in, though they are no worse 'n landsmen. It don't make much difference what callin' a man takes, there's bad ones in all."

Mrs. Holbrook glanced at her husband who smiled his approval:

"Do you know Mr. Brown, the pastor in Beaufort?" asked the lady.

"He must be a very excellent man—I never heard of him," said her husband, with a touch of irony.

"I asked Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Holbrook, sweetly.

"No, ma'am, I never did," said the tall man, shooting his head upward and looking at his host. "He never did time."

"Never what?" asked the lady.

A sharp kick upon the shin bone from young Richard caused the sanctified man to raise a full foot higher in his seat.

"What's the matter?" he asked quickly.

"Aw, tumble," said the irreverent Richard.

Mrs. Holbrook looked at her son sharply.

"What did you do? Do you want to be sent from the table?" she said.

The young man dropped his gaze into his plate and looked abashed. His father smiled. The meal proceeded in silence until they had finished, when Mr. Holbrook led the way on deck with a handful of cigars.

"That wasn't a bad one on the country parson," ventured the yachtsman. "You fellows so seldom joke, a man never knows just when you will break out. Ha, ha, ha—'never did time'—Well, that wasn't half bad." And he quite warmed to the tall man as he offered him a perfecto.

"But you see——"

"Yes, I see well enough. I don't blame you for kicking about such men. Now *you* can tail onto a sheet or pass a reef point like a *man*. Will you have a good nip of grog before the Mrs. comes on deck?"

The sanctified man thought he would. They repaired to the forehatch, where the steward passed up the spirits unseen.

The warmth of the liquor put new life in the tall man's great frame. He had eaten very little for days and the effects of good food and strong drink were very strengthening. The look of challenge took the place of alarm in his large expressive eyes and his great square jaw seemed to set firmer. Half of his cigar disappeared between his teeth, which closed upon it with the set of a vice.

They went aft again in time to meet Mrs. Holbrook coming on deck assisted by the Captain, who placed rugs for her in a

steamer chair in the cockpit. It was getting thicker and the wind was now well to the eastward of north, but there was no harbor nearer than Cape Fear, and the Captain had many reasons for not wishing to stop there. He would run along close to the land and after passing would be in Long Bay, where he would have a fair wind to Charleston, one hundred and fifty miles ahead, making a run of more than two hundred miles from Beaufort. This would get the yacht well down the coast to where they might expect good weather.

"I think," said the tall Mr. Jones, during a break in the conversation, "I would head the vessel off shore a couple of points. You know the Frying Pan runs well off here. It will be breaking in three fathoms with this breeze. The ways o' Providence air un——"

"Never mind about Providence, Mr. Jones," said Holbrook, with a wave of his hand. "The Captain will look out for the yacht. You needn't be scared. Tell us about the sailors you get in your flock. How you learned all about boats from them."

Mr. Jones drew himself up a good foot. His head went up in the air and the look of defiance came into his eyes.

"The only fellows that got sent up with me were Jack Elwell and Harry Morrell," said he.

"How do you mean sent up with you?" asked Mrs. Holbrook.

"Well, they were caught straight enough," said the tall man, sadly.

"You mean they had to be caught and sent to you for spiritual teaching?" asked Mrs. Holbrook, with a smile.

"Well, er—not exactly," said the tall man, in a voice which died away to a whisper.

"Ha, ha, ha, a good one on you, Mr. Jones," said Holbrook.

"Well, you see," went on the tall man, slowly, "you don't seem to understand just what I am." He looked at the Captain, who stood near at the wheel, but whose face was like a mahogany mask.

"Why, you are a clergyman, are you not?" asked Mrs. Holbrook.

"A convict," said Mr. Jones, slowly.

There was a long silence. Holbrook rose and went to the further side of the yacht. Mrs. Holbrook sat a few moments and looked out to sea. Then she motioned to the steward, who was at the companionway, to take her wraps below, and she disappeared down the steps without a word.

Holbrook saw something forward and made his way toward the bow followed by his son, who turned to look back at the tall man.

"Serves her bloomin' well right fer turnin' me out," growled the Captain into the ear of the helmsman. "Next time she'll be a bit more careful about takin' passengers."

Mr. Jones sat looking out over the sea. The veil of mist that hung over the land held many images for him. He saw how it was aboard. His year of reformation had taught him many things, and the lesson he was learning was not entirely new. He gazed sadly at Holbrook. He had felt drawn toward the man, but after all, in spite of his assumed contempt for holy men, he was more of a hypocrite than the veriest village parson he had ever met.

He arose slowly, unkinking his long frame like the opening of a jack-knife. Then he tossed his cigar over the side and went to his room. He was an outcast aboard that yacht and he knew it. The privacy of his room was much better than the inhospitality of the deck.

All the long afternoon he sat there thinking. He was not a strong man save for his great muscular frame. He had fallen before and he was now trying to do what he could to atone for it. The thought of the silver in the after cabin came to him and his vacillating spirit could not quite get the glistening vision out of his brain, for after all, these people were his enemies. They could never be anything else as long as human vanity and conceit endured. Even the miserable little prig of an owner who ridiculed clergymen need not be spared. It might do his small soul good to have to part with some of his treasures. He pondered, while the light failed and the look of challenge came into his eyes. He had a powerful frame and had nothing to fear. And all the time the *Dartmoor* ran to leeward with the lift of the northeast sea behind her.

It was just before eight-bells, when a man who had gone forward on lookout hailed the Captain.

"Something white dead ahead, sir," he cried.

The sanctified man heard and thought of the untrue compass. The next instant there was a dull reverberating snore alongside as a giant breaker burst into a white smother and rolled away in the darkness. It was breaking in three fathoms, and the yacht was racing to her end.

There was a rush of feet on deck. Wild cries came from aft, where the Captain had rolled the wheel hard down and was struggling with the sailor to get the jigger on her and force her off shore. She had not

The sanctified man reached the deck by dint of a fierce struggle up through the forward companion. The men who were below followed as best they could; swashing, floundering through the flood and loosened

fittings, and they managed to get aft in time to get a line to the sailor who had been at the wheel and who was now close alongside. The Captain was gone.

All the time the *Dartmoor* was drifting to leeward and into the breakers. She had swung off again under the pressure of her jib, and just as the tall man seized the jigger halyards to get the after sail upon her, she struck on the Frying Pan Shoals. The next sea rolled over her and was the beginning of the end.

Mr. Holbrook had been below all this time, and he now appeared at the companion with his wife and boy. The sea that fell over the wrecked craft nearly drowned them and washed Richard back into the cabin. Mr. Jones roared out for the men to get the only small boat left alongside, and his voice rose to a deep sonorous yell. He

led the way himself to the falls, where the small boat trailed to leeward, the davits having been torn out bodily with the weight of the breaking seas. The hauling part was still on deck and he handed in the line quickly, the three sailors and steward taking heart at his example and helping all they could. Mrs. Hol-



THE TALL FORM OF A MAN STAGGERING UP THE BEACH CARRYING SOMETHING IN HIS ARMS.

touched yet, but as the yawl came to in the gale, she brought up broadside in a sea that burst upon her with the weight of an avalanche, heaving her on her lee beam and washing everything off her, fore and aft. The water poured down the companionway and flooded the cabin.

brook was placed in the small boat and her husband waited not for an invitation to follow, but floundered in after her. The three sailors sprang aboard. At that instant a giant sea rose to windward. It showed for a second in the ghastly phosphorescent glare of the surrounding foam. Then it thundered over the doomed yacht.

When the sanctified man came up from the blackness below, he was just aware of the vessel's outline some fifty feet away to windward, and he struck out strongly for her. In a few minutes he was alongside. A great sea broke over her again, but he held well under the rise of her bow and managed to cling to the trailing débris. Then he climbed on deck. There was nothing living left there. He looked for the boat, but it had disappeared. Then he was suddenly aware of a bright light and as he looked he remembered the Bald Head tower which marks the dreaded shoals of Cape Fear.

He knew he was a mile or more from the beach and all the way was the rolling surf. It was a desperate swim at any time, but in a northeast gale, with the sea rolling high, it was useless to think of anything human attempting it without artificial aid. He clung to the stump of the mainmast and tried to live through the torrents that swept over him by getting directly in its lee. This was the only way he could stay even a few moments aboard the vessel. She was lifting still with each succeeding sea and driving higher and higher upon the bank, but she had not broken up badly yet. Yachts like the *Dartmoor* could stand a tremendous pounding before going to pieces, but he knew that nothing could stand the smashing long. Before daylight there would be not a stick to show that a fine ship had gone ashore in the night.

The cabin scuttle was open and he wondered if the cabin was full of water yet. The silver was still there and belonged to the man who could save it. There was a chance for him and he was already looking about in the blackness for a proper spar or piece of wood to float him for the struggle in. It might be just as well to try to take in a little extra weight along with him, for he would not start until he could get his float.

In a smooth between two seas he made a dash for the companion, springing along the coamings of the skylight to get a footing, for the deck was at a high angle. He reached it and clung under its lee for shelter. Then he

peered down into the darkness below. The cabin was not quite full of water and he climbed down, feeling for the magnificent cup he had seen there the day before. His hand touched it, although he was now almost shoulder deep in the water. A mattress floated against him and he seized it. The cork within would float him and his prize. He tried to find something else that would float, but just then a torrent of sea water rushed below and he saw that if he would get away at all he must soon start. He lugged his prize to the steps and started to drag it clear. He reached down in the water to get a better grip of it and his great fingers closed upon a human hand. Then he made out the form of the boy with his head still above water, clinging to the topmost step of the ladder. He peered into the child's face and saw the frightened eyes open and look at him. Then he stopped and stood motionless upon the ladder.

In all his work he had only been a few minutes, but those few minutes had been minutes of his old life, the life of a sailor. The late past had been forgotten and he was now a shipwrecked mariner, getting ashore as best he could, saving what he might from a wreck. But the touch of the boy's hand brought him back again to the realization of his condition. The hand of an enemy's son, but the hand of one who had treated him kindly. The mattress would not hold all three. It would be between the boy and the cup. He swore savagely at the piece of silver, held it for an instant, then started to hurl it from him. In the precious seconds he was making a desperate fight. He gripped it again with both hands and held it before him. A sea roared over the wreck and half smothered him, pouring down the open companion.

He dropped the heavy cup, seized the half-fainting Richard and quickly passed a lashing about him. Then he seized the cork mattress and boy and plunged to leeward.

In the dim gray of the early morning, the keeper of the Bald Head Light House saw the tall form of a man staggering up the beach carrying something in his arms. He ran down the steps of the tower and met the tall stranger and relieved him of his burden of a still living but half-drowned boy.

"His mother and father are crazy with grief," said the keeper. "The woman is crying all the time that it was the will o' God, because she had a convict aboard her yacht.

If you are the Captain, you had better bring the lad to her yourself. I reckon she'll be careful what kind o' passengers she takes aboard again, and take your word for things aboard her boats."

"Does she think it was because a convict was aboard, the vessel went ashore?" asked the tall man, drawing his half naked figure up to its full height.

"Sure, she says the Captain didn't want him. A mighty fine religious woman she is, too," said the keeper.

"I reckon I won't bother her just now,"

said the tall man, in a voice hardly above a whisper. "You take the little fellow to her—I'll go and get some clothes on."

The light-keeper strode away with the boy in his arms. The tall man stood still for several minutes, looking after him. When the keeper reached the dwelling he turned and saw the tall man still standing there in his soaking trousers, his giant torso looking like the statue of a sea-god. "The ways o' Providence air mighty strange," muttered the sanctified man, slowly to himself—"But somehow I feel that I won."



ALTRUISM

BY ALLISON YEWELL

LIFE has no small gratuities,
We only get by giving.
The soul grows strong through victories
And only knows by living.

No largess fills the empty hand
That brings no gift to bless it.
Life's vineyard hath no waving
wand,
No wine save as we press it.

But yearning that to others brings
The bounty of its treasures
Shall heap with vast replenish-
ings
From overflowing measures.

No soul that never wore a chain
Knows Freedom's great complete-
ness.
No heart that never writhed in pain
Hath learned pain's hidden sweet-
ness.

Mayhap our own brave triumphings
Shall make a weak one stronger;
Mayhap our tears of suffering
Shall bid him weep no longer.

We suffer weakly, vainly grieve,
And tears shall only blind us,
If thorns that pierced our feet shall
leave
No warning stain behind us.



Drawn by F. W. Delchanty.

THE YOUNG PESSIMIST

BY FRANCES MAULE



I'm tired of proper minuets
 With proper little boys,
 I want to romp and play and tear
 And make a lot of noise—
 Ah me, it seems it's always wrong
 To do what one enjoys.



Drawn by H. S. Potter.

WHEREVER HE WENT HE WAS WAITED UPON AND FLATTERED, ESPECIALLY BY THE
FAIR MEMBERS OF "THE PROFESSION."

—*"The Attack In the Rue de la Presse."*

THE ATTACK IN THE RUE DE LA PRESSE

BY LEONARD MERRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY H. S. POTTER



NCE," remarked the poet Tricotrin, pitching his pen in the air, "there were four suitors for the Most Beautiful of her Sex. The first young man was a musician, and he shut himself in his garret to create a divine melody, which should be dedicated to her. The second lover was a chemist, who experimented day and night to concoct a unique perfume which she alone might use. The third, who was a floriculturist, aspired constantly among his bulbs to evolve a lavender rose which should immortalize the lady's name."

"And the fourth," inquired that luckless composer Nicolas Pitou, "what did that fourth suitor do?"

"The fourth suitor waited for her every afternoon in the sunshine, while the others were at work, and married her with great éclat. The moral of which is that, instead of cracking my head to make a sonnet to Claudine, I shall be wise to put on my hat and go to meet her."

"I rejoice that the dénouement is arrived at," Pitou returned, "but it would be even more absorbing if I had previously heard of Claudine."

"Miserable dullard!" cried the poet. "Do you tell me that you have not previously heard of Claudine? She is the only woman I have ever loved."

"A-ah!" rejoined Pitou. "Certainly I have heard of her a thousand times—only she has never been called 'Claudine' before."

"Well, well," said Tricotrin, "we are all liable to errors of the heart. Claudine, however, represents the devotion of a lifetime! I think seriously of writing a tragedy for her to appear in."

"I shall undertake to weep copiously at it if you present me with a pass," affirmed Pitou. "She is an actress, then, this Claudine? At what theater is she blazing—the Montmartre?"

"How often I find occasion to lament that your imagination is no larger than the Quartier! Claudine is not of Montmartre at all, at all! My poor friend, have you never heard that there are theaters on the Grande Boulevards?"

"The rumor has reached me, I confess. So, you betake yourself to haunts of fashion? Now I begin to understand why you have become so prodigal with the blacking. For some time I have had the intention of reproaching you with your shoes—our finances are not equal to such luster."

"Ah, when one truly loves, money is no object!" said Tricotrin. "However, if it is time mis-spent to write a sonnet to her, it is even more unprofitable to pass the evening justifying one's shoes." And, picking up his hat, the poet ran down the stairs and made his way as fast as his legs would carry him to the Comédie Royale.

He arrived at the stage door with no more than three minutes to spare, and disposing himself in a graceful attitude, waited for Mdlle. Claudine Hillairet to come out. It might have been observed that his confidence deserted him while he waited, for although it was perfectly true that he adored her, he had omitted to add that the passion was not mutual. He was conscious that the lady might resent his presence on the doorstep; and, in fact, when she appeared, she said nothing more tender than:

"*Mon Dieu*, again you! What do you want?"

"How can you ask?" sighed the poet.

"I came to walk home with you lest an electric tram knocked you down at one of the crossings. What a magnificent performance you have given this evening! Superb!"

"Were you in the theater?"

"In spirit! My spirit, which no official can exclude, is present every night, though sordid considerations force me to remain corporeally in my attic. Transported by admiration, I even burst into frantic applause there. How perfect is the sympathy between our souls!"

"Listen, my boy," she said, "you are crazy, and I am sorry for your relatives, if you have any; you must be a great grief to them. But I wish you to understand that I cannot have you dangling after me and talking this bosh. What do you suppose can come of it?"

"Fame shall come of it," averred the poet, "fame for us both! Do not figure yourself that I am a dreamer. Not at all! I am practical, a man of affairs. Are you content with your position in the *Comédie Royale*? No, you are not. You occupy a subordinate position; you play the rôle of a waiting-maid, which is quite unworthy of your genius, and understudy the ingénue, who is a portly matron in robust health. The opportunity to distinguish yourself appears to you as remote as Mars. Do I romance, or is it true?"

"It is true," she said. "Well?"

"Well, I propose to alter all this, I! I have the intention of writing a great tragedy and when it is accepted I shall stipulate that you, and you alone, shall thrill Paris as my heroine. When the work of my brain has raised you to the pinnacle for which you were born, when the theater echoes with our names, I shall fall at your feet, and you will murmur: 'Gustave—I love thee!'"

"Why does not your mother do something?" she asked. "Is there nobody to place you where you might be cured? A tragedy! Imbecile! I am a *comédienne* to the finger tips! What should I do with your tragedy, even if it were at the *Français* itself?"

"You are right," said Tricotrin. "I shall turn out a brilliant comedy instead! And when the work of my brain has raised you to the pinnacle for which you were born, when the theater echoes with our names——"

She interrupted by a peal of laughter

which disconcerted him hardly less than her annoyance.

"It is impossible to be angry with you long," she declared, "you are too amusing. Also as a friend I do not object to you violently. Come, I advise you to be content with what you can have, instead of crying for the moon."

"Well, I am not unwilling to make a shift with it in the meantime," returned Tricotrin, "but friendship is a poor substitute for the heavens—and we shall see what we shall see. Tell me now, they mean to revive '*La Curieuse*' at the *Comédie*, I hear. What part in it have you been assigned?"

"Ah," exclaimed Mdlle. Hillairet, "is it not always the same thing? I dust the same furniture with the same feather brush, and I say 'Yes,' and 'No,' and 'Here is a letter, madame.' That is all."

"I swear it is infamous," cried the poet. "It amazes me that they fail to perceive that your gifts are buried. One would suppose that managers would know better than to condemn an *artiste d'esprit* to perform such ignominious rôles. Also the critics! Why do not the critics call attention to an outrage which continues year by year? It appears to me that I shall have to use my influence with the press." And so serious was the tone in which he made this boast, that the fair Claudine began to wonder if she had, after all, underrated the position of her out-at-elbows gallant.

"Your influence?" she questioned, with an eager smile. "Have you, then, influence with the critics?"

"We shall see what we shall see," repeated Tricotrin, significantly. "I am not unknown in Paris, and I have your cause at heart—I may make a star of you yet. But while we are on the subject of astronomy, one question! When my services have transformed you to a star, shall I still be compelled to cry for the moon?"

Mdlle. Hillairet's tones quivered with emotion as she murmured how grateful to him she would be, and it was understood, when he took leave of her, that if he indeed accomplished his design, his suit would no longer be hopeless.

The poet pressed her hand ardently and turned homeward in high feather; and it was not until he had trudged a mile or so that the rapture in his soul began to subside under the remembrance that he had been talking through his hat.

"In fact," he admitted to Pitou when the garret was reached, "my imagination took wings unto itself; I am committed to a task beside which the labors of Hercules were as child's play. The question now arises how this thing, of which I spoke so confidently, is to be effected. What do you suggest?"

"I suggest that you allow me to sleep," replied Pitou, "for I shall feel less hungry then."

"Your suggestion will not advance us," demurred Tricotin. "We shall, on the contrary, examine the situation in all its bearings. Listen! Claudine is to enact the waiting-maid in 'La Curieuse,' which will be revived at the Comédie Royale, in a fortnight's time; she will dust the Empire furniture, and say 'Yes' and 'No' with all the intellect and animation for which those monosyllables provide an opening. Have you grasped the synopsis so far? Good! On the strength of this performance, it has to be stated by the foremost dramatic critic in Paris, that she is an actress of genius. Now, how is it to be done? How shall we induce Labarregue to write of her with an outburst of enthusiasm in *La Voix*?"

"Labarregue?" faltered Pitou. "I declare the audacity of your notion wakes me up!"

"Capital!" said Tricotin, "we are making progress already. Yes, we must have Labarregue—it has never been my motto to do things by halves. Dramatically, of course, I should hold a compromising paper of Labarregue's; I should say, 'Monsieur, the price of this document is an act of justice to Mademoiselle Claudine Hilairet.' Is it agreed? Good! Sit down—you will write from my dictation?"

"However——" said Pitou.

"However—I anticipate your objection—I do not hold such a paper. Therefore that scene is cut! Well, let us find another! Where is your fertility of resource?—*Mon Dieu!* Why should I speak to him at all?"

"I do not figure myself that you will speak to him—you would never get the chance."

"Precisely my own suspicion! What follows? Instead of wasting my time seeking an interview which would not be granted——"

"And which would lead to nothing, even if it were granted!"

"And which would lead to nothing even if it were granted, as you point out; instead

of doing this, it is evident that I must write Labarregue's criticism myself."

"*Hein?*" ejaculated Pitou, sitting up in bed.

"I confess that I do not perceive yet how that is to be managed, but obviously it is the only course. I must write what is to be said, and *La Voix* must believe that it has been written by Labarregue! Come, we are getting on famously, we have now decided what we are to avoid."

"Shades of D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis," cried Pitou. "This will be the doughtiest adventure in which we have engaged."

"You are right, it is an adventure worthy of our steel—by which I mean our steel pens. We shall enlighten the public, crown an artiste, and win her heart by way of reward; that is to say, I shall win her heart by way of reward. What your own share of the booty will be I do not recognize, but I promise you, at least, a generous half of the dangers."

"My comrade," murmured Pitou, "ever loyal! But do you not think that *La Voix* will smell a rat? What about the handwriting?"

"It is a weak point which had hardly presented itself to me. Could I have constructed the situation to my liking, Labarregue would have the custom to typewrite his notices; however, as he is so inconsiderate as to knock them off in the Café de l'Europe, he has not that custom, and we must adapt ourselves to the circumstances that exist. The probability is that a criticism delivered by the accredited messenger, and signed with the familiar 'J. L.,' will be passed without question; the difference in the handwriting may be attributed to an amanuensis. When the great man writes his next notice, I shall make it my business to be taking a bock in the Café de l'Europe, in order that I may observe closely what happens. There is to be a *répétition générale* at the Vaudeville on Monday night; on Monday night, therefore, I hope to advise you of our plan of campaign. Now do not speak to me any more; I am about to compose an eulogy on Claudine, for which Labarregue will in due course receive the credit."

The poet fell asleep at last, murmuring dithyrambic phrases; and if you suppose that in the soberness of daylight he renounced his harebrained project, it is certain that you have never lived with Tricotin in Montmartre.

No, indeed, he did not renounce it. On Monday night—or rather in the small hours of Tuesday morning—he awoke Pitou with enthusiasm.

"*Mon vieux*," he exclaimed, "the evening has been well spent! I have observed, and I have reflected. When he quitted the Vaudeville, Labarregue has entered the Café de l'Europe, seated himself at his favorite table, and written without cessation for half an hour. When his critique was finished, he placed it in an envelope, and commanded his supper. All this time, I, sipping a bock leisurely, have accorded to his actions a scrutiny worthy of the secret police. Presently a lad from the office of *La Voix* has appeared; he approached Labarregue, received the envelope, and departed. At this point, my bock was finished; I paid for it and sauntered out, keeping the boy well in view. His route to the office lay through a dozen streets which were all deserted at so late an hour; but I remarked one that was even more forbidding than the rest, a mere alley that seemed positively to have been designed for our purpose. Our course is clear, we shall attack him in the Rue de la Presse."

"Really!" inquired Pitou, somewhat startled.

"But really! We shall not shed his blood; we will make him turn out his pockets, and then, disgusted by the smallness of the swag, toss it back to him with a cuff on the ear. Needless to say, that when he escapes, he will be the bearer of my criticism, not of Labarregue's. He will have been too frightened to remark the exchange."

"It is not bad, your plan."

"It is an inspiration! But to render it absolutely safe, we must have an accomplice."

"Why, is he so powerful, your boy?"

"No, *mon ami*, the boy is not so powerful, but the alley has two ends—I do not desire to be arrested while I am giving a lifelike representation of an Apache! I think we will admit Lajeunie to our scheme, as a novelist he should appreciate the situation. If Lajeunie keeps guard at one end of the alley, while you stand at the other, I can do the business without risk of being interrupted and removed to jail."

"It is true. As a danger signal I shall whistle the first bars of my fugue."

"Good! And we will arrange also a signal with Lajeunie. *Mon Dieu!* will not

Claudine be amazed next day? I shall not breathe a word to her in the meantime, I shall let her open *La Voix* without expectation, and then— Ah, what joy will be hers! 'The success of the evening was made by the actress who took the rôle of the maid-servant, and had perhaps six words to utter. But with what vivacity, with what *esprit* were they delivered! Every gesture, every sparkle of the eyes betokened the true comédienne. For myself, I ceased to regard the fatuous ingénue, I forgot the presence of the famous leading lady; I watched, absorbed the facial play of this maid-servant, whose brains and beauty, I predict, will speedily bring Paris to her feet.'"

"Is that what you mean to write?"

"I shall improve upon it. I am constantly improving—that is why the notice is still not finished. It hampers me that I must compose in the strain of Labarregue himself, instead of allowing my eloquence to soar. By the way, we had better speak to Lajeunie on the subject soon, lest he should pretend that he has another engagement for that night; he is a good boy, Lajeunie, but he always pretends that he has engagements in fashionable circles."

The pair went to him the following day, and when they had climbed to his garret, on the sixth floor, found the young literary man in bed.

"It shocks me," said Pitou, "to perceive that you rise so late, Lajeunie; why are you not dashing off chapters of a romance?"

"*Mon Dieu*," replied Lajeunie, "I was making studies among the beau monde until a late hour last night, at a reception; and, to complete my fatigue, it was impossible to get a cab when I left."

"Naturally; it happens to everybody when he lacks a cab-fare," said Tricotrin. "Now, tell me, have you any invitation from a duchess for next Thursday evening?"

"Thursday, Thursday?" repeated Lajeunie, thoughtfully. "No, I believe that I am free for Thursday."

"Now, that is fortunate!" exclaimed Tricotrin. "Well, we want you to join us that evening, my friend."

"Indeed, we should have been most disappointed otherwise," put in Pitou.

"Certainly; I shall have much pleasure," said Lajeunie. "Is it a supper?"

"No," said Tricotrin. "It is a robbery. I shall explain. Doubtless you know the name of 'Mademoiselle Claudine Hillairet?'"

"I have never heard it in my life. Is she in Society?"

"Society? She is in the Comédie Royale. She is a great actress, but—like us all—unrecognized."

"My heart bleeds for her. Another comrade!"

"I was sure I could depend upon your sympathy. Well, on Thursday night, they will revive 'La Curieuse' at the Comédie, and I myself propose to write Jules Labarregue's critique of the performance. Do you tumble?"

"It is a gallant action. Yes, I grasp the climax, but at present I do not perceive how the plot is to be constructed."

"Labarregue's notices are despatched by messenger," began Pitou.

"From the Café de l'Europe," added Tricotrin.

"So much I know," said Lajeunie.

"I shall attack the messenger, and make a slight exchange of manuscripts," Tricotrin went on.

"A blunder!" proclaimed Lajeunie. "You show lack of invention. Now be guided by me, because I am a novelist and I understand these things. The messenger is an escaped convict, and you say to him, 'I know your secret. You do my bidding, or you go back to the galleys; I shall give you three minutes to decide!' You stand before him stern, dominant, inexorable—your watch in your hand."

"It is at the pawnshop."

"Well, well, of course it is; since when have you joined the realists? Somebody else's watch, or a clock. Are there no clocks in Paris? You say, 'I shall give you until the clock strikes the hour.' That is even more literary—you obtain the solemn note of the clock to mark the crisis."

"But there is no convict," demurred Tricotrin; "there are clocks, but no convict."

"No convict? The messenger is not a convict?"

"Not at all—he is an apple-cheeked boy."

"Oh, it is a stupid plot," said Lajeunie. "I shall not collaborate in it."

"Consider!" cried Tricotrin. "Do not throw away the chance of a lifetime; think what I offer you! You shall hang about the end of a dark alley, and whistle if anybody comes. How literary again is that! You may work it into a novel that will

make you celebrated. Pitou will be at the other end. I and the apple-cheeked boy, who is to die, that is to say, to be spoofed, will occupy the center of the stage; I mean the middle of the alley. And on the morrow, when all Paris rings with the fame of Claudine Hillairet, I, who adore her, shall have won her heart."

"Humph," said Lajeunie. "Well, since the synopsis has a happy ending, I consent. But I make one condition, I must wear a crêpe mask! Without a crêpe mask I perceive no thrill in my rôle."

"Madness!" objected Pitou. "Now listen to *me*—I am serious minded, and do not commit follies, like you fellows; a crêpe mask will excite attention—it is not an ordinary object in a thoroughfare. Believe me, if you loiter at the corner of a street with a crêpe mask on, any passer-by will regard you, may even wonder what you are doing there. It might ruin the whole job."

"Pitou is right," announced Tricotrin, after profound consideration.

"Well, then," said Lajeunie, "*you* must wear a crêpe mask! Put it on when you attack the boy. I have always had a passion for crêpe masks, and this is the first opportunity that I find to gratify it. I insist that somebody wears a crêpe mask, or I wash my hands of the conspiracy."

"I!" assented Tricotrin. "In the alley it will do no harm; indeed, it will prevent the boy identifying me. Good, on Thursday night then. In the meantime we shall rehearse the crime assiduously, and you and Pitou can practice your whistles. It is agreed."

With what diligence did the poet write each day now! How lovingly he selected his superlatives! Never, in the history of the press, had such ardent care been lavished on a criticism—truly it was not until Thursday afternoon that he was satisfied that he could do no more. He put the pages in his pocket, and, too impatient even to be hungry, roamed about the Quartier, reciting to himself the most hyperbolic of his periods.

And the dusk gathered over Paris, and the lights sprang out, and the tense hours crept away.

It was precisely half past eleven when the three conspirators arrived at the doors of the Comédie Royale, and lingered near by until the audience poured forth. Labarregue was among the first to appear. He

paused on the steps to take a cigarette and stepped briskly into the noise and glitter of the boulevard. The young men followed, exchanging feverish glances. Soon the glow of the Café de l'Europe was visible. The critic entered, made a sign to the waiter, and seated himself at a table.

Everybody gazed with interest at him. Wherever he went he was waited upon and flattered by players of continental fame—especially by the fair members of "the profession." To those who did not know, the café habitués whispered, "There is Labarregue—see, he comes to write his criticism on the revival of 'La Curieuse!'" Labarregue affected serene unconsciousness of all this, but secretly he lapped it up. Occasionally, he passed his hand across his brow with a gesture profoundly intellectual.

Few people remarked that at brief intervals three shabby young men strolled in, who betrayed no knowledge of one another, and merely called for bocks. None suspected that these humble customers plotted to consign the celebrity's criticism to the flames.

Without a sign of recognition, taciturn and impassive, the three young men waited. Their eyes bent upon the critic's movements.

By and by Labarregue thrust his "copy" in an envelope provided by the waiter. Some moments afterwards one of the young men asked another waiter for the materials to write a letter. The paper he crumpled in his pocket; in the envelope he placed the forged critique.

A quarter of an hour passed. Then a youth of about sixteen hurried in and made his way to Labarregue's table. At this instant Lajeunie rose and left. As the youth received the "copy" Tricotrin also sauntered out. When the youth again reached the door, it was just swinging behind Pitou.

The conspirators were now in the right order—Lajeunie pressing forward; Tricotrin keeping pace with the boy; Pitou a few yards in the rear.

The boy proceeded swiftly. It was late, and even the Grande Boulevards showed few pedestrians now; in the side streets the quietude was unbroken. Tricotrin whipped on his mask at the opening of the passage; when the messenger was half-way through it, the attack was made—suddenly with determination.

"Fat one," exclaimed the poet, "I starve—give me five francs!"

"Hein?" stammered the youth, jumping. "I have not five francs, I!"

"Give me all you have—empty your pockets, let me see! If you obey I shall not harm you; if you resist, you are a dead boy."

The youth produced with trepidation, a sou, some cigarettes, a ball of string, a clasp knife, a young lady's photograph, and Labarregue's notice. The next moment the exchange of manuscripts had been deftly accomplished.

"Devil take your rubbish," cried the Apache. "I want none of it—there! Be off, or I shall shoot you for wasting my time."

The whole affair had occupied less than a minute; and the three adventurers skipped to Montmartre rejoicing.

And how glorious was their jubilation in the hour when they opened *La Voix* and read Tricotrin's pronouncement over the initials "J. L." There it was, printed word for word, the leading lady was dismissed with a line, the ingénue received a sneer; and for the rest, the column was a panegyric of the waiting-maid. The triumph of the waiting-maid was unprecedented and supreme. Certainly when Labarregue saw the paper, he flung round to the office furious; but *La Voix* did not desire people to know that it had been taken in, so the matter was hushed up, and Labarregue went around pretending that he actually thought all those fine things of the waiting-maid.

The only misfortune was that when Tricotrin called victoriously upon Claudine, to clasp her in his arms, he found her in hysterics on the sofa—and it transpired that she had not represented the waiting-maid after all. On the contrary, she had at the last moment, been promoted to the part of the ingénue, while the waiting-maid had been played by a little actress whom she much disliked.

"It is cruel, it is monstrous, it is heart-rending!" gasped Tricotrin, when he grasped the enormity of his failure. "But light of my life, why should you blame me for this villainy of Labarregue's?"

"I do not know," she said. "However, you bore me, you and your 'influence with the press.' Get out!"

A BROADWAY VILLON

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

"There is no essential incongruity between crime and culture."

—Oscar Wilde, "The Decay of Lying."



T was five o'clock, Sunday afternoon, and the slanting sunbeams had crawled across the bed and up the walls and vanished somehow into the ceiling when Voltaire McCartney came to himself, kicked off the patchwork quilt, elevated his torso upon one elbow and took an observation out of the dingy window. The prospect of the Palisades to the northwest was undimmed, for the wind was blowing fresh from the sea and the smoke from the glucose factory on the Jersey side was making straight up the river in a long, black, horizontal bar, behind which the horizon glowed in a brilliant, translucent mass of cloud. McCartney swung his thin legs clear of the bed and fumbled with his left hand in the pocket of a plaid waistcoat dangling from the iron post. The act was unconscious, equivalent to the automatic groping for one's slippers which perchance the reader's own well-regulated feet perform on similar occasions. The pocket in question yielded a square of white tissue which the fingers deftly folded, transferred to the other hand, and then filled with tobacco. Like others nourished upon stimulants and narcotics, McCartney awoke *absolutely*, without a trace of drowsiness, nervously ready to do the next thing, whatever that might chance to be. His first act was to pull on his shoes, the second to slip his suspender over his rather narrow shoulders, and the third to light the cigarette. Then he sauntered across the room to the window-sill, upon which slept profoundly a small tortoise-shell cat, and picked up a pocket volume, well worn, which he shook open at a point designated by a safety-match. For several moments

he devoured the page with his eyes, his hollow face filled with peculiar exaltation. Then he expelled a cloud of smoke sucked from the glowing end of his cigarette, tossed away the butt, and thrust the book into his hip-pocket.

"O would there were a heaven to hear!

O would there were a hell to fear!

Ah, welcome fire, eternal fire,

To burn forever and not tire!

Better Ixion's whirling wheel,

And still at any cost to feel!

Dear Son of God, in mercy give

My soul to flames, but—let me LIVE!"

He turned away from the window and pale against the gaudy west his profile shone drawn and haggard. Restlessly he filched his pocket for another cigarette and tossed himself wearily into a painted rocker. The cat awakened, elongated herself in a prodigious and voluptuous yawn of her whole body, dropped to the floor and leaped with a single spring into her master's lap. He stroked her sadly.

"Isabeau! My poor Isabeau! I envy you—creature perfect in symmetry, perfect in feeling!"

The cat rubbed her head against the buttons of his coat. McCartney leaned back his head. The little room was bare of ornament or of furniture other than the chair, save for a deal table at the foot of the bed, bearing a litter of newspapers and yellow pad-paper.

*"I am discouraged by the street,
The pacing of monotonous feet!"*

murmured the man in the rocker. The light died out above the Palisades; the

cat snuggled down between her master's legs.

*"Dear Son of God, in mercy give
My soul to flames, but let me live!"*

he added softly. Then he lifted the cat gently to the floor, threw on a short, faded reefer coat, and opened the door.

"Well, Isabeau, it's time for us to go out and earn our supper!"

McCartney gazed solemnly down from the small rostrum upon which he was standing at the end of the saloon without so much as a smile in answer to the roar of appreciation with which his time-worn anecdote had been received.

"Dot's goot!" shouted an abdominal Dutchman, pounding the table with his beer mug. "Gif us 'n odder!"

"Ya!" exclaimed his confrère. "Dot feller, he was a corker, eh?" He put up his hands and making a trumpet of them bawled at McCartney. "Here, kommen sie unt haf a glass bier mit us!"

Three teamsters, a card-sharp, a porter, two cabbies, and a dozen unclassibles nodded their heads and stamped, while the bartender passed up a foaming stein to the performer. McCartney blew off the froth, bowed with easy grace to the assembled company, and drank. Then he descended to the table occupied by the Germans.

"May you all have better luck than the gentleman in my story," he remarked. "But I for one shall go straight to the other place. Heaven for climate—Hell for society, eh? Hoch der Kaiser!"

The Germans threw back their heads and laughed boisterously.

"Make that beer a sandwich, will you? Here, Bill, bring me a slice of cold beef and a cheese sandwich!"

The bartender opened a small ice chest and produced the desired edibles, to which variation in their offered hospitality the two interposed no objection, being in fact somewhat in awe of their intellectual, if not distinguished guest. As McCartney ate he produced a handful of transparent dice.

"Ever see any dice like those?" he asked, rolling them across the wet table. The first German examined them with approval.

"Dose is pooty, eh?" he remarked to his neighbor. "I trow you for die Schnapps, eh?"

McCartney watched them covetously as they emptied the leathern shaker, solemnly counting the spots at the conclusion of each cast.

"Here, let me show you how," volunteered their guest. "Poker hands." He rattled the dice and poured them forth. They came up indiscriminately.

"Not so goot, eh?" commented the German. "I'll trow you. I'll trow ennyboty mit *dear* dice. Venn dey ain't loaded I can trow mit ennyboty." He held them up to the light. "Dese is clear—goot."

"Three times for a dollar," said McCartney.

"So," answered the German. He threw carefully, and counted two sixes, two aces, and a five. He left in the sixes and threw the others. This time he got an ace and two fives. Once more he put them back, but accomplished no better result.

"Now, I'll show you," said McCartney, and emptied the shaker. The dice tumbled upon the table to the tune of two aces, two sixes and a five. He put back the sixes and the five and threw another ace, a three and a five.

"I win," he remarked. "You don't know how!"

"Vat's dot?" Don't know how, eh!" roared the other. "I trow you for five dollars, see? Gif me dose leetle dice." He threw with a heavy bang that shook the table. Again he got two sixes, two aces and a five, and put back the latter. This time he secured another ace and leaned back and took a heavy draught of beer. "Full house! Beat dat eef you can!"

McCartney tossed the dice carelessly upon the board for two fours, one ace and two fives. To the amazement of the Germans, he left in the ace and returned the other four to the shaker. This time he got two more aces. His last throw gave him another ace and a five.

"Zum teuffel!" growled the German, thrusting his hand into his pocket and drawing forth a dirty wad of bills. "Here, take your money!" He handed McCartney six dollars.

"Kind sirs, good night," remarked McCartney, thrusting the bills into his waistcoat pocket and arising from his place. "I must betake me hence. Experience is

the only teacher. Let me advise you never to play games of chance with strangers."

The two Germans stared at him stupidly.

"You don't understand? Permit me. You saw the dice were not loaded? Very good! You examined them? Very good again. Your powers of observation are uncultivated, merely. The stern mother of invention—that is to say necessity—has obeyed the law of evolution. Three of the dice in my pocket bear no even numbers. The information is well worth your six dollars. Again, good night."

"Betruer!" cried the loser of the six dollars, arising heavily and upsetting his beer. "Dot feller skivinded us mit dice geloaded! *Sheet! Sheet!*"

They blundered toward the side entrance, while McCartney side-stepped into an adjacent portal. Long Acre Square gleamed from end to end. Above him an electric display, momentarily vanishing and reappearing, heralded the attributes of the cigar sacred to the Scottish bard. Peering through the haze generated by the countless lights a few tiny stars repaid diligent search. A scanty number of pedestrians were abroad. The pantheon of delights shone silent save for an occasional clanging car. The Germans passed in search of an officer, excitedly jabbering about the "sheet." Their angry expressions reverberating along the concrete, fading gradually into the hum of the lower town.

Then slowly into view crept one of those anachronisms of the metropolis—a huge, shaggy horse slowly stalking northward, dragging a rickety express wagon whereon reposed a semi-somnolent yokel. Hitched by its shafts to the tail of the wagon trailed a decrepit brougham (destined, probably, for country depot service), behind this a debilitated Stanhope buggy, followed by a dog-cart, a spyder, a buckboard, with last of all a hoodless Victoria. This picturesquely mournful procession of vanished respectability staggered hesitatingly past our hero, who regarded it with vast amusement. To his fanciful imagination it appeared like the fleshless vertebrae of a sea-serpent slowly writhing into the obscurity of the night. Occasionally one of the component dorsals would strike an inequality in the pavement and start upon a brief frolic of its own, swinging out of line at a tangent until hauled back into

place again by the pull of the shaggy horse. Sometimes all started in different directions at one and the same time and the semblance to a skeleton snake was heightened—even the ominous rattle was not wanting. The Victoria looked restful to McCartney, whose legs were always tired.

"Why should we fret that others ride?"

Perhaps dull care sits by their side,

And leaves us foot men free!"

he hummed to himself, recollecting an old college glee.

All the same that old bandbox looks not uncomfortable. How long is it since I have used a cushion! Poverty makes a poor bed-fellow!"

As the last equipage swung by, McCartney took a few steps in the same direction and clambered in. He had become a "footman" in fact, but a very undignified and luxurious footman, who lay back with his feet crossed against the box in front of him. Of all the lights on Broadway none glowed so comfortably for McCartney as the tip of his cigarette.

"My prayer is answered," he remarked, softly to himself. "Thus do I escape the 'monotonous feet.' Had I only Isabeau I should have attained the height of human happiness—to have dined, to smoke, to ride on cushions under the starlight, to have six dollars, and not to know where one is going—a plethora of gifts. So I can spare Isabeau for the nonce. Doubtless she would not particularly care for the delights of locomotion."

Thus Voltaire sailed northward, noticed only by solitary policemen and lonely wayfarers. Near Eightieth Street his eye caught the burning circle of a clock pointing at half past nine, and he stretched himself and yawned again. They were passing the vestibule of an old church which contrasted quaintly with the more ambitious modern architecture of the neighborhood. From the interior floated out the gray unison of a hymn. McCartney swung himself to the ground and listened while the skeleton rattled up the avenue.

"Egad!" thought he, "yon prayerful folk are not troubled with my disorder. Hell is for them what Jersey City is for me—a vital reality."

A woman, her head shrouded in a worn gray shawl, approached timidly and sta-

tioned herself near the door. McCartney could see that she was weeping and that she had a baby in her arms. He grumbled a bit to himself at this business. It did not suit his fancy—his scheme, who had planned a continuation of this night of comedy so auspiciously begun, and disliked any incongruity.

"Broke?" he inquired without rising. The woman nodded. She was really weeping, he could see that.

"What's the matter?"

"Dan cleared out the flat and skipped yesterday afternoon. We've had nothing to eat—me and the kid—all day."

"Let's look at your hands."

The woman held out a thin, rough, red hand. McCartney gave it a glance and continued:

"What's your kid's name?"

"Catherine."

McCartney gazed at her intently.

"Look here, do you think those folks in there would help you?"

"I don't know. It's better than the Island."

"Don't try it," advised McCartney. "They'd think you were working some game on 'em. Leave this graft to me."

The woman started back, half frightened, but McCartney's smile reassured her.

"Here's yours on account." He handed her the five-dollar bill he had secured from the Germans. "I know how. You don't. You need it. I don't." He waved aside her thanks. "Now go home, and, listen to me, don't take Dan back—he's no good."

The woman hurried away, and with her departure silence fell again.

McCartney seated himself upon the curb and lit still another cigarette eyeing the door expectantly. Once he arose and dropped a piece of silver into the poor-box inside the porch, listening intently to the loud rattle it made in falling. It was clearly the sole occupant, for no answering clink came in response.

*"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun."*

Softly murmured McCartney.

"You will be lonely in there all by yourself, little one. Here's a brother to keep you company," said he, pushing in another.

The hymn ceased and the congregation began to pass out. McCartney retired into the darkness of a corner, scrutinizing every face among the worshippers. Last of all came a little old man scuffling along with the aid of a cane. His snowy beard gave him an aspect singularly benign. McCartney laughed to himself.

"Grandpa, I trust we shall become better acquainted," he remarked under his breath, as he followed the old fellow down the street.

The loud vibrations of the bell in the deserted rooms of the floor below brought no immediate response, and instead of a brighter blaze of hospitality, the light in the hall was hurriedly extinguished. McCartney only pressed his thumb to the round receptacle of the bell the more assiduously, repeating the process at varying intervals until the light again illumined the door. A shadow hesitated upon the lace curtain, then the door itself was slowly, doubtfully opened, and the old man shuffled into the vestibule peering suspiciously through the iron fretwork. McCartney without going too close—he knew well the dread of human eyes, face to face—looked nonchalantly up and down the street, realizing that he must give his quarry time to regain the self-possession this midnight visit must have shattered. After a pause the bolt was shot and the door opened upon its chain.

"Was that you ringing? What do you want?"

"Yes, it was I who rang. I trust you'll excuse the lateness of my call. It's imperative for me to see you."

"Who are you? And what do you want to see me about?"

"My name is Blake. Blake of the 'Daily Dial.' It is a personal matter."

"Don't know you. Don't know any Blake. Don't read the 'Dial.' What is the personal matter?"

"For God's sake, sir, let me speak with you. It's a matter of life and death. Don't deny me, sir. Hear me first."

The little old man closed the door, a couple of inches.

"Want money, eh?"

"Help, sir. Only a word of sympathy. I've a dying child—"

"Can't you come round in the morning?"

"It will be too late then. I implore you to listen to me for only a few moments. I've been waiting two hours upon the sidewalk for you to return and it's too late for me to go elsewhere."

The door opened sufficiently for the old man to thrust his face close to the crack and inspect his visitor from head to heels. Evidently McCartney's appearance and the manner of his speech had made an impression which was now struggling with prudence and common sense. The Deacon, moreover, had a reputation to support. It would not do to turn an applicant away who might be in dire extremity—and who might go elsewhere and carry the tale with him.

"Won't a bed-ticket do you, eh? And come in the morning?"

McCartney saw the vacillation in the other's mind.

"I'm sorry, but I must see you now, if at all. To-morrow might be too late."

The owner of the house closed the door, unslipped the chain and retreated inside the hall to the foot of the stairs, leaving the way free for his visitor to follow. McCartney entered, hat in hand, and shut the door behind him, catching at a glance the austerity of the furniture and walls. To him every inch of the Brussels carpet, the ponderous, polished walnut hat-rack, the massive blue china stand with its lonely umbrella and stout bamboo cane, and the heavily framed oil copy of St. John spoke eloquently.

"I must ask your pardon again, sir, for disturbing you. But a man of your character, as you have no doubt discovered, must suffer for the sake of his reputation. I——"

McCartney swayed and seized a yellow-plush portière for support. In a moment he had regained control of himself—apparently.

"A touch of faintness. I haven't eaten since morning." He looked around for a chair. The old man made a show of concern.

"Nothing to eat! Dear me! Well, well! Come in and sit down. Perhaps I can find something."

Deacon Andrews led the way past the stairs and swung open the door to the dining-room. It had a musty smell, just a hint of the prison pen at noon time, and McCartney shuddered. The old man dis-

appeared into the darkness, struck a sulphur match, a fact noted by his guest, and with some difficulty lighted a gas jet in a grotesquely proportioned chandelier. The gas which had blazed up, he turned down to half its original volume.

"There, sit down," said he, pointing to a mahogany chair shrouded in a ticking cover, and settled himself in another on the opposite side of a great desert of table. McCartney did as he was bidden, mentally tabulating the additional facts offered to his observation by the remainder of the room. There was evident the same bare vastness as in the outer hall. Two more oils, one of mythological, the other of religious purport, balanced each other over the wings of a huge black carved sideboard. For the rest the yellow and brown wall-paper repeated itself interminably into the shadow.

"Feel better?" asked the Deacon.

"Yes, much," answered McCartney. "I'm used to going without food. The body can stand suffering better than the mind—and the heart."

"Let's try and fix up the body first," remarked the Deacon, opening a compartment beneath the sideboard. "Here, try some of these," and he placed a plate of water biscuits upon the table.

McCartney essayed more or less successfully to eat one, while the old man retreated into the pantry and after a hollow ringing of water upon an empty sink, returned with a thick tumbler of Croton.

"Good, eh? Nothing like plain flour food and Adam's ale! Now, what is it you want to say. I must be getting to bed."

McCartney hastily swallowed the last of the biscuit and leaned forward.

"If I could be sure my dear wife and child could have this to-night, I should be happy indeed. Oh, sir, poverty can be borne—but to see those whom we love suffer and be powerless to help them—I can hardly address myself to you, sir. I have never asked for charity before. I'm a hard working man. I had a good position, a little home of my own and a wife and child whom I loved devotedly. I care for nothing else in the world. Then came the chance that ended so disastrously for us. I thought it was the tide in my affairs, you know, that might lead on to fortune. My wife was offered a position in a travel-

ing company at sixteen dollars a week, and they agreed to take me with them as press agent at thirty-five—fifty dollars a week all told. Can you blame us?"

"I don't approve of play-acting," said the Deacon.

"Don't think the less of my wife for that. She meant it for the best." McCartney's face worked and he brushed his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Look here, what's the use wasting time," interrupted the Deacon. "How do I know who you are?"

"You have only my word, sir, that is true."

"What did you say you did for a living?"

"I'm a reporter. I live by my pen, sir, and I write articles on various subjects for the newspapers. I have even written a very modest book. But the modern public has crude taste in literature," sighed McCartney.

"Well, go on, now, and tell me about your trip or whatever it was," said the Deacon.

"I gave up for the time, as I said, the precarious livelihood of a space-writer. We sublet our rooms. I spent what little money I had saved upon a costume for my wife, and we started out making one-night stands."

"What was the name of your play?" inquired the Deacon abruptly.

"The Two Orphans," replied McCartney without hesitation. "We got along well enough until we reached Rochester, and there the show broke down—went to the wall. We were stranded, without a cent, in a theatrical boarding-house. My wife was taken down with pneumonia and little Cathie—"

"Little what?" asked the Deacon.

"Short for Catherine—caught the croup. We had nowhere to turn. I pawned my watch to pay our board bill. We were sleeping in a single room—the three of us. For days I tramped the streets of Rochester looking for some work to do, but I was absolutely friendless and could find nothing. My wife got a little better, but little Catherine seemed to grow worse. I pawned my wife's wedding ring, all my clothes but those I have on, even my baby's tiny little bracelet we bought for her on her second birthday—Oh, God, how I suffered! We talked it all over and decided that as New York was the only place

where I was known I had better return and earn enough money to send for them as soon as I could. The manager let me use his pass back to the city. I reached here three days ago, but I have found no work of any sort. Some of the press boys have shared their meals with me, but for the moment I'm penniless. Meantime, my wife is lying sick in a strange household and my little girl may be dying!" McCartney sobbed brokenly. "I'm at my last gasp. I've nowhere to sleep to-night. No money to buy breakfast. I can't even pay for a postage stamp to write to them!"

"What street did you stay in at Rochester?"

"1421 Maple Avenue," shot back McCartney. "I wish you could see my little Catherine—she's such a tiny ball of sunshine. Every morning she used to come and wake me, and say 'Come, Daddy, come to breakfast!' She couldn't pronounce the word right—I hope she never will. She called the little dog I gave her a fox 'terrier' dog. Some people say children are all alike. If they could only see *her*—if she's still alive. Why I wouldn't give ten cents to live if I could only make sure Edith would have enough to get along on and give Catherine a decent education. I want that girl to grow up into a fine noble woman like her mother. And to think the last time I saw her she was lying in a stuffy hall bed-room in a third class lodging house, her little forehead burning with fever, with my poor sick wife stretched beside her, fearing to move lest she should wake the child. She may be dead by this time, for I've had no work for three days, and I've been able to send them nothing—nothing! They may have been turned out into the streets, for the board bill was a week overdue when I left them. Don't you see it drives me nearly mad? I'm worse off a thousand times than if I stayed there with them. Sometimes I think there can't be any God, for if there was He'd never let me suffer so. And all for a little money—just because I can't pay the fare back to my sick wife and dying baby—my poor, sweet, little baby!"

McCartney's voice broke and he buried his haggard face on his arms. For a moment or two neither spoke, then the Deacon sighed deeply.

"You do seem to have had hard luck," he

remarked awkwardly. McCartney was still too overcome with emotion to reply.

"I reckon I'll have to break my rule and help you without references. I don't believe in giving as a rule, unless you know who you are giving to."

He put his hand in his pocket.

"But I'll do it this time." He placed two quarters upon the table.

"There, half a dollar'll keep you nicely for a while. Of course, there's no use sendin' money to Rochester. Your landlady can't turn sick folks into the street, and if she does they can go to the hospital——"

He paused, startled by the look on McCartney's face, for the latter had risen like an avenging angel, white and trembling. Pointing at the two harmless coins, he cried:

"Is that your answer to the appeal of a starving man? Is that all your religion has done for you? Is that how you obey your Lord's teachings? 'Cup of cold water' indeed! Cold water! Cold water! That's what you've got instead of blood; you withered old epidermis! You miserable, dried up, apology for a human being!" He paused for breath, sweeping the room with indignant scorn.

"I know your kind! You old Christian Shylock! You bought those chromos at an auction! You took that old sideboard for a debt—yes, a debt at 18 per cent. interest. You don't pay a cent of taxes. You sing psalms and wear out your trousers on the platform at the prayer-meeting, and then loan out the church's money on worthless securities. You're too mean to keep a cat, for the cost of her milk. You read a penny newspaper and take books out of a circulating library. You put a petticoat on these chairs so your miserly little body won't wear out the seats."

The lean vagabond half shouted his anathema, the pallor of his face and brow darkening red from the violence of his passion. It was the very ecstasy of anger. Before it the little man with the white hair shrank into himself, diminishing into his chair, seeking moral opportunity of escape.

McCartney looked at the two coins contemptuously.

"Bah!" he exclaimed in disgust. "Half a dollar for a dying child and a starving woman, to say nothing of a shelterless

man!" He broke into a mirthless laugh. "Allow me to return your generous answer to my application for assistance. A code of morals of my own, which doubtless you would not appreciate, compels me to restore what is obviously ten times more precious to the donor than to the recipient."

He filipped the two coins across the table into the lap of his host, who still crouched furtively with his head near the table.

"It makes me sick to look at you! Who could gaze without disgust upon the spectacle of an ossified creature like yourself, creeping through bare, deserted old age towards a grave mortgaged to the Devil Ugh! It is the horriddest spectacle I have seen in a month."

"You're mad!" muttered the old man with hoarse fearfulness.

"Sometimes, but not now!" retorted McCartney. "I'll hold my evening session for Misers a moment longer. I pity you, Lord Pin-head Penurious! I pity you that you should have gone through life, a small term of say sixty years, in such stupidity. Sixty years of grubbing, of weighing meat and adding figures, of watching the prices fools pay for stocks, and how many days of *life*? How many good deeds? Oh, marvelous lack of wit! What know you of real happiness? Let me introduce myself, since you're so blind. What do you think I am, my good old Noddy Numbskull?"

"Crazy!" gasped the old man. "Do be quiet! Let me get you something more to eat."

"A thief, at your service. Oh, don't start. I'll not carry away your mahogany sideboard nor your bronze chandelier. I steal only to keep myself in purse—to live. You dig to add to the column of figures in your pass book. I walk among the gods. My brain is worth twenty gray bags like yours. I have thoughts and dreams in terms to you unintelligible. I can live more in a week than haply you have done in the course of your whole crawling existence. What do you know of the spirit? Behind your altar sits a calf of gold. You grovel before it and slip out at the bottom the shekels you drop in at the top. To you the moon will always be made of green cheese, that 'orbed maiden with white fire laden!'

Your hands are callous from counting money, your brain is——"

The old fellow arose. "Leave my house! Get out of here!"

He was an absurd figure, not more than five feet high, in his black broadcloth suit and string tie as he faced McCartney's blazing eyes, and the latter laughed at him.

"I will fast enough. But you see I'm having a sensation—*living*. I'm doing good. Oh, yes, I am. If not to you, at least to myself. Do you think I'll ever forget little 'Cathie'? God! How I could have loved a real child! And I've only a cat." He laughed again. "I don't blame you for thinking me crazy—even you. Come now, wasn't my picture of the phthisic wife and moaning child worth a place on the line—I mean, wasn't it good, eh? Worth more than two beggarly quarters? It gave me a thrill—what I need—it'll keep me alive for another twenty-four hours, without this." He held up a nickel-plated hypodermic syringe. It shone in the gaslight, and the old man started back and held out his hands.

"Don't shoot!" he cried in senile terror.

"Carriage!" cried McCartney. "Why do I waste my time on you? Why? Because I'm in your debt. I owe you little Catherine. I shall never forget her. And you, *you*—you are her foster-father! God forbid!"

The old man sat down resignedly at the extreme side of the table.

"By God I pity you!" exclaimed the lean man. "Do you hear that? *I* pity *you*—!—a wretched, drugged, wilted, useless bundle of nerves twisted into the image of a man; a chap born with a silver spoon, with gifts, who tossed them all into the gutter—threw 'a pearl away richer than all his tribe'; a miserable creature who can't live without this (he pressed the

needles into his wrist) and yet I wouldn't change with you! I'm more of a man than you. My very wants are sweeter than any joys your brutish senses can ever feel.

*'O would there were a heaven to hear!
O would there were a hell to fear!
Dear Son of God, in mercy give
My soul to flames, but let me live!'*

"You don't know what that means! Haven't the vaguest idea. You're a mummy. You'll be the same ten thousand years from now. I suppose you think I made it up, eh?

*'I am discouraged by the street,
The pacing of monotonous feet.'*

"That's all you want. You couldn't understand anything else, and yet it's my torture, and my salvation!"

The glow came back into McCartney's eyes and he repeated——

"Yes, that picture of little Catherine was worth more than two quarters. It ought to have been good for twenty dollars. It's worth more than that to me."

McCartney's voice had grown strong and clear.

The old fellow looked at him sharply and changed his tone. He must get this madman out of his house. He must humor him.

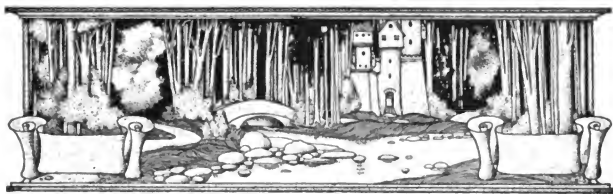
"Come, come, that's all right. Cheer up! Why, I had a little girl of my own once."

McCartney pierced him through and through with swimming eyes.

"And her memory was only worth two miserable quarters? You lie, you wretched old man, you lie!"

The old fellow started back. The door banged. McCartney was gone.





THE TOWER

BY ELSA BARKER



OUR love is like a mighty tower to me
When I am weary and the world is dark.
From your high battlements my thoughts em-
bark

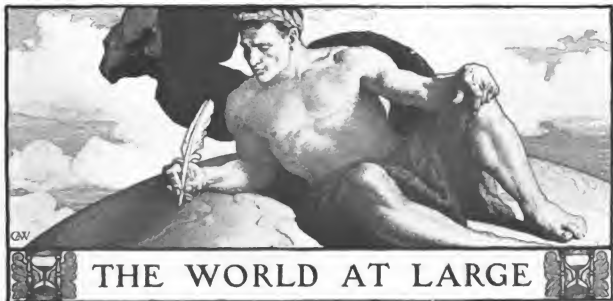
Upon the tenuous wings of poetry,
Voyaging to the stars. Sovereign and free,
The inter-stellar dream's great hierarch
Marshals his legions round us, as a mark
In the encircling vast uncertainty.

Steadfast we stand together, you and I,
Untroubled by false visions, unafraid
Though often menaced by the jagged blade
Of neighbor-lightning. Then, as clouds go by,
We watch the wraiths of old religions fade
Into the Faith that Love shall verify.



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ANDREW CARNEGIE IN THE GARDEN OF HIS HOME AT FIFTH AVENUE AND NINETIETH STREET, NEW YORK.



THE WORLD AT LARGE



ANDREW CARNEGIE is a happy man the fine Spring mornings. It is an invariable rule for him to take a "constitutional" several times around the big pile of masonry he calls "home," on upper the Central Park, New York. Mr. Carnegie is a diminutive man physically; no need to say what he is mentally—his record tells that story.

He is immensely fond of flowers and green growing things and it is a matter of much importance to the little "iron master" to watch, day by day, the tender green shoots, which fringe the stone walkway around his palace, as they grow stronger and higher under the constantly increasing warmth of the sun.

Few men cumbered with enormous wealth such as Mr. Carnegie has to look after, enjoy life in such simple fashion and with so much native zest.

THOMAS HASTINGS is probably the most artistic, temperamentally, of the comparatively few great architects in this country. His firm, under the name of Carrère & Hastings, has an international renown for exquisite conceptions in architecture executed in the most practical manner. Mr. Hastings has devoted his life to the demonstration of the fact that art and utility can be merged, in the case of a piece of archi-

tecture, just as easily and economically as can ugliness and cheapness. He believes in the gospel of the beautiful as expounded by common sense; he has realized in enduring stone and steel a number of architectural dreams and put to rout those who maintain that a building cannot be a work of art and bring a high rental at one and the same time.

Perhaps the biggest contract Mr. Hastings and his firm have ever enjoyed is that which has been awarded for the building of the new Manhattan Bridge which will



THOMAS HASTINGS, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHITECT WHO CONTRIBUTES THE LEADING ARTICLE TO THIS NUMBER.



THE LATE JOHN A. MCCALL, FOR FOURTEEN YEARS PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.



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AT THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE AT CARNEGIE HALL. THE STANDING FIGURE IS BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AND THE THREE MEN SEATED DIRECTLY BEHIND THE SPEAKER ARE MARK TWAIN, JOSEPH H. CHOATE AND ROBERT C. OGDEN.

span the East River from Brooklyn to Manhattan. How the chief architect of this great new enterprise in the person of Mr. Hastings will prove to the world that even a bridge may serve its strenuous mission and still be picturesque, may be gleaned from the latter's paper in the present issue of this magazine.

JOHN AUGUSTINE MCCALL, former President of the New York Life Insurance Company, who died in Lakewood, N. J., on February 18th, is officially recorded as the victim of cirrhosis of the liver, though no one will dispute that his death was primarily the result of grief and a broken heart over the unfortunate turn of affairs in the great organization which he controlled for a period of fourteen years. He was born in Albany on March 2nd, 1849. His parents were of Irish extraction. His father kept a little corner grocery store in the district known as Gander Bay and was the Demo-

cratic supervisor for his ward. Young McCall went to the public school in Gander Bay and served for a while as a butcher's boy in a market at Clinton Avenue and North Pearl Street. He entered a business school in Albany and was graduated in 1865. Two years later he got a place as clerk in the old Albany State Currency Assorting House at a salary of \$60 a month. A few years later a friend got him a job as bookkeeper in the Connecticut Life Insurance Company agency at Albany. There he got his first knowledge of insurance affairs. As President of the New York Life Insurance Company he received \$75,000 a year.

THE OTHER DAY, there was celebrated in New York the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Tuskegee Institute by Booker T. Washington. Aided by Mark Twain and Joseph H. Choate, Mr. Washington made an appeal for a larger endow-

ment of the institution. It needs \$3,000,000; it is shy just \$1,775,000. There were 2,000 more applications for seats at this Carnegie Hall gathering than there was room. Crowds blocked the streets about the entrance to the hall. It looked like political campaign times. When the doors were opened there was a great rush for seats and in a few minutes every available inch within the building was filled, excepting the boxes which were reserved for those who came later and who might be induced to give some part of the needed million and a half of dollars. Certainly Carnegie Hall was never more crowded and rarely has it contained a more brilliant audience.

With characteristic Oriental inquisitiveness the Imperial Chinese Commission, recently sent to this country to ascertain just how civilized or otherwise we are as a race, have discovered all our weaknesses and some of our strength and have finally departed with bulky rolls of hieroglyphic notes and a rather deep-rooted conviction that we mean well if we do not always know how to do things calmly and without fuss and noise. That the Chinese do not sincerely love us these days we know, and the

boycott that is on in some parts of China against American manufactures and importations has extended to the Americans themselves who find themselves uncomfortably located in China. But the visit of the Imperial Commission will doubtless do much toward readjusting the views of the Chinese powers that be, and the threatened trouble between this country and the Yellow Empire if averted will be largely due to the persuasions of the really scholarly gentlemen in queues who have been lately looking us over.

THE recently published magazine "appreciation" of the Hon. Mark Fagan, mayor of that delectable territory known to railroad travelers, mapmakers and some politicians as Jersey City, will not, one strongly suspects, make him supremely happy. While the intent of this biographical rhapsody was born of a wholesome and praiseworthy motive, the result can be anything but calming to one of Mr. Fagan's candid temperament. It may be true he is proud to be the "Christian Mayor" of a more or less pagan community, but one doubts with a full-grown scepticism if the Hon. Fagan enjoys posing before a careless world as a man whose lack of decision



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GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT, HIS STAFF AND TWO OF THE CHINESE IMPERIAL HIGH COMMISSIONERS.



Photographed for THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE by W. M. Vander Weyde.

MARK FAGAN, THE "CHRISTIAN MAYOR" OF JERSEY CITY, N. J.

drives him down upon reverent knee-cap whenever any unusual difficulty confronts him during the prosaic round of his day's work at the Jersey City seat of government. If this Mayor is the genuine Christian man, his character delineator would have us believe, he is less likely to resort on so frequent occasion, as we are assured, he does to invoke the Deity's aid in matters which

must surely be adjustable in a less inspirational manner. This must be true in Jersey City if not elsewhere. Seeking Divine guidance in the solution of petty political problems may indeed be justifiable at times even in Jersey City, but not, it is ventured, with the recurrent persistency suggested by the respected Mayor Fagan's too picturesque analyst.



THE CORNER OF A HOLE ON MANHATTAN ISLAND THAT REPRESENTED AN OUTLAY OF NEARLY TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

"Earth Holes Worth Millions."



ONE END OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S \$25,000,000 EXCAVATION IN MANHATTAN.

EARTH HOLES WORTH MILLIONS

BY MARSHALL MERTON



TWENTY-FIVE million dollars is a conservative estimate to place on the value of one piece of property that consists of a huge gaping scar blasted in the face of the bed rock on which New York City is built. What would your grizzled Forty-niner say if such a statement could be made to him? Probably that "diggings" in Manhattan Borough, New York City, were worth more than the greatest gold mines of California. And the real estate dealers of the city would agree with him. Never before in its history have excavations represented such fabulous sums as they do at the present

time. From the conspicuous example—the hole in which the Pennsylvania Railroad's terminal station will soon be built—to the latest excavations for office buildings, hotels and apartment houses, untold millions exist in the mere foundation holes prepared for New York's skyscrapers.

No better illustration is to be had of the enormous fortunes spent in the acquisition of these sunken estates than is that afforded by the operation of the railroad named, in the preparation of its new home in New York. This terminal station, to be the largest institution of its kind in the world, is to occupy four blocks in the heart of the city, the site selected extending from Ninth avenue to Seventh avenue and from Thirty-first street to Thirty-

third street. These four blocks at one time comprised a densely populated residence and business section, conducting its varied businesses along almost every line of commercial activity. But when it was decided that the railroad station was to occupy this territory the little city was doomed to be wiped off of the map. Of the property comprised within its limits the railroad company bought in the open market as much as it could purchase, enormous prices being paid, the respective owners of the houses, apartments, stores, hotels and other business structures naturally desiring not to give up the possession of the places in which they were comfortably settled without being unusually well compensated. But while some sold readily to the agents of the company others fought with dogged resistance not to be ousted from their homes of a lifetime, and the courts had to be resorted to. Then

the city appraisers stepped in, fixed fair prices on the condemned property, and the occupants were legally ousted. As soon as the various premises passed into the hands of the railroad company they were turned over to professional wreckers, who at once demolished the buildings, no matter how new nor how handsome. All fell under the ruthless sway of the new order, in one instance a large apartment house, but newly built and expensively outfitted, finding its way to the graveyard of the dealer in second-hand material.

Sixteen million dollars is a conservative estimate to place on the value of the buildings alone that were thus destroyed to make way for the digging of the big hole. Sixteen million dollars worth of structures were resolved in a few months into a mass of debris! But under these buildings had stood four city blocks and these blocks,



FOUNDATION AND STRUCTURAL WORK IN THE \$6,000,000 HOLE AT FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME \$6,000,000 HOLE IN THE GROUND.

even denuded of their buildings, represented a total of nearly \$8,000,000 more, in land. Into this eight millions of land, purchased at a cost of three times that amount, an army of workmen was turned. The great \$25,000,000 hole was commenced! The excavations, originally started at many points within the four blocks, by the closing of Thirty-second street, have been united into one gaping cavern, crossed by a narrow bridge, which is Eighth avenue. Here the street is supported on a trestle-work from which passersby can look down at either side into a yawning abyss thirty to fifty feet below. This great hole, stretching for two blocks on both sides of the avenue is all that is left of the once populous district. It is now a mass of rock and débris, over which

tram roads have been laid, and through which hundreds of workmen are digging, drilling and blasting their way down to the depth required for the foundations of the subterranean station. This will be at a distance level with the bottom of the two tunnels that have been bored under the Hudson River from the New Jersey to the New York shore, and through which the trains of the Pennsylvania road will enter the station.

Almost as great as this in the area that it will cover is the excavation for the projected additions to the terminal station of the New York Central Railroad, work on which is already well under way. This undertaking, like the former one, necessitated the condemnation of several hundreds of buildings, which were purchased



THIS IS THE MOST VALUABLE HOLE IN THE GROUND IN LOWER NEW YORK—IT IS WORTH ONE MILLION, SIX-HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

at top prices and then pulled down in order to clear the way for the foundation excavations. The present terminal building, long known to all who visit New York as the Grand Central Station, covers the block between Forty-second and Forty-third streets and Vanderbilt and Lexington avenues. When the addition has been completed the station building and train shed will extend as far as Forty-fifth street, while the graded train yard will reach to Fiftieth street. Practically this entire area is being blasted out of solid rock at distances varying from fifteen to thirty feet below the street grade. An estimate of the value represented by this great hole places the figures at near \$30,000,000!

Directly opposite the Grand Central Station there now stands one of the most notable of New York's many hotel buildings, the Belmont. Although the plot which it occupies has a frontage of but 100 feet on Forty-second street and 200 feet on Park avenue, on account of its situation the land alone, before any work was done on it, represented a value of \$1,500,000. Adding to this the cost of excavation and foundation work, and the completed pit, ready for the building of the hotel, represented an outlay of about \$2,000,000. As the superficial area of the plot contained but 20,000 square feet, it can be seen that this hole in the ground, but sixty feet deep, was acquired at a cost equivalent to \$100 per square foot of its surface space!

A little farther up-town, opposite the entrance to Central Park at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, is another hotel foundation pit, the cost of which mounted into the millions. It is the site of the old Plaza Hotel and of the prospective hostelry to bear that name. This hole, driven thirty-five feet through rock and dirt, represents an outlay of \$4,060,000. Of



SIXTY FEET BELOW THE STREET LEVEL IN MANHATTAN'S \$25,000,000 HOLE.

this enormous total \$2,460,000 is contributed by the value of the buildings torn down to make room for the hole, and of the remaining \$2,500,000 about \$400,000 represents the cost of the actual foundation work on the hole itself!

It is not only in the up-town districts, however, that these enormously valuable earth punctures are to be found. Toward the southern end of Manhattan Island some of the most remarkable of all have been made, a notable example being furnished in the case of the recently com-



THE TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLAR HOLE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
DESTROYED TO MAKE



TERMINAL SITE. FOUR CITY BLOCKS AND SEVERAL HUNDRED BUILDINGS WERE
WAY FOR THIS BIG GAP.



A ROCK QUARRY IN THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD'S GREAT EXCAVATION ABOVE FORTY-SECOND STREET.

pleted Trinity building. This unique office structure is owned by the Trinity corporation, the wealthiest landed society in the United States. It occupies a lot 42 feet wide and 212 feet long, at Broadway and Trinity Place, in the heart of the financial district. When the old office building was destroyed and the land laid bare for the commencement of operations for the new building it, had an assessed value of over \$2,000,000. But when the foundation caissons had been sunk and the cellar floor laid, at a level of twenty feet below Broadway, this mere hole in the ground, dug and made permanent by retaining walls and cement flooring, represented an outlay of over \$2,500,000! It is doubtful if the owners of this hole would have parted with it for a sum far in excess of that figure, for out of it grew one of the hand-somest

of modern office buildings, having an assessed valuation of \$4,500,000.

Just behind this building and a little closer to the Hudson River, is now situated what is probably the most valuable hole in the down-town section of New York City. The lot is not a large one, but it is directly between the Rector street stations of two elevated railroads, on the plot bounded by Rector and Greenwich streets and Trinity Place. This excavation has a superficial area of about 17,000 square feet, and a cellar depth of thirty feet below the curb, while the caissons of the retaining walls were sunk to depths of from 40 to 50 feet before they struck the rock necessary for foundation. This great, jagged earth puncture, walled in and floored with concrete, represents a cash value of about \$1,650,000, and a potential earning power

of many times that sum, since its owners intend to spend on it \$2,500,000 in the erection of an office building 23 stories above ground and with several stories beneath the street. This building is to be notable by reason of several innovations in its construction. It is the first building in this country and probably the first in the world in which the foundation caissons were sunk in entire sections of a height reaching from the underlying bed-rock to the street surface. The lot was entirely surrounded to a depth of from 40 to 50 feet by the series of solid masonry caissons, forming, when in place, one continuous and practically water-tight wall, six feet thick. The caissons were driven down to bed-rock in sections thirty feet long, six feet thick and of the required height, each section weighing about 400 tons.

But of all the earth punctures in New York that one having the greatest comparative value is the excavation for a new department store on Fifth avenue, diagonally opposite to the Waldorf-Astoria hotel.

It is intended that the building shall ultimately occupy the entire block between Fifth and Madison avenues from Thirty-fourth to Thirty-fifth streets. This land, which has been purchased for that purpose, has a value of about \$6,000,000. At present it consists chiefly of a great gaping hole! An uncompleted portion of the structure, of stone and marble, eight stories high, occupies the Fifth Avenue front of the block, while the Madison Avenue side still shelters a row of dwelling houses, occupied by tenants holding unexpired leases. Between these contrasting ends lies the immense hole, drilled through the solid rock to a depth of sixty feet below the surface of the street. It is estimated that the cost of the excavations for this building (including the foundation walls) will be in the neighborhood of \$450,000, an item which shows that the digging of sixty-foot holes in the bed-rock of Manhattan is no idle task. From the cellar floor of this cavern costing \$6,500,000 will rise a building to the height of ten stories, eight of which will be above the street level.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL'S FIFTEEN-BLOCK EARTH HOLE.

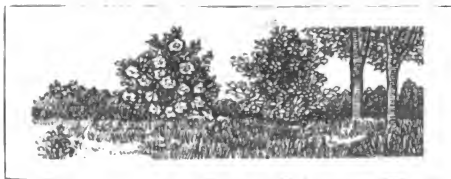
THE GREEN WORLD

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALICE BOUGHTON

It's such a green and sunny world
 Out where the spring things grow,
Out where the blossom-branches sway
 And where wild roses blow!
The birds are singing choruses
 From every concert-tree,
And there is much that's wonderful
 To smell, and hear, and see.

The sunshine plates the world with gold,
 The blossoms pour out scent;
The wind plays tunes that make you dance
 As if a waltz were meant.
The brook flings out caressing arms
 Where ferns and mosses thrive;
It's *such* a green and sunny world
 I'm glad to be alive!





Photographic Study by Alice Boughton.

"OUT WHERE THE SPRING THINGS GROW."

"The Green World."



A SCENE FROM "THE LITTLE GRAY LADY," THE SUCCESSFUL NEW PLAY BY CHANNING POLLOCK.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

BY JAMES HUNEKER



THE reaction against the well-made play which manifested itself in Paris when Antoine and the naturalistic drama began to be known now shows signs of having spent itself; the pendulum is beginning to swing the other way. And this is natural, for if the plays built in the old soulless, mechanical patterns of Scribe and his school destroyed the spontaneity of young talent, yet the loose, shambling and formless "machine" of the Romantics, with its impossible pasteboard heroes and heroines, its rodomontade, its violence and brutality, proved equally offensive and dangerous. After Antoine came a flock of ill-made productions smelling of Ibsen and the literary

lamp, but without Ibsen's beautiful formal sense and mainly leveled at social evils of all kinds. This tilting at civil vice, this turning the stage into a pulpit, was speedily imitated across the Channel, and soon we had Bernard Shaw thundering at Christian morals and James Barrie leveling his delicate satires at society. And both men have as yet not mastered the technics of the theater. That is, they cannot build a play which has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

Readers of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE may recall Mr. Shaw's delightful disquisition about himself several issues ago. He had his merry little jest over my Romanticism, which is of no particular moment; a critic is not supposed to belong to the creative class; therefore his esthetic politics concern himself. But while Mr.



ELLIS JEFFREYS AND FRANK WORTHING IN "THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT."



BENJAMIN CHAPIN AS "ABRAHAM LINCOLN" IN HIS NEW PLAY OF THAT TITLE.

Shaw was calling me a Romantic, he forgot that he was the most perfect specimen extant of that very school. All reformers are Romantics. The great humanitarian movements are Romantic. Pity, whether egoistic or altruistic, was not known to the classical world. The plays and novels of Victor Hugo, the first great Romantic of the theater, are chiefly humanitarian and therefore Romantic. Mr. Shaw, who is an intellectual anarchist, and not the socialist he so fondly imagines himself, has written plays which are, despite their modern themes, Romantic in their essence. Like all the Romantic writers, Shaw is incapable of character creation. His theater is peopled by Shaws, by various opinions of Shaw regarding the universe. He could no more erect a play in architect fashion as does Pinero than Pinero could handle the multitude of ideas so ably assimilated and set forth by Shaw. Nor can the Irishman conceive and execute characters in action as does Paul Hervieu. The truth is that Paul Hervieu is thrice as modern as Shaw; that in "Law of Man," "The Nippers," "The Labyrinth" (the original, not the English version) the French dramatist has handled the most pressing questions of our feverish life, and handled them as a dramatist, not as a *doctrinaire*.



H. REEVES SMITH AS "LONAWANDA" IN THE INDIAN PLAY ENTITLED "THE REDSKIN."

Charming debates as are the Shaw plays, they will not endure for the simple reason that only true art endures; ideas stale, but art, never. A jellyfish is not more viscous than the form—if it can be called form—of the Shaw play. And, remember, this fact abates not a jot of their entertaining quality. We are viewing them now as drama—and they fail the critical test.

Shaw is a Romantic. He worships himself romantically, and when he does not write of himself, he no longer interests. His is an interesting personality. It quite overflows the picture of the world made by his brain. Thus it is that the characters in his plays are but various facets of his own person. If he were a close observer of life, as well as a superb satirist, he would be an objective dramatist. He has, for example, portrayed several Americans. He believes he understands the American character. He certainly abuses it. But what an eye-opening experience will be his when he comes to America and studies its people! A Romantic, then, he is incapable of depicting any character but his own, incapable through lack of sympathy of projecting himself into the normal feelings of average humanity. This stamps



THEODORE ROBERTS AS "TANYANA" IN "THE SQUAW MAN."



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, NANNETTE CONSTOCK AND MAY BUCKLEY IN "THE GALLOPER."

him as a Romantic—the Romantics who described themselves so admirably and with such art, but could not paint the world about them.

Mr. Barrie is also a Romantic, though on a lower intellectual level than Mr. Shaw. He has, like Daudet, the gift of pity and tears; but he slops over so hopelessly on every occasion that one soon feels that it is Barrie the man that is weeping, not Barrie the artist. Mr. Barrie has more charm than Shaw, but he, too, cannot force his muse to build a play sound as to structure. Formless fantasies, whimsical fairy tales, clever anecdote, fulminating satire, these about sum up the substance of both Barrie and Shaw's plays. And let me add that a Romantic seldom constructs an immortal play. Where are the plays of Hugo and Company? Where are the snows of yester-year?

If we are sure of anything in this world of unchanging change, it is that the nineteenth century gave us in music and drama three absolutely new forms. The piano

music of Chopin, as to harmony and structure (Ballades, Scherzos, Preludes and Studies); the music dramas of Wagner; and at least two plays of Maurice Maeterlinck, "*Pélléas and Mélisande*" and "*The Death of Tintagiles*." These were quite new; their like had not been seen or heard before. Ibsen, the thunderer, did not originate a new dramatic form; his prose plays formally considered may be traced to Sophocles, even to Scribe. But Maeterlinck gave us a novel dramatic sensation, and while it is the critical fashion to call his dramas "static," much really happens in them; that is, we feel it happening though we do not always see the action. With Maeterlinck the drama is a sixth sense; he divines, rather than creates types of energy.

And so the reaction against the spineless play is beginning. We are weary of these opened floodgates of conversation, of dialogue that merges into the monologue of the agitator. The same old human stuff is scattered around us, and the dramatist, wary of the wind of public favor, is going



ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE."



Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

MARIE DORO, LEADING WOMAN WITH WILLIAM GILLETTE IN HIS PLAY "CLARICE."

back to it. Pinero's last success may be a sign of the times. It was the fashion to flout such a strong specimen of stage architecture as "The Gay Lord Quex," yet what a solace it would be to-day in the midst of all this shallow characterization, this shaky drawing and melodramatic daubing! The epigram play was revived by O-scar Wilde; it

bids fair to die with Mr. Shaw. Mr. Pinero, whose beaver-shaped brow indicates his beaver-like proclivity for design and structure in his dramas, will outlast a wilderness of the wits, sentimentalists and rhapsodists. No art is so narrow in its formal scope, no art imposes so many restrictions upon its practitioners, as the art of the theater.



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MMR. ALLO NASIMOFF, THE RUSSIAN EMOTIONAL ACTRESS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.

And one is tempted to add that if Pinero is a dramatist, then what are the rest, these men of epigram and fancy? Literary they are, but dramatists——!

As I have been "filling" my critical "belly with the east wind" all winter, if I may be permitted an honored quotation, I am heartily tired of the play that mas-

querades as a play but is not a play, only a fable or a sermon. Is it any wonder that we long for good, rare dramatic beef into which we may set our critical teeth! The play, the play's the thing to catch the conscience of a critic! I faintly enjoyed the latest Barrie offering at the Criterion. "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" is like its name——

sweet and vermicular. It is what our German brethren would call *Bandwurm*. In it I saw Miss Ethel Barrymore endeavoring to suppress her adorable self, crush the Ethel in her, subdue the Barrymore of her, to fit a nice, ladylike rôle, a mother who is misunderstood by her children. It is all pleasing tomfoolery with as much relation to life, to art, to the theater, as is the pollywog. In despair I read "Mrs. Warren's Profession" after I left the playhouse to rid myself of the sickly surf of Barrie's futile and brackish ideas. And I assure you I do not care much for this particular play. But any astringent for the mental palate after the Barrie *confitures*.

His "Little Mary" marked the low-water mark of dramatic formlessness. "Alice," etc., is a trifle better. I do not include "The Admirable Crichton" as that clever piece was first written by Ludwig Fulda, then adapted without acknowledgment. However, The Barrymores triumph if Barrie does not. Miss Barrymore is not an Ellen Terry for whom the part of Mrs. Grey was written, nor does she fully express the character, but she has tender and motherly moments. John Barrymore improves, and in the curtain raiser, "Pantaloon," is a very effective clown. Herein Lionel Barrymore tops his family. His Pantaloon is an exceedingly clever impersonation. Beatrice Agnew, in both the Barrie plays, displayed her versatility and personal charm. She is worth watching in the future. I can go "Peter Pan," but no more Barrie for me if it is to be of the "Alice, where art thou?" type.

Little need at this late day to tell you of Henri de Vries and his marvelous impersonations in "A Case of Arson." He was

the talk of the town in twenty-four hours. The vaudeville now "exploits" him. He is a great actor, and his seven fold characterizations set one to thinking of the mystery of human multiple consciousness. Here is a superb example for the psychologists, worth far more than the experimentings with abnormal personalities. De Vries is a normal man and actor, yet he flashed seven distinct personalities before us in the

clever little Heyermans play.

"The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," Mr. Alfred Sutro's new comedy at Daly's, did not repeat the impression made by his "Walls of Jericho." The thesis is slighter, the characterization not so strong, the construction far weaker. But there is brilliant dialogue, and the company, headed by Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Frank Worthing, do full justice to the English playwright's work. If the story had been more credible and the chief rôle a more sympathetic one, we could easily pardon the essential arti-

ficiality of the situations; as it is, you can't become deeply interested in these people of Mr. Sutro's.

Far more real because more sincere, though not so sophisticated in dialogue or structure, is Channing Pollock's "The Little Gray Lady," produced at the Garrick. We remember Mr. Pollock for his excellent adaptation of Frank Norris's "The Pit," a novel lacking in dramatic essentials. He has transferred the homely and gossiping atmosphere of a medium-class Washington boarding-house to the boards and has contrived to tell with excellent art a moving little tale; he also revealed a genuine gift for characterization. Little wonder Mr. Belasco has secured his pen for a term of years. Mr. Pollock's is a fresh talent. Julia Dean, Dorothy Donnelly, John W.



ESTELLE WESTWORTH, PRIMA DONNA IN "HAPPYLAND."

Albaugh, Jr., Charles Gay and the company generally are excellent interpreters.

"The Galloper," by Richard Harding Davis, at the Garden is farce-comedy of a superior order, and as enacted by the clever Raymond Hitchcock is a thing of joy, if not a beauty forever—to alter the old saw. Mr. Davis struck his gait in "The Dictator," and he is now a prime favorite with the New York public. In "The Galloper" he has re-shaken the kaleidoscope of his memory and we get a lively picture of journalism *en route*. It is well worth seeing.

"Grierson's Way," H. V. Esmond's play, first saw the light in London and it made

a mild stir. It followed "Zira" at the Princess Theater here with Henry Miller in the principal rôle. The piece was a failure, though it was on a plane far superior to several of the season's successes. Possibly the general gloom of the plot was the reason; otherwise there are bold character drawing and strong situations. Mr. Miller was admirable, and Guy Standing, Harry Woodruff, Fred Thorne and Miss Warren were all that could be desired. I confess I am still surprised at the short life of this play, which suggested a close study of Ibsen, but after all was original and suggestive. Compared to Barrie's latest—but there, you have had enough of Barrie and my lack of amiability.



FRANCIS WILSON IN HIS NEW PLAY "THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER."



CHRISTIE MacDONALD, APPEARING IN THE LATEST MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS
"MEXICANA."



ELEANOR ROBSON STARRING IN CLYDE FITCH'S NEW PLAY "THE GIRL WHO HAS EVERYTHING."



BLANCHE BATES IN "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."



ELSIE JANIS IN "THE VANDERBILT CUP."



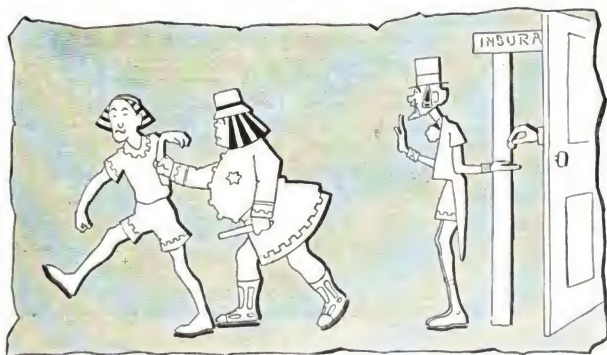
Photo by Otto Sareny Co.

MAUDE ADAMS AS "NAPOLEON" IN "PETER PAN."



GIVE me a line, a rod and bait,
A nook beside a shady pool,
And let me have that charming fate
Of being just an April fool!

IN all this mad foolishness share
Till April is well on the wing,
But for goodness' sake please to forbear
From being a poet in spring!



BA! Ba! Black Sheep,
Have you any pull?
Oh, dear, yes, Sir, both hands full.
One with the left hand
And one with the right,
And one with the main guy
Who keeps out of sight.

THE CUSTARD PIRATE



OUT upon the splashing waters
Of the stormy Abee Sea,
Roams a savage Custard Pirate
In his black ship "Piepanee."
Cruel, crusty Custard Pirate
Scours the ocean constantly.

Rich, old, sallow Custard Pirate
With his crew Debility
And his captain, Indigestion,
All most terrible to see,
Pacing up and down their low craft,
Grim old vessel, "Piepanee."

FANTASIES

A LENTEN LESSON

It was early in Lent,
And, as Mabel was firm on
Daily service, I went
With her once for the sermon:
As ye sow, ye shall reap,
Was the text. I was able
Twenty minutes to sleep
And have visions of Mabel.

As for Mabel, you know
When a girl gets a notion
It's her duty to sew,
She will prove her devotion:



SERVED HIM RIGHT



LITTLE Doctor O'Shay
Sat in a café,
Sipping a *petit verre*,
When a pink and green rabbit
Attempted to grab it,
And gave him a terrible scare.

INTELLECTUAL INDIGESTION

MR. RABBIT: How did your brother happen to
lose his job as comic editor of *Woodville Topics*?

MR. SQUIRREL: Oh, I guess he swallowed too
many "chestnuts" of late.

She went straightway and bought
Wire and ribbon and feather,
And in forty days caught
Them in beauty together.

When the wonder was done,
And as trim as a sonnet,
Mabel whispered in fun—
"You're the bee for this bonnet!"

Ah, that text had held fast;
For, without any warning,
Mabel reaped me at last
On the bright Easter morning.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

A RARE COMBINATION

In Nineteen Hundred's latter days,
When winsome *Babbie* met our gaze,
Her author heard the cry of praise—

“More, Barrie, more!”

So *Admirable Crichton* came;
And (though we mispronounced his
name)

We tipped that butler well with fame:

“More, Barrie, more!”

Though *Little Mary* was a pill
That none could swallow, well or ill,
We said to the compounder still—

“More, Barrie, more!”

Whereat—(describe it if you can!)

Bewitching, birdlike *Peter Pan*

An airy, fairy flight began:

“More, Barrie, more!”

What next? We wondered much, but soon

From *Pan* we passed to *Pantaloon*;

As quaint, but quite another tune:

“More, Barrie, more!”

Ah, here's the land of Heart's Desire!

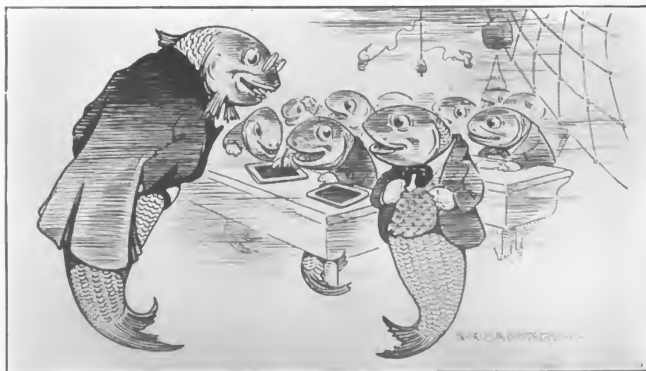
We sit with *Alice* by her fire,

And like a flame the call mounts higher—

“More, Barrie, more!”

More, Barrymore!”

. Anna Mathewson.



JUST A SCHOOL OF FISH

SPECIAL SPRING FICTION ISSUE

MAY 1906

PRICE 15 CENTS

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THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV

MAY, 1906

NUMBER II



A PERFORMANCE ON THE GREAT OPEN-AIR STAGE OF THE THEATER AT RÉZIERES.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATERS OF FRANCE

BY ARTHUR S. STEVENS



RECENT experiments in this country with theatrical performances given in the open air, with Nature's glorious foliage for sole stage setting, have been so successful, both financially and artistically, as to encourage their continuance and render likely their adoption as a permanent feature among summer amusements. In New York and other

American cities, Benn Greet and his English players have been attracting fashionable crowds to their pastoral representations of Shakespeare, and in California Greek tragedy has been given in the open-air amphitheater of the University. In England and also in Germany open-air performances are rapidly becoming very popular. But it is in France that this picturesque auditorium, with no roof other than the blue vault of heaven, has assumed the dignity of an important institution. In size, grandeur

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THE ARENA-THEATER OF BÉZIERS, DURING A REHEARSAL OF "LES HÉMIQUES," WITH

and interest of historic association, the great open-air theaters in the southern provinces are equaled nowhere else in the world.

The open-air theater, indeed, may be said to have originated in France, and there are two important reasons for this. One is the fine weather that generally prevails in the southern provinces during the summer months, when sometimes weeks pass without a drop of rain falling; the other is the large number in those parts of colossal arenas, relics of the Roman occupation of Gaul, and the majestic ruins of which are to-day in a state of perfect preservation. These arenas were originally modeled upon the antique theaters of Greece and Rome, and at the present time they are practically in as good condition as when the theater flourished in the days of the Caesars.

There are certain effects obtainable in an open-air theater, especially when performing antique tragedy, which cannot be obtained with the same intensity in the glare of the footlights of a closed-in theater. Besides, during those months of the year when an

open-air theater is possible, the public is more and more disinclined to enter a closed-in theater. It is also a fact that the taste of the public, especially in France, where the love of the drama is more cultured than in other countries, is growing in favor of this kind of spectacle, which at least presents the attraction of novelty. Certainly, never has there been such a widespread interest in "nature theaters," as they are termed, as at the present time.

In addition to the ancient Roman theaters at Orange, Nîmes and Arles, and the flourishing but modern "antique" theater at Béziers, there is the recently constructed open-air theater at Cauterets, the well-known health resort in the Pyrenees; and last year an entirely new open-air theater was built and opened at Champigny, quite near Paris, a place associated with an historic struggle during the Franco-German War. This is the only properly conducted theater in the open air near Paris.

The most celebrated of the ancient Roman theaters is the one at Orange, in the



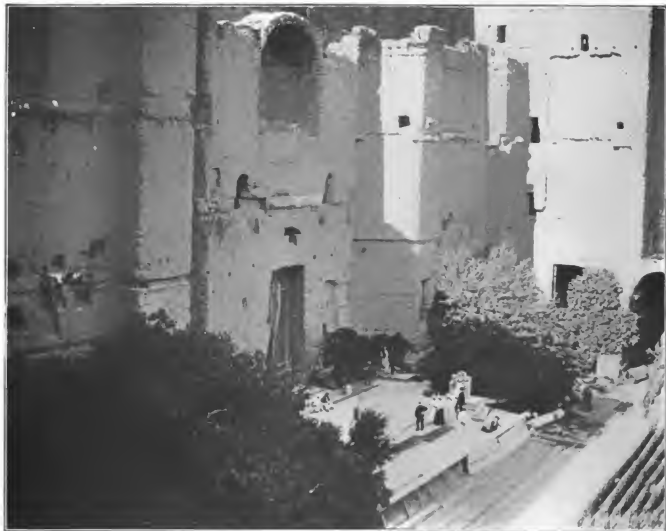
THE VAST STAGE-SET REPRESENTING A SCENE OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF DÉZIERES.

department of Vaucluse, where no fewer than forty thousand persons can sit without crowding and hear every word that is said on the stage. The theater itself is a monument of the utmost majesty. It consists of a gigantic wall of immense thickness, 120 feet high and 335 feet long. Louis XIV called this the *finest wall in his kingdom*, and Aicard, the novelist, wrote of it: "The wall no longer belongs to the century which built it, it is tragic and eternal!" It stands on a hill overlooking the Rhone valley and its gigantic stones dominate the entire city of Orange.

The wall, which has successfully resisted the ravages of time, serves as the base of a vast amphitheater in which the semicircles of seats are great blocks of stone. The acoustic properties of this theater are so wonderful that the slightest spoken word on the stage can be heard by people occupying the top circle of seats even better than by those sitting down below just near the stage. The stage itself is immense and is in proportion to the spacious amphitheater; it is 195

feet wide. A picturesque feature of it is the fact that several fig-trees have grown up between the large flags of stone which forms the greater part of the flooring of the stage.

In the theater at Orange the acoustic properties, though so admirable for the spoken voice, are not well adapted for music, especially orchestral music. The experiment was tried this year when "Les Troyens" by Berlioz, and Boito's "Méphistophélès," were given under excellent conditions, such world-renowned soloists as Mme. Litvinne, Mme. Cavalleri, M. Chialpine, the Russian baritone, and M. Rousselière, and a large orchestra under the conductorship of M. Colonne, participating in the performances. The opinion of the musical critics was that when the musical sounds reached the ears of the audience the finer shades of melody were lost. A greater intimacy is necessary between the thing which produces the sound and the ear which hears it. The two operas in question were written to be heard in a theater in the ordinary sense of the word, and the music



VIEW OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN THEATER OF ORANGE, SHOWING THE BASE OF THE FAMOUS WALL.

created by the composer for production under those conditions cannot adapt itself to the altered acoustic conditions involved by the open air. But the voice is more pliable, it can adapt itself to the changed conditions with the result that every sound can be heard. For music to be a success in an open-air theater, it would be necessary that it should be especially composed for the purpose. The difference between music composed for a theater and music composed for the open air would be something like the difference between a painting framed to adorn a room or art gallery and scene painting.

In the same way every play would not be suitable for performance in such a theater as that at Orange. Tragedy is almost necessary, and the tragedy should be conceived on majestic and simple lines. Of all plays that have been tried at Orange, the most successful has been Sophocles' "Ædipus Rex," in which the great tragedian Mounet-

Sully rouses the vast audience to a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm. Shakespeare would be a perfect gold mine for such a theater as this. "Julius Cæsar" was performed last summer, and it was a triumph. How thrilling would an adequate performance of "Macbeth" or "King Lear" be! Imagine sitting in the almost total darkness of the vast amphitheater, with only the stage lighted up; above one's head is the profundity of the starlit heaven; the night breeze fans into the face an impression of reality of nature; possibly there is a faint, weird rustle among the leaves of neighboring trees; the presence of the eternal stars puts the mind into communion with the spirit of the past as set forth in the grim tragedy which is being enacted on the stage. Surely under no other circumstances could theatrical illusion be so complete and overwhelming. Those capable of writing tragedies on the grand classical lines should set to work to write works especially adapted



THE STAGE WITH ITS FIG-TRERS AND THE SEMICIRCLES OF SEATS FOR THE AUDIENCE.

for production in the open-air theaters, for in countries with a moderately warm climate, a renaissance of theatrical art might result from the development of such theaters.

Until last year the performances in the old Roman theaters of France had the character of religious ceremonies in the worship of the past. The interest in them was antiquarian rather than theatrical. The performances were regarded rather as a duty due the dead past than a possibility of dramatic art development in the living present. Last year, however, the productions at Orange were not mere attempts to reconstruct the theater of the past; they were enhanced by the resources of modern stage-craft. The idea was to make the performances impressive independently of the antiquarian interest. M. Raoul Gunsbourg, manager of the theater at Monte Carlo, was at the head of the enterprise and he has received praise from every quarter. The experiment, though still to a certain extent tentative, has

given results which prove that the ancient form of open-air amphitheater merits the attention of others than antiquarians. The performances at Orange are now certain to be yearly affairs; in fact, there is a strong movement on foot to raise Orange to the dignity of a French Bayreuth, for the glorification not of one man but of the art of the past, which, being a thing of beauty and a joy forever, is still the art of the present.

The old Roman theaters at Nîmes and Arles are arenas, and have little in common with the theater at Orange except the antiquarian interest and the dignity of the architecture. It is true that theatrical performances are given there also; but the arenas are better adapted for big spectacular performances with ballets and a big orchestra. The arena at Nîmes is nearly circular, measuring 112 yards one way and 109 yards the other way. It will hold 23,000 persons, all of whom have plenty of room to stretch their legs and are by no means crowded.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE THEATER AT ORANGE, WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE TOWN BEYOND.

Considering its size, the acoustic properties are wonderful. The two arenas in question have also been used for bull-fighting.

The theater arena at Béziers, though built in the style of the old Roman arenas, is modern and only dates back about ten years. It was founded by M. Castelbon de Beauxhostes, and in it Grand Opera and spectacular scenes and ballets are mainly

performed. The principal thing to be feared in these open-air theaters is a sudden thunder-storm, when the audience is liable to get wet through before it can reach shelter; but such an eventuality is not common. Since 1896 at Orange, Nîmes and Béziers only four performances have been interrupted by rain.

It is in the arena at Nîmes that seats are cheapest. There are 3,500 specially reserved seats at 12 francs each (\$2.40); 4,000 at 7, 5 and 3 francs—that is to say, a dollar and a little over and a little under; then there are 16,000 seats at 40 cents. At Orange there are seats at 12, 10, 8 and 5 francs, and 4,000 at 2 francs. At Béziers the seats are dearer than anywhere else, and yet in all these theaters when there are performances every seat is taken. At Orange and the other Roman theaters the seats are vast blocks of stone, and without the intervention of a cushion are not comfortable.



A SIDE VIEW OF THE THÉÂTRE DE LA NATURE AT CAUTERETS.

Many people take a cushion with them; but those who do not care to go to this trouble can hire one in the theater as one buys a program. An ancient custom is put into practice as soon as the curtain goes down at the end of the performance. The people occupying the top circles of seats throw their cushions down into the hemicycle below, where they are liable to fall on spectators' heads. When Félix Faure, the former President of the Republic, was at Orange and saw this rain of cushions he thought a riot had broken out.

At Béziers the performances are held in the daytime; but at Orange footlights have been added to the stage and the performances are given at night. Speaking generally, unless the audience can be protected from the fierceness of the sun's rays, the most satisfactory effects are obtained at night, when the mind gives itself up more readily to the influence of the imagination. At



A REHEARSAL IN THE THEATER AT ORANGE, WITH M. MOUNET-SULLY (AT THE EXTREME RIGHT) DIRECTING.

Cauterets, however, the day performances are very pleasant, as the abundance of trees around the theater gives shade and coolness. The beautiful natural surroundings of this theater are conducive to a state of mind which elevates the taste above the rubbish that amuses one in a city theater.

In many respects the most interesting of the open-air theaters is the one at Cham-



SHOWING A PART OF THE NATURAL STAGE AND THE AUDIENCE.



ON THE STAGE OF THE THEATER AT ORANGE: MME. CAVALIERI (CENTER), MISS GERALDINE FARRAR (RIGHT) AND MLEB. MAILLE (LEFT).



A PART OF THE STAGE OF THE THÉÂTRE DE LA NATURE DURING A PERFORMANCE OF "LES ÉRINNYÈS."

pigny-la-Bataille, a few miles outside of Paris. It has the advantage of being in close proximity to Paris and is an intelligent application of the principle of the antique theater to modern requirements. Its founder and present manager is M. Albert Darmont, a talented romantic actor and tragedian, who has toured a great deal with Madame Sarah Bernhardt as her leading man. M. Darmont had acted several times in the ancient Roman theaters of France and also in the modern open-air theater of Cauterets, and was much struck

theaters of this description it is necessary to reduce scenery to its most simple expression. In fact, in the theater at Orange no scenery at all is used; but there the magnificent and venerable wall renders scenery unnecessary. At Champigny M. Darmont decided to have a stage setting designed which would be as it were a synthesis of all scenery required in classic drama and tragedy. This fundamental stage setting, which might be the walls of an ancient city, the ramparts of a city of the middle ages, or the outside of a fortified castle or temple, is, of course, sus-



THE ANCIENT ROMAN THEATER AT ARIES.

by the possibilities of these "al fresco" spectacles, both from the point of view of art and of popular favor. He accordingly visited all the open-air theaters he could find in Europe, and after this preliminary study set to work to found one which should contain all the advantages of all those he had visited. At Champigny-la-Bataille, where he was born and where he has a house, he found a site available for his purpose. It was necessary to make a considerable cutting in a hill-side in order to get space enough for the stage; then, on the other hand, it was necessary to raise the downward slope of the hill until it acquired a slope in the contrary direction, and on this upward slope in front of the stage are arranged the seats of the auditorium. In

ceptible of modification to suit the exigencies of any particular scene. But in the kind of play which is cultivated on the open-air stage, strong emotional situations, the interpretation of passion and good elocution are of far greater importance than mechanical tricks of scenery, which in the open air cease to have the same power of causing illusion that they have in an enclosed playhouse.

The "Théâtre de la Nature" at Cauterets is also quite modern and its services to dramatic art have been rewarded by a subvention from the State. Another well-known open-air theater of France is that at Bussang in the department of Vosges. It is entitled the "Théâtre du Peuple," and resembles the theater at Oberammergau in that the actors are all local residents. The



EXTERIOR OF THE GREAT ARENA AT NÎMES WHICH WILL HOLD TWENTY-THREE THOUSAND PERSONS.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NÎMES ARENA MADE READY FOR AN ACROBATIC PERFORMANCE AND A BULL-FIGHT.

plays performed are not, however, of a religious character. Other open-air theaters, in addition to those mentioned, are the Théâtre de la Motte Sainte Heraye, belonging to M. Corneille; M. Robert de la Villeherve's theater in Normandy; that at Ploujean in the department of Finistère, that at Dijon, and the ruins of the ancient Roman theater at Saintes in the department of Charente Inferieure, not to mention

those in Belgium, Switzerland and elsewhere on the Continent.

If the idea of open-air theaters continues to be intelligently developed, in a few years there will not be a summer resort which does not possess one, and the fine weather months, instead of being a dead season for dramatic artists, will be the occasion of renewed activity in a higher and healthier branch of their calling.

A REHEARSAL WITH THE ORCHESTRA IN THE THEATER AT ORANGE.



HOME SONG

BY CHARLES P. CLEAVES

THE world is fair and the world is wide,
 The bird has a restless wing;
 With the breeze o'er the seas the white sails glide
 Where the waves on the far sands fling;
 The reindeer speeds o'er the ice-bound tide—
 Oh, the traveler is king.

But there is a wider world, my love,
 Where together we rest and roam,
 And need neither steed nor wings of a dove
 Nor sails o'er the white sea's foam.
 'Tis the charmed world of the heart, my love,
 And it lies in the valley of home.



WITH THE COLORS

BY HERBERT LAWRENCE STONE



A BLUE-COATED regiment of infantry swung down the turnpike that formed the main thoroughfare of the little village, with an easy stride that had been acquired by sixteen months of vigorous campaigning. The tired, dusty feet swept mechanically back and forth with monotonous rhythm, to the clattering accompaniment of dipper, canteen and bayonet scabbard slung over the hips. The white dust of the roadway, stirred by the ceaseless tread, rose shoulder high and settled with irritating persistency over weather-stained uniforms and blanket rolls. From the fences that bordered the pike, separating it from the houses behind, curious faces looked distrustfully out upon the passing column with its sun-tanned men, while the soft swish of feet and accouterments drifted upon the still, warm air and fell upon apathetic ears.

For two days the army had been in the neighborhood. The distant roar of artillery had come faintly from the southward, while thin columns of blue had been creeping along the roads of the valley below. But this was the first of them to break the peace of the village, which had up to this time escaped the actual contact of the war.

The head of the column had gotten clear

of the village, and, at the forks of the road just beyond, halted for orders as to the direction to take and the ground to be occupied. The troops following closed up and came to a stand, choking the pike with tired, dusty men who threw themselves on the green banks that lined the road to snatch what rest they could during the welcome delay.

As the column broke ranks, a small boy who had been watching the passage of the troops with fascinated gaze, his dangling bare legs swinging back and forth in time with the infectious swing of the regiments in front, slid off the gatepost where he had been sitting. Edging past the knots of men seated along the roadside or leaning carelessly on their gun barrels, he worked his way toward the head of the last company that had passed, in front of which his alert eyes had caught sight of a lad of about sixteen who, with a drum slung over his shoulder and the visor of his fatigue cap rakishly uptilted, had been whistling immoderately "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

When he found him in the confusion of the mingling commands the drummer had slipped his shoulder out of the drum-belt and was seated on his instrument in the middle of the road, bantering some of the men with youthful assurance. The boy threw himself on the grass that bordered the path, where he could watch him to his heart's content. Admiration shone from the small

face and the boyish soul wandered off into a realm peopled by soldiers and drum boys. The lad seated on the drum could not but be conscious of the attention he was receiving, but he took his worship nonchalantly, pretending not to notice it.

"I say, sonny, what town do you call this?"

The boy by the path was brought back to earth by the question and flushed with pleasure at finding himself addressed by one of the prostrate soldiers.

"Keedysville, Frederick County, sir!"

"Keedysville? Never heard o' the place. How far's this from Sharpsburg?"

"About five miles, sir. But Sharpsburg's full of the rebels. Mr. Piper was over there yesterday and I heard him tellin' Rulett's folks about it. A squad of their cavalry rode through here yesterday, too, reconnoiterin'."

The soldier whistled.

"Which way was they headed, did you hear?" he said, adding more to his companions than to the boy: "I guess we've got 'em on the run this time."

"I hope so. Tommy Rulett says that one rebel can lick three Yankees, and I fought him just to show him it wasn't so. It isn't true, is it?"

The men who were near enough to overhear this conversation laughed at the incipient spirit cropping out.

"Father said when he went away that we'd whip 'em before the summer was over. Father's in the 5th Maryland. You don't know him, do you? Henry Fry's his name. Mine's Jim Fry."

"We hain't done it yet, son, and from the way we've commenced we hain't likely to this year, tho' I guess we've got 'em started now, like enough," and the soldier smiled indulgently at the little fellow's overtures while disclaiming the honor of his father's acquaintance.

"I wish I was old enough to 'list," went on the small belligerent. "Don't you think I could get 'em to take me as a drummer? I know I could keep up with the regiment and I shouldn't be afraid in a battle. How old do you have to be before they'll take you?"

The men grinned, sizing up the sturdy little frame topped by the earnest, boyish face.

"He's lookin' for your job, 'Bonesy,'" called one of them to the drummer seated in

the road, "an' wants a chance to get under fire, which is mor'n you ever did."

The lad flushed guiltily, not knowing how to answer the taunt.

"Doesn't he fight in battles?" asked Jim, looking solicitously toward the object of his admiration.

A boisterous laugh greeted the innocent question.

"Him? No! We sends him to the rear with the comp'ny baggage an' the wagons when there's any fightin' goin' on."

The boy's face fell at the shattering of his idol, while the drummer looked sheepish and, after vainly endeavoring to carry off his humiliation and stem the current of chaff which followed, edged uncomfortably out of earshot.

But the fall of his hero did not long dampen Jim's ardor, and he soon transferred his boyish enthusiasm to the color-sergeant, who had joined the group with the colors of the regiment and who had descendingly turned back the end of the waterproof covering to give the boy a glimpse of the bright-colored silk beneath.

"Why do you keep the flags covered?" the youngster had asked ingenuously. "I thought they was always flyin' when you were on the march." Whereupon the color-sergeant, big, good-natured Ben Falls, explained to him that it was only on dress parade or in action that the sacred colors saw the light of day; and told him the names of the engagements which the regiment had earned the right of having embroidered u, on them—Bull Run, Glendale, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Yorktown; names that in themselves meant nothing to the youngster, and yet the very sound of which, inspiring in their suggestiveness, fired the small soul at his side.

Longing as only a boy can long for the day to come when he would be old enough to be one of them, the little fellow prattled frankly on with his new friends. He was still asking questions and listening blissfully to the answers of the soldiers when a young woman came to the door of the house behind him and looked anxiously at the troops blocking the road. Standing upon the stone step she leaned lightly against the broad door frame and let her eyes wander expectantly up and down the turnpike as if hoping to catch sight of a familiar figure among the halted troops in front of her. Over her head flapped a small, printed

Union flag, the awkward angle at which it pointed toward the ground testifying to the unskilfulness of the hands that had nailed it there.

The captain of the company, happening to look up, noticed her and, suddenly remembering that he was thirsty, arose from the bank where he had been sitting with his back against a tree trunk. Flicking the dust from his shoes with a pair of soiled gauntlets he stepped across the path and, opening the gate that led to the house, started up the walk with an easy swing of self-assurance. The blue handkerchief knotted at his throat to protect the neck from the sun only served to set off the bronzed face above, with which the dusty army blouse seemed in such perfect keeping. He raised his cap, with the clover corps badge on its front, carelessly as he approached the doorstep.

"I beg your pardon, but may I have a glass of water?"

The ruse was so obvious that the girl smiled as she brought it to him from the house. When he had drunk it the officer seemed in no hurry to go, and seated himself on the stone steps at the girl's feet.

"You didn't happen to see anything of my brother in the road as you came up, did you?" asked the young woman. "A small, light-haired boy of ten? He disappeared from the house as soon as the soldiers came in sight. He's been so excited ever since the army's been in the neighborhood, and so afraid that it wouldn't get near enough for him to see, that I could hardly keep him at home."

"I guess you mean the little chap I noticed talking to the men. Oh, he's all right. I left him making friends with the company. He's already won the color-sergeant's heart and unwittingly discomfited the drummer."

The girl laughed.

"He's been crazy about soldiers ever since father went to war. Talks about them all day and dreams about them all night, I reckon. It's well for me he isn't a few years older, for if he were I couldn't hold him and would be left entirely alone. There are only the two of us to look out for the place now that father's gone. I do hope you won't have an engagement here, tho' they say Lee's army is in the neighborhood."

Far down the pike the head of the column had got in motion again, the sharp command of "fall in" ringing out nearer and

nearer as company after company got started. As the color company shuffled back to attention and swung into its stride, the officer took his leave with a promise to send the little errant home.

All that afternoon the small tow-head looked wistfully out over the fence as regiment after regiment, tanned and soiled from its hard summer on the Peninsula, filed by. It was twilight as the tail end of the corps straggled through the place, and in its wake, fast on one flank among the raff of wide-eyed village boys and negroes, followed Jim—unable longer to resist the call of desire, oblivious to time, hardly conscious of where he was going. It was but a mile or so beyond the village that the brigades of the corps went into bivouac under the early stars of mid-September, and once there the boy had no trouble in finding his friends of a few hours before, having remembered the number of the regiment from the figures on the men's caps.

After supper that evening the young captain of E Company ran across him, recognizing at once the yellow hair and the enraptured face. The service band attached to one of the regiments of the brigade was cheering the boys with a few favorite selections, and the small Jim, unconscious of everything save the joy and uplift of the moment, had planted himself in the foremost rank of the circle that had formed about it, so near that the vibration caused by the drums and bass brasses made his small stomach tremble while his whole body thrilled at the volume of sound. He had never even heard a regimental band before.

"Hi, there! What are you doing here?" and the captain brought his hand down on the boy's shoulder. "Your sister'll be worrying her life out about you. You'd better be getting home as fast as you can. Do you know the way?"

The boy, startled, looked crestfallen at the words.

"That's so; I'd clean forgotten about Sis."

He disappeared into the darkness, picking his way in and out among the company fires, which were now fast dying down. But the Fates were against him, and instead of getting home he passed the night under the same blanket with his friend, the big color-sergeant, to be sent on his way the next morning. Ben Falls had quite a brood himself at home, and a long absence had made

him particularly susceptible to a childish treble.

It was not yet daylight the next morning when an officer searching among the sleeping men came across a drum boy stretched out between two tall pirates with his feet toward the cold ashes of a tiny fire. He shook him gently by the shoulder.

"Get up, 'Bonesy,' and give us the reveille, and then go to the rear with the division wagon trains. We'll have work to do to-day."

The lad crawled out of his snug berth into the dew-laden night air, and sleepily tightened the drum cords. After a preliminary tap or two to make sure that he was awake, he broke lustily into the familiar roll.

Day was just breaking as the troops got into motion after swallowing their hastily made tins of coffee, the slender columns of fours picking their way silently along the roads that led down to the creek flowing through the bottom of the valley. It was sun-up when the first regiments of the division crossed the ford, knee deep in muddy water, and gaining the high ground on the far side deployed in a thin line of brigade front and waited for the rest of the division to follow. It was a tedious wait, for the ford was narrow and they were galled by a battery of the enemy hidden in a wood, which, after harmlessly exploding a few shells over their heads in getting the range, opened a well-directed fire on their extended front. From the hills in the rear some Union artillery searched the woods above them in a vain endeavor to silence the troublesome guns.

After a time the inaction and the steadily growing number of casualties began to get on the men's nerves.

"What are they holding us here for?"

"Where are the other brigades?"

"Why don't they put us in?"

The anxious questions, muttered under the breath, ran down the lines.

The officers were watching them closely, apprehensively.

"Steady there! Steady in the center! Stand fast on the end!"

They are ready at last, the other two brigades have formed in line of battle some distance behind them, and away they go, up the slope, over the stubble fields, glad at last to be on the move, the action and the sense of power in the long, unbroken, elbow-touching line steadying the men. For a

moment they are halted by a fence, running parallel with the column, which is quickly torn from the ground by many hands and thrown flat, and on they go again until they are met by a staggering fire of musketry that shakes them somewhat. The line is quickly redressed and they struggle on against an ever-increasing hail of lead that thins the ranks cruelly at every step.

The attack at last having lost its impetus, the torn line comes gradually to a stand, wavers for a moment, and, as if swayed by a common impulse, the men drop forward on to their faces. Pressing their bodies close to the earth to get what cover the ground affords, they hang on and hold what they have gained until reinforcements shall come up. Two hundred paces in front of them the enemy, posted behind a stone wall and in a sunken road, keeps up an intermittent fire, forever on the lookout for a raised head or a shoulder hunched up into shooting position—the tiny jets of dirt spurting up along the front of the prostrate line testifying to the accuracy of their range.

In the front rank Ben Falls slips the butt of his staff from the socket of his belt and plants it with a vicious jab in the earth before his face so that he can hold the colors upright with his hands.

A half hour passed with no relief in sight. The big color-sergeant was beginning to feel cramped in his awkward position when he suddenly felt some one tugging at his foot, and an instant later a hand fumbled at his belt. He twisted his neck so that he could look down without offering a target to the men doing the shooting, and was startled at seeing a crop of badly rumpled yellow hair at his waist.

"By all that's holy, how did you get here?" was all he could say.

"Crawled up from the rear line. I followed 'em over the creek and up the hill. They told me the regiment was on ahead, so I come. Is this a real battle?"

"Yes, my son, this is what we calls a battle and 's about as hot a proposition as your Uncle Ben ever ran into. You'd better crawl to the rear the same way you come as quick 's you can, and don't stop till you're on the other side of the creek."

The yellow head bobbed up an instant to look at what was going on in front, only to be brought quickly down again by Ben's big hand on the back of the neck.

"You want to be careful how you do that.

Our frien's over there is powerful straight shooters. Come to think it over, I don't know but what you'd be safer here than tryin' to crawl back over that half mile in the face of the promiscuous shootin' our rear lines is makin' out to do," and Ben rolled over on his side and with one hand pulled the boy close into the curve of his body, shielding him from the front with his huge frame. "Now lie there and don't move until they put the other division in, when you can scoot for the creek."

Jim snuggled up to his friend and for a while was quiet, listening to the incessant crackle of the musketry in front. But with his active little brain he could not be silent long.

"Where's the drummer; is he here?" The question popped out suddenly.

The corners of Ben's mouth twitched in spite of the seriousness of the situation.

"No. He's to the rear."

The boy breathed an audible sigh of satisfaction.

"I'm fightin' with the colors, ain't I? Is it hard work holdin' 'em?"

Some time later, it was hard to gage the flight of time lying there hugging the ground. Jim felt a spasmodic contraction of the body sheltering him, and the colors of the regiment rocked unsteadily for a moment and then fell forward on to the ground.

The line facing them set up a yell of triumph that must have carried clear across the creek. A soldier lying a few files from the flag left his place and started to crawl toward the color-sergeant, when he saw an arm go out and the colors slowly and unsteadily come up again. So Ben was all right, after all. Wounded, perhaps! The man crept back to his place and the thin line set up a feeble cheer. They were near the end of their tether.

For another half hour the tattered square of silk waved defiantly over the gallant line, holding so hardly what they had gained, the target of a perfect rain of lead. At last, far in the rear, they heard a cheer—faintly at first. So help is coming, after all. They are not to be left to their fate. The men of Kimball's division will soon be with them. Again they hear the cheer, nearer this time, followed by a volley of musketry, and the fire from the wall in front is diverted for the time and flies harmlessly over their heads toward this fresh advance. On it sweeps up the slope, over the first line of prostrate

men it reaches. It is broken a little as it passes through the second, but does not falter. On it comes, and as it nears that torn front line the men, lying prone, separate a little to give it free passage. With a rush it has swept through, a few of the choicer spirits of that tired brigade rising from the burrows they have made and joining in the charge, while the rest retire behind a crest of land to reform the shattered regiments.

The captain of E Company, rallying his men to get them back to some shelter, stumbled over the outstretched legs of Ben Falls and was dumfounded at seeing a tow head sticking up above the color-sergeant's shoulder and a couple of small, brown hands gripping the flag-staff. A narrow ribbon of red trickled down over one white wrist and dripped slowly from the elbow of a sodden sleeve.

A glance sufficed to show that Ben would never carry the colors again, and calling a corporal to take them, the officer bent down and picked up the boy in his arms. On feeling their protection the small body relaxed and the tired eyes drooped, but before giving way to the fatigue that was stealing over him, now that the sense of security had come, the eyes opened again, as with an effort, and looked up into the face of the captain.

"Have the Johnnies gone?" The moving lips framed the question. "Have we beaten 'em?"

His arm was dressed at the field hospital established among the willows that fringed the banks of the creek in the rear.

That evening, just as day was going in a blaze of glory on the western horizon, the peace of the hour being broken only by the distant thunder of artillery to the south, a dusty army ambulance, with numerous rents from stray shells in its canvas top, rumbled up to the gate of the brick house.

The captain of Company E jumped down from the seat alongside the driver and from somewhere in its interior gathered gently in his arms a small bundle and started with it up the path. He was met halfway to the house by a flying figure with terror-stricken eyes.

"You needn't be alarmed," he said. "He's all right; merely a shot through the hand, which the surgeon says 'll take a week or so to heal. Only keep him at home, or there's no telling where he'll be next. Fol-

lowed us over the creek and I found him in the thick of this morning's battle. The surgeon's coming over to-morrow to look him over and dress the wound."

Her eyes looked gratefully into his as she took the precious bundle from his arm. The boy stirred, and looking up, recognized the anxious, loving face bending over him. A momentary gleam of excitement flashed from his languid eyes.

"We've whipped 'em, Sis; whipped 'em good and driven 'em acrost the river into Virginia. They'll never be comin' back here, I reckon."

The girl looked up and smiled through tear-swimming eyes at the young officer. The captain had difficulty in swallowing the lump in his throat, and for the first time in his life was at a loss for an answer.

"The little chap is clear grit, all right," he said at last.

He turned, and walked away through the gathering darkness toward the camp as the girl disappeared into the empty house.

"And I should say the girl's made of the same stuff, from the look of things," he added thoughtfully. "Guess it must run in the blood."

THE MAY MOON

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

Oh, little moon of May against the sky,
Hold your white flame to light young lovers by,
Haste, little veiled maid with noiseless feet,
To point the way to all fair paths and sweet,
To those glad souls who seek your ministry.

"Show us, we pray thee, where Love's altars lie."
Hark the world's longing thrills the wistful cry,
And swift you lean to give them guidance meet,
Oh, little moon of May.

Slim little handmaid, exquisite and shy,
Lift, I implore, your silver lamp on high,
That youth's heart, seeing, may exult and beat
And follow still thy slender feet and fleet
To where the master waits in majesty,
Oh, little moon of May.



SHIPS AND THE SEA

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

I



SHIPS!" exclaimed an elderly seaman in clean shore togs. "Ships!" and his keen glance, turning away from my face, ran along the vista of magnificent figureheads that, in

the late seventies used to overhang in a serried rank the muddy pavement by the side of the New South Dock. "Ships are all right. It's the men in 'em. . . ."

Fifty hulls, at least, molded on lines of beauty and speed, hulls of wood, of iron, expressing in their forms the highest achievement of modern shipbuilding, lay moored all in a row, stern to quay, as if assembled there for an exhibition, not of a great industry, but of a great art, overwhelming the initiated beholder by the repeated seduction of their fine lines, and, in the monotonous, unflinching perfection of crystallized classic rule of design, the variety of their individual aspect. They were gray, black, dark green, with a narrow strip of yellow molding defining their sheer, or with a row of painted ports decking in warlike decoration their vast flanks of cargo-carriers that would know no triumph but of speed in carrying a burden, no glory other than of a long service, no victory but that of an endless obscure contest with the sea. The great empty hulls with their swept holds, just out of dry-dock, with their paint glistening freshly, sat high-sided with ponderous dignity alongside the wooden jetties, looking more like unmovable buildings than things meant to go afloat; others, half loaded, far on the way

to recover the true sea physiognomy of a ship brought down to her bearings, looked more accessible. Their less steeply slanting gangways seemed to invite the strolling sailors in search of a berth to walk on board and try "for a chance," with the chief mate, the guardian of a ship's efficiency. As if trying to remain unperceived among their overtopping sisters, two or three "finished" ships floated low with an air of straining at the leash of their level headfasts, exposing to view their cleared decks and covered hatches, prepared to drop stern-first out of the laboring ranks, displaying the true comeliness of form which only her proper sea-trim gives to a ship. And for a good quarter of a mile, from the dockyard-gate to the farthest corner where the old housed-in hulk the "President" (drill-ship, then of the Naval Reserve) used to lie with her frigate side rubbing against the stone of the quay, above all these hulls ready and unready, a hundred and fifty lofty masts, more or less, held out the web of their rigging like an immense net in whose close mesh, black against the sky, the heavy yards seemed to be entangled and suspended.

It was a sight. The humblest craft that floats makes its appeal to a seaman by the faithfulness of her life; and this was the place where one beheld the aristocracy of ships, the noble gathering of the fairest and the swiftest, each bearing at the bow the carved emblem of her name, as in a gallery of plaster casts: busts of women with mural crowns, women with flowing robes, with gold fillets on their hair or blue scarves round their waists, stretching out rounded arms as if to point the way; heads of men helmeted or bare; full lengths of warriors,



THE HUMBLEST CRAFT THAT FLOATS MAKES ITS APPEAL TO A SEAMAN BY THE FAITHFULNESS OF HER LIFE.

of kings, of statesmen, of lords and princesses, all white from top to toe; with here and there a dusky turbaned figure bedizened in many colors of some Eastern sultan or hero, all inclined forward under the slant of mighty bowsprits as if eager to begin another run of eleven thousand miles in their leaning attitudes. There were the fine figureheads of the finest ships afloat. But why, unless for the love of the life those effigies shared with us in their wandering impassivity, should one try to reproduce in words an impression of whose fidelity there can be no critic and no judge, since such an exhibition of the art of shipbuilding and the art of figurehead carving as was seen from year's end to year's end in the open-air gallery of the New South Dock Quay-side no man's eye shall behold again? All that patient pale company of queens and princesses, of kings and warriors, of allegorical women, of heroines and statesmen and heathen gods, crowned, helmeted, bare-headed, had run for good off the sea, stretching to the last above the tumbling foam their fair rounded arms, holding out their spears, swords, shields, tridents, in the same unwearied, striving forward pose. And nothing remains but, lingering perhaps in the memory of a few men, the sound of their names vanished a long time ago from the first page of the great London dailies; from big posters in railway stations; from the doors of shipping offices; from the minds of sailors, dockmasters, pilots and tugmen; from the hail of gruff voices and the flutter of signal flags exchanged between ships closing upon one another to pass by and draw apart in the open immensity of the sea.

The elderly respectable seaman, withdrawing his gaze from that multitude of spars, gave me a glance to make sure of our fellowship in the craft and mystery of the sea. We had met casually and had got into contact as I had stopped near him, my attention being caught by the same thing he was looking at aloft in the rigging of an obviously new ship, a ship with her reputation all to make yet in the talk of the seamen who were to share their life with her. Her name was already on their lips. I had heard it uttered between two thick red-necked fellows of the semi-nautical type at the Fenchurch Street railway station, where, in those days, the every-day male crowd was attired in jerseys and pilot-cloth

mostly, and had the air of being more conversant with the times of high water than with the times of the trains. I had noticed that new ship's name on the first page of my morning paper; I had stared at the unfamiliar grouping of its letters, blue on white ground, upon the advertisement boards, whenever the train came to a standstill alongside one of the shabby, wooden, wharf-like platforms of the Dock-Railway line. She had been named, with proper observances, on the day she took the water, no doubt, but she was very far yet from "having a name." Untried, ignorant of the ways of the sea, she had been thrust among that renowned company of ships to load for her maiden voyage. There was nothing to vouch for her soundness and the worth of her character but the reputation of the building-yard whence she was launched headlong into the world of waters. She looked modest to me; I imagined her diffident, lying very quiet, with her side nestling shyly against the wharf to which she was made fast with very new lines, intimidated by the company of her tried and experienced sisters, already familiar with all the violences of the ocean and the exacting love of men. They had had more long voyages to make their names in than she had known weeks of carefully tended life—for a new ship receives as much attention as if she were a young bride. Even crabbed old dock-masters look at her with interest. In her shyness at the threshold of a laborious and uncertain life, where so much is expected of a ship, she could not have been better heartened and comforted had she only been able to hear and understand, than by the tone of deep conviction in which my elderly, respectable seaman repeated the first part of his saying: "Ships are all right. . . ."

His civility prevented him from repeating the other, the bitter part. It had occurred to him that it was perhaps indelicate to insist. He had recognized in me a ship's officer, very possibly looking for a berth like himself, and so far a comrade, but still a man belonging to that sparsely peopled after-end of a ship where her reputation as a "good ship," in seaman's parlance, is made or marred.

"Can you say that of all ships without exception?" I asked, being in an idle mood, because, if an obvious ship's officer, I was not, as a matter of fact, down at the docks

to "look for a berth"—an occupation as engrossing as gambling and as little favorable to the free exchange of ideas, besides being destructive of the kindly temper needed for casual intercourse with one's fellow creatures.

"You can always put up with 'em," opined the respectable seaman judiciously. He was not averse to discoursing either. If he had come down to the dock to look for a berth, he did not seem oppressed by the anxiety as to his chances. He had the serenity of a man whose estimable character is fortunately expressed by his personal appearance in a perfectly unobtrusive yet convincing manner, which no chief officer in want of hands could resist. And true enough, I learned presently that the mate of the "Hyperion" had "taken down" his name for quartermaster.

"We sign on Friday and join next day for the morning tide," he remarked, in a deliberate, unconcerned tone, which contrasted strongly with his evident readiness to stand there yearning for an hour or so with an utter stranger.

"Hyperion," I said. "I don't remember ever seeing that ship anywhere. What sort of a name has she got?"

It appeared from his discursive answer that she had not much of a name one way or another. She was not very fast. It took no fool though to steer her straight, he believed. Some years ago he had seen her in Calcutta, and he remembered being told by somebody then that on her passage up the river she had carried away both her hawse-pipes. But that might have been the pilot's fault. Just now, yarning with the apprentices on board, he had heard that this very voyage, brought up in the Downs, outward bound, she broke her sheer, struck adrift and lost an anchor and chain. But that might have been through want of careful tending in a tideway. All the same, this looked as though she were pretty hard on her ground-tackle. Didn't it? She seemed a heavy ship to handle, anyway. For the rest, as she had a new captain and a new mate this voyage, he understood, one couldn't say how she would turn out. . . .

In such marine shore-talk as this is, the name of a ship slowly established, her fame made for her, the tale of her qualities and of her defects kept; her idiosyncrasies commented upon with the zest of personal gossip; her achievements made much of, her

faults glossed over as things that, being without remedy in our imperfect world, should not be dwelt upon too much by men who, with the help of ships, wrest out a bitter living from the rough grasp of the sea. All that talk makes up her "name," which is handed over from one crew to another without bitterness, without animosity, with the indulgence of mutual dependence, and with the feeling of close association in the exercise of her perfections and in the danger of her defects.

II

This feeling explains men's pride in ships. "Ships are all right," as my middle-aged, respectable quartermaster said, with much conviction and some irony. But they are not exactly what men make them. They have their own nature; they can of themselves minister to our self-esteem by the demand their qualities make upon our skill and their shortcomings upon our hardihood and endurance. Which is the more flattering exaction it is hard to say; but there is the fact that, in listening for upwards of twenty years to the sea-talk that goes on afloat and ashore, I have never detected the true note of animosity. I won't deny that at sea, sometimes, the note of profanity was audible enough in those chiding interpellations a wet, cold, weary seaman addresses to his ship, and in moments of exasperation is disposed to extend to all ships that ever were launched, to the whole everlasting, exacting brood that swims in deep waters. And I have heard curses launched at the unstable element itself, whose fascination, outlasting the accumulated experience of ages, had captured him as it had captured the generations of his forebears.

For all that has been said of the love that certain natures (on shore) have professed to feel for it, for all the celebrations it had been the object of in prose and song, the sea has never been friendly to man. At most it has been the accomplice of human restlessness, and played the part of dangerous abettor of world-wide ambitions. Faithful to no race after the manner of the kindly earth, receiving no impress from valor and toil and self-sacrifice, recognizing no finality of dominion, the sea has never adopted the cause of its masters as those lands have

done where the victorious nations of mankind have taken root, rocking their cradles and setting up their gravestones. He—man or people—who, putting his trust in the friendship of the sea, neglects the strength and cunning of his right hand is a fool! As if it were too great, too mighty for common virtues, the ocean has no compassion, no faith, no law, no memory. Its fickleness is to be held true to men's purposes only by an undaunted resolution and by a sleepless, armed, jealous vigilance in which perhaps there has always been more hate than love. *Odi et amo* may well be the confession of those who consciously or blindly have surrendered their existence to the fascination of the sea. All the tempestuous passions of mankind's young days, the love of loot and the love of glory, the love of adventure and the love of danger, with the great love of the unknown and vast dreams of dominion and power, have passed like images reflected from a mirror, leaving no record upon the mysterious face of the sea. Impenetrable and heartless, these has given nothing of itself to the suitors for its precarious favors. Unlike the earth, it cannot be subjugated at any cost of patience and toil. For all its

fascination that has lured so many to a violent death, its immensity has never been loved as the mountains, the plains, the desert itself, have been loved. Indeed, I suspect that, leaving aside the protestations and tributes of writers who, one is safe in saying, care for little else in the world but the rhythm of their lines and the cadence of their phrase, the love of the sea to which some men and nations confess so readily is a complex sentiment wherein pride enters for much, necessity for not a little, and the love of ships, the untiring servants of our hopes and our self-esteem, for the best and most genuine part. For the hundreds who have reviled the sea beginning with Shakespeare in the casual line:

More fell than hunger, anguish or the sea,

down to the last obscure seadog of the "old model," having but a few words and still fewer thoughts, there could not be found, I believe, one sailor who has ever coupled a curse with the good or bad name of a ship. If ever his profanity, provoked by the hardships of the sea, went so far as to touch his ship, it would be lightly, as a hand may, without sin, be laid in the way of kindness on a woman.

AT MOST THE SEA HAS PLAYED THE PART OF DANGEROUS ABETTOR OF WORLD-WIDE AMBITIONS



THE BUFFALO SPIRIT

BY ARTHUR HEMING

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



HERE, my sons, are the Buffalo Hills," said Standing Wolf, addressing At-tick, or the Caribou, and Wapistan, or the Marten.

"In the old days," he continued, "no hunter dared sleep in that region because of the Wetigoes—evil spirits that roamed the hillside forest—and in my time many Wetigoes have been seen in these woods. Often have hunters gone forth never to return.

"Ooo-koo-hoo, your grandfather, who was killed when I was but a boy, told me that once when he was hunting buffalo in these very hills, a great storm compelled him to spend the night in the Wetigo woods. When dusk came to warn him of the night's approach, he set to work to build a brush wind-brake as a shelter from the blast. While scraping away the snow, he was startled by a whispering voice among the swaying trees, and awe held him listening. Judging the voice to be the voice of a good spirit, he became fearless and began to talk with it. It was the voice of the great Buffalo Spirit. It told him that, if he wished to tarry overnight among the hills, he should pitch his camp beside its resting place, and no harm should befall him.

"At once he began to search the woods lest darkness should overtake him before he had found the abiding place of the Buffalo Spirit. Just as night was creeping up the hillside, he found a great rock shaped like a sleeping buffalo. Beside it he gladly made his camp. The roar of the storm kept him from turning in; and, while he sat beside the fire drowsily smoking his pipe, the Buffalo Spirit told him many things.

"It told him that it was there to watch

over the last of the buffalo, and to turn aside the white men who were ever bringing evil among our people, and who had ruthlessly destroyed the buffalo of the prairies. It told him, too, that as our people had always shared the country with the buffalo, we could still hunt them, provided that due respect were paid to the slain.

"On that trip my father had great success; no evil thing crossed his trail.

"It is true, my sons, that this little band and a larger band beyond the Athabasca and the River of Peace are the last of all the buffalo. The Great White Father, to redeem the folly of the Long Knives (Americans), has set his Redcoats (Mounted Police) to guard the few that remain. For the white men it is a good law; let them keep it. For us it is different. To us the buffalo belong. We will hunt them as our fathers did; and if the Redcoats follow our trail, we shall show them that when white men travel in the Strongwood country they are but as children.

"Now, my sons, it is growing late. We must push on, if we are to sleep to-night among the Buffalo Hills."

Down the slope they went. Standing Wolf, as trail beater, led the way; the Marten, immediately preceding the dogs, followed his father at a little distance; the Caribou, holding back upon the trail line, brought up the rear. At the steepest part of the descent, the Caribou found it difficult to control the sled. A curly root caught the toe of one of his shoes. The trail line gave a sudden jerk. He lost his balance and tumbled down the bank headlong. The sled, freed, plunged upon the dogs. They rushed frantically down and overran the Marten's shoes. In a moment, four dogs and a boy—in a struggling heap crowned with an upturned sled and almost



THE MARTEN'S HUNTING CAP.

buried in the snow—lay at the bottom of the slope.

The Caribou went to the rescue, pulled the Marten out, and then both set to, to give the dogs a beating.

When the harness had been disentangled, and the sled repacked; when the cracking of whips and the yelping of dogs had ceased to echo round the lake, the party moved on once more in single file. Two hours later the sun went down. Before its glow had faded from the sky, the dusk crept silently through the forest, and found the Indians halted beside the resting place of the Buffalo Spirit. Upon one huge boulder rested another, almost as huge, that looked like a buffalo lying down.

Facing this, Standing Wolf reverently addressed it, and placed upon it tobacco from his fire-bag, as an offering to the Buffalo Spirit. This done, all turned to making their camp. Standing Wolf went off in search of dry trees for firewood. The Marten busied himself shoveling away the snow with a snowshoe. The Caribou cut down a number of green spruce trees, stripped off the branches to build an open shelter with, and spread upon the cleared ground a heavy, springy carpet of the smallest twigs for beds. When enough dry wood had been brought in, and the shelter was finished, the dogs were unharnessed and soon there was a roaring fire made of logs about ten feet long, laid in parallel lines so that, without being in one another's way, one might have room enough to eat his supper, dry his moc-casins and smoke his pipe before the flames. Four whitelish, that had been thawing before the fire while the men cooked and ate their supper, were fed to the dogs.

It was late before sleep overtook the boys; for—even while trusting implicitly

to the protection of the Buffalo Spirit—they dreaded the awful Wetigoes believed to haunt those woods.

Next morning, at the first sign of dawn, Standing Wolf left the boys and the dogs resting by the fire, and set out to trail the buffalo. He wanted to locate the game in order to determine whether he had better move his camp before beginning the kill. Passing westward between the hills, he circled the base of the northernmost before turning south. Not until he had rounded the eastern end of the southern hill did he see signs of his quarry. The tracks were old, and he passed on until he had discovered fresher signs. Then, feeling sure of finding the game next day, he turned



THE GREAT BEAST GAVE ONE LEAP INTO THE AIR.

and headed straight for camp, which he reached as darkness was setting in. After supper all squatted before the fire, smoking their pipes and talking about the morrow's hunt.

"My sons," began Standing Wolf, "the way of hunting buffalo is unlike that of hunting moose or caribou; and it is easier. The buffalo—on account of his short legs—is a heavy walker. He breaks through ice or crust that a moose of the same weight passes over. Snow to the depth of a child's knee, though it troubles not the moose at all, makes hard traveling for the buffalo. When the snow is thickly crusted, he makes little attempt to escape, and easily—especially with dogs—can be run down.

"My sons, do not fire head on. Our guns are smooth-bores, and the balls may glance aside. Wait for a chance to get a rear or a broadside shot."

Next day, as they had decided to move camp, the Indians had eaten a hasty breakfast, packed the sled and harnessed the dogs before the Northern Lights had gone to rest. They swung out upon the track that Standing Wolf had beaten on his return from the sunny side of the southern hill. They were under way nearly two hours before dawn rose through the upper branches of the eastern trees, and sunrise found them examining some broad tracks that ran like a trench through the forest.

"The fresh signs are still some distance away," said Standing Wolf, "and, as this place is not too near, it will be good to camp on.

"Make no noise, my sons, for, though the wind is right, sound travels far through the winter forest."

He decided to leave the dogs behind. To prevent them from gnawing themselves free, he tied each by the collar to one end of a stout stick, the other end of which was made fast to a tree. To keep them from barking, he muzzled them.

The Indians had gone but a scant mile when they came upon a trail that had been broken the day before. A little farther on they found tracks made that very morning. Standing Wolf, when trailing an animal, always took care not to disturb the tracks, in order that—should occasion arise—he could back track the trail, and by studying the signs determine exactly what to expect from his quarry. Before continuing his advance now, he back-tracked

the trail for some distance; and, on coming to a sheltered spot, found in the snow eleven imprints of various sizes, showing where the buffalo had lain during the previous night.

The wind being favorable, the hunters moved forward, taking the utmost care to approach silently.

Fresher signs began to appear. At an opening in the wood, they saw where the buffalo had been feeding. The snow had been tossed and pawed about in search for buffalo grass—a grass which cures naturally upon its stem and becomes an excellent hay, eatable throughout the whole winter.

Keeping to the timber, the hunters made a slight detour to gain a better view of the prairie. Cautiously they crept through the underbrush, uncovering their guns, and cocking and priming them as they went. When the trees began to thin out, avoiding the open places, they moved silently on in the shadows of the evergreens. Suddenly, Standing Wolf stood still, and gazed through the branches of a spruce at something just ahead. The boys, following close behind, with their eyes on their leader, paused, too, for a moment, and then assured that they were not observed, crept forward.

There, in a field of dazzling white, was a small herd of the little-known "wood-bison." The bulls were quietly feeding, while the cows and calves lay basking in the sunshine. They were handsome creatures, somewhat larger than the prairie bison, and—probably owing to the fact of their sires having lived for a century, at least, in the sub-arctic timber—their coats were darker and richer in color than those of their brothers of the prairie.*

Cautiously whispering to the Marten, Standing Wolf said: "Abide here, my son; the Caribou and I will work round. When we fire, the buffalo may run this way; and, perhaps, you may have a second chance for a broadside shot. Don't get excited, my son; take steady aim. Remember, we want the skins not to sell to the trader but to use as robes. Try first for the cows and calves since their hair is the softest. Don't

* More than a hundred years ago, Alexander Mackenzie recorded that, when he discovered the great river that now bears his name, he found herds of bison living in the forests of Athabasca. Some writers, however, assert that the so-called wood-buffalo migrated from the prairies to the far northern forests during the period when the hide hunters were busy exterminating the bison of the Western States.



"MY BROTHER, BE NOT ANGRY, FOR IT IS THE MASTER OF LIFE WHO IS CALLING YOU."

U.S.N.

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fire at an old bull unless you have missed the others."

"Which shall I shoot first?" asked the Marten.

"Try for the standing cow," replied his father; "creep up a little closer, but don't fire until I do."

Standing Wolf and the Caribou turned and passed silently among the denser growths until they had found another point from which they could approach the game. There Standing Wolf left the Caribou and pushed on a little farther to the right. Slipping off his snowshoes, he crouched low, and wound his way from tree to tree, until between the quarry and himself only one intervened. Taking careful aim the while, he addressed the buffaloes in kindly tones too low pitched for them to hear:

"Good day, my big brothers, I am Standing Wolf of Spirit Lake. My family needs robes, and I have journeyed far to ask you for yours."

He fired. The report of the Caribou's gun, and a moment later that of Marten, followed. While the sounds were crashing from side to side of the opening, one cow fell over without even rising; another, leaping up, wheeled suddenly, ran a few yards, and sank slowly down. For a moment the startled herd snorted and gazed about in wonderment. A second later, they galloped for the shelter of the woods.

Hastily recharging his muzzle-loader with powder, Standing Wolf dropped a ball into the barrel, and without adding a wad or ramming the bullet home, struck the butt of his gun against the hard snow and slipped a cap upon the nipple. Leaping up, he dodged quickly back among the bushes, ran to a clump of trees that stood a little farther out on the barren, then, throwing himself upon the snow, crept upon hands and knees to a tree that stood alone. The sound of hoofs beating heavily upon the hard snow grew louder. As he glanced round his evergreen screen, he saw a wild-eyed bull galloping towards him. On it came, slashing its huge head from side to side, and snorting and bellowing with rage. When it was almost upon him, and before he could bring his gun to his shoulder, he heard the Caribou fire. The great beast gave one leap into the air, and then fell heavily to the ground. Jumping to his feet, Standing Wolf stood with his gun in readiness, but, seeing the bull

to be mortally wounded, as the herd swept by, he brought his weapon to bear upon a two-year-old, and killed it. Then he stepped up to the bull. It was dead, but still its savage gaze was fixed upon him. Stooping down, he drew the edge of his knife across its eyes, for he dared not skin the carcass while the glassy orbs were staring at him. He, with the rest of his tribe, believed that each of the larger and wiser animals of the forest embodied the spirit of some departed brave, and that the spirit could not take its leave until the eyes had lost their luster.

The Caribou soon joined him; and, wondering what had become of the Marten, both set out to find him. His tracks told that he had gone off at full speed in pursuit of buffalo. As they hurried along, they heard another shot; and, when at last they overtook the lad, they saw him peering over the brink of a snowdrift at a wounded bull who lay rolling in the snow feebly struggling to rise.

The boy was saying in a gentle undertone: "My brother, be not angry, for it is the Master of Life who is calling you."

With the last word he fired, and the bull lay dead.

Their hunt having proved a success, they hastened to skin the animals and cut out the choicest parts of the meat, lest the carcasses should freeze before their task was finished.

Next day they broke camp, and, before leaving the hills, visited the resting place of the Buffalo Spirit, and once more placed upon the stone an offering of tobacco. Then they began in earnest their long homeward journey. For five days they plodded on without incident. On the morning of the sixth day they smelt smoke. Standing Wolf went ahead to investigate. He found two white men in a half-starving condition. During a snow-storm they had lost the packet trail and had stumbled upon Standing Wolf's trail. This they were following in the belief that they had regained the right road. Two of their dogs had starved to death. Taking compassion upon them, Standing Wolf gave them liberally of his buffalo meat, and, bidding them follow him, soon set them upon their true course. He showed them, also, how to follow an unseen trail by the feel of the foot; so that, should another storm arise, they might not again lose their way. More-



HE STOOD FOR A LONG TIME WITH HIS HEAD BOWED REVERENTLY TOWARDS THE NORTH-WEST, FOR HE WAS COMMUNING WITH THE BUFFALO SPIRIT.

over, he gave them a rough map of the region, drawn upon birch bark, and then bade them farewell.

As the northern trend of the packet trail lay for nearly a day's travel in his direction, Standing Wolf followed it. That evening he came upon a camp of Wood Crees, old friends of his, and decided to remain with them for a few days. About four o'clock next afternoon the yelping of dogs was heard to the south, and the Indians quickly hid the buffalo skins in the woods. A half-breed came running through the forest. It was Kipling, the famous runner, who was breaking the trail for the MacKenzie River packet (Mail), and who was a friend of Standing Wolf. He informed the hunter that the Mounted Police were already upon his track; that two white men had told the Redcoats that they had seen three Indians with fresh buffalo meat and green buffalo hides in their possession.

At once the camp was all excitement. Each man lent a hand at harnessing the dogs, packing the sled, or cooking a hurried snack for Standing Wolf and his sons. The distant cracking of a dog whip almost threw them into a panic; but when Kipling had assured them that his partner had promised not to let the police train pass his dogs, the Indians quieted down, and waited until the other half-breed hove into sight.

"Now, At-tick, my son," said Standing Wolf, "show me that you are not unworthy of your name. Let your pace be as fast as that of the Caribou. Go ahead and beat the trail."

Having bidden his friends adieu, Standing Wolf was turning to go, when Ka-Kaik, or the Hawk, addressed him:

"My brother, we know that you are not only a great hunter and a strong runner, but a wise man, too. We are sure that the Redcoats will never find the buffalo skins in your possession. The white dogs are nothing but a pack of liars and thieves who rob us of our land, and then try to imprison us for hunting the game that the Master of Life has given us. But you, my brother, are well named Standing Wolf; to you we say farewell without a grain of fear."

A few hasty hand-shakes, a crack of the whip, and they were off. When darkness came on the moon shone out, and—as if in rivalry—the Northern Lights ap-

peared. Long double shadows clung to their heels as they strode, through the desolate muskogs. From afar, the prowling beasts of the night watched them speeding over the snowy expanse.

On nearing the edge of the forest, Standing Wolf looked back over the lake they had just crossed, and beheld, far behind, a fire. Spelling the dogs just inside the timber screen, the Indians rested upon the sled and watched the flickering light upon the distant hill. It was blinking at irregular intervals. It was a signal fire. Their old friend, Ka-Kaik, was passing a blanket in front of the flames to spell a warning to them that the police had again set out upon their trail.

They resumed their journey at once. After a couple of hours' run, they halted in the heavy timber to infuse some tea. Refreshed, they again took to the road. Midnight saw them upon their old trail—the one they had made during their westward journey. The going was now easier, and they settled down to a steady pace. All night long they traveled. Dawn found them still under way. When they had reached the eastern shore of a lake some five miles wide, Standing Wolf bade the Caribou climb a neighboring hill to see if the police were in sight. Driving the dogs behind the hill, the hunter stopped to cook breakfast, while the Marten unharnessed and fed the weary "geddies"—as sled dogs are called in that part of the country.

The Caribou returned with the news that he had seen three men and a dog-train come out upon the lake.

Harnessing the dogs, they resumed their flight. On they went through heavy timber where the wind rarely penetrated, and where the snows had sifted gently down among the trees, decorating the forest with beautiful white forms. All that day the fugitives put forth their best speed. Upon crossing a lake, they were surprised and mortified to find that the police were only a couple of miles behind. As Standing Wolf urged the dogs on, he thought of what his life would be in the white man's prison. He wondered whether he ought to ambush his pursuers. But that would endanger the man who was driving the police train, and perhaps he was a half-breed and a friend.

The dogs had great difficulty now in



"GOOD DAY, MY BROTHER! THE BUFFALO SPIRIT TOLD ME THAT YOU WOULD HELP
US TO ESCAPE THE WHITE MAN'S LAW."

keeping up their usual gait. By midnight they were on the point of exhaustion. They had now been about two weeks upon an unbroken trail, while the police dogs had not only started comparatively fresh, but had had a well-beaten path to follow.

Standing Wolf halted the train, and told the boys to feed the dogs while he ascended Bear's Head peak.

The night was brilliant with the glory of the Northern Lights. On the summit he stood for a long time with his head bowed reverently towards the north-west, for he was communing with the Buffalo Spirit. The boys had finished their supper when he returned to the fire and told them that he had been talking with the Buffalo Spirit, and that it had advised him to change his course.

"My sons," continued he, "be not afraid. The Buffalo Spirit has shown me how we may gain an advantage over the Redcoats, and how the old black bear now lying in his 'wash' near Moose Horn Lake will not only help us to prove that the white man is nothing but a child when he travels the strong-wood country, but will also help us to turn the Redcoats from our trail."

Once more they started. Now Standing Wolf led the way. Turning from the old path, he broke a new trail to Long Lake—a lake running for twenty miles or more almost parallel to the trail they had just abandoned. By sunrise they had reached it, and then Standing Wolf explained why he had turned so far out of his way to travel upon the open.

"My sons, the Buffalo Spirit advised me to leave the old trail that runs through the shadowed woods, and to travel upon this lake instead. Have we not small dogs and big snow-shoes? When the sun rises higher, the crust will be weakened and we shall have the advantage over them; our big shoes will bear up our weight, and our little dogs will leave the crust unbroken; but the Redcoats and their dogs will be forever floundering through.

"Now, my sons, strike out with a light heart, for the sun is rising higher and the old bear is waiting to help us to fool the Redcoats."

As the warmth of the sun increased, Standing Wolf sent the Marten, the lightest of the party, to run before the dogs, while he and the Caribou ran on either side of the sled to lessen the chances of breaking

through. All day long they plodded steadily over the vast field of snow whose dazzle threatened them with snow-blindness. This was the hardest day of all; for, though they had on their large hunting shoes, measuring from five to six feet in length—they frequently broke through. Fortunately, their dogs, on account of their light weight, were spared this ordeal.

By two o'clock in the afternoon they had reached the lower end of Long Lake, and were then about six miles ahead of the police. After a short run through the woods, they came to Moose Horn Lake. Upon entering the forest on the farther side, Standing Wolf halted the train close to the place where the old black bear was hibernating. In a few minutes he found the exact spot. A frosty formation about a little hole told where the bear was lying in its "wash."

Breaking away the icy rim, he jabbed his axe-handle into the hole, and vigorously prodded the bear to awaken him. Presently the drowsy beast began to bestir himself. When he had poked his snarling head out of the hole, Standing Wolf raised his gun, and taking aim, said:

"Good day, my brother, I am going to trouble you. The Buffalo Spirit told me that you would help us to escape the white man's law. I need your paws. Turn your head away, my brother, for I am about to kill you."

When the bear was dead, he told the boys to light a fire and unpack the buffalo skins, while he skinned the bear. After removing the skin and claws from the bear's paws, he directed the Marten to draw the skin of the fore-paws over the toes of his moccasins, and then to pad the empty spaces with moss. Stretching the skin of the hind feet over his own moccasins, he took a tump-line and loaded most of the buffalo skins upon his back; while the Caribou assisted the Marten to load himself with those that remained.

"My son," he said to the Marten, "be careful to tread only upon your toes. Your foot-prints are to represent those of the fore-feet of a bear, while mine are to represent those of the hind-feet. Now lead the way, and remember that if we fail to deceive the Redcoats, we shall spend many moons in the white man's prison."

Away they went, cautiously picking their way here and there among the bushes and



SOON THEY RECOGNIZED THEM TO BE MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

turning in and out between the trees, but all the while taking care to tread where the snow was firmest, the more easily to outwit the police. They played the game with zest. From time to time they halted to scratch here and there among the undergrowth, to turn over a rotten log, or to paw up the soft snow after the manner of bears in search of roots or mice. In a word, they left faultless signs of the passing of a hungry bear.

About a quarter of a mile from the trail they found a suitable spot in which to *cache* the robes. When they had disposed of them, they made a little detour, and returned to where they had left the Caribou cutting up the carcass. To complete the mystification, they walked about the bear's "wash" with careless steps; and, finally, Standing Wolf put on his snow-shoes and trod upon the bear tracks to make them look as if they had been there before the Indians had arrived upon the scene. When all this had been done to their satisfaction, they loaded the sled with as much meat as the dogs could haul, headed straight for home, and in less than an hour reached their lodges.

There they found three Indians who had halted on their northern journey to spell their dogs and drink a cup of tea with Standing Wolf's women. They were young men, sons of Standing Wolf's friend, Muk-wah, on their way to hunt caribou many miles north of Spirit Lake. Without waiting to join them in a cup of tea or a smoke, Standing Wolf addressed them:

"My sons," I see you are traveling light, and that your dogs are fresh. That is well, for the Buffalo Spirit told me that the sons of my old friend, Muk-wah, would be ready to do me a service. We have been to the Buffalo Hills, and have had a successful hunt. The Redcoats are upon our trail, yet they do not know our names, nor have they seen the men whom they pursue. You, my sons, are great runners and brave men. You will be glad to lead the Redcoats on a fruitless chase, especially when you know that you will be helping your father's friend. I ask you to trade sleds with me, and to wear our snow-shoes instead of your own. As a present I give you the skin and the meat of the bear I have just killed. There is little danger, my sons, for the Redcoats have been without sleep or rest for several days,

and by now their dogs must be nearly exhausted."

The young men, ready for any adventure, acquiesced at once. The exchange was soon made. Muk-wah's dogs were hitched to Standing Wolf's sled without it having been moved from the track on which it came from the Buffalo Hills. The three young men slipped their feet into the thongs of the others' shoes, and, chuckling at the thought of outwitting the white men, set off upon their northern journey.

Muk-wah's sons were little more than out of sight, when Standing Wolf and the boys made out three men coming up the lake. Soon they recognized them to be members of the Mounted Police. On their arrival, Standing Wolf invited them in to supper. After the meal and an interchange of tobacco, all smoked in silence. When at last the pipes were out, the sergeant through his half-breed interpreter told Standing Wolf that he was trailing three Indians who had been killing buffalo. As the trail from the Buffalo Hills led to his lodge, he advised him to hand over the skins and save further trouble.

"I am not aware that any of my people have ever brought buffalo skins to this camp," replied the hunter.

"Then I must search your lodges," rejoined the sergeant.

"You may," returned the now reticent Indian.

The police hunted high and low without discovering any trace whatever of either buffalo robes or of fresh bear's meat or skin. They were more bewildered than ever upon finding that the trail they had followed from the Buffalo Hills continued beyond the camp in a northerly direction, and that another new trail from the south had been made by the very snow-shoes and sled lying there before their eyes.

Darkness put an end to the search. At daybreak the police again examined the trails about the camp, but their investigation only added to their bewilderment. To their questioning Standing Wolf replied:

"Why do you pale-faced children question a man whom you do not trust? Cannot you read the signs in the snow? If you look a little sharper, you will find that the trail of three men who came from the west passed through here yesterday, and that it leads off again to the north. They did not

tell me that they had been hunting buffalo. They came to invite me to go with them on a caribou hunt, and they are now on their way to the edge of the Barren Grounds. I doubt if you can overtake them, for I see that both you and your dogs stand in need of rest. Moreover, the hunters have a night's start ahead of you. They told me that they would not sleep until this evening; they and their dogs are in condition."

The police consulted together. The sergeant asked Standing Wolf the nearest way to Fort Determination.

"I will show you, if you pay me," he replied.

An order for the amount having been handed to him, he led them to the head of Bear Creek, and gave them a roughly-drawn map of the route to follow.

The constables went ahead to break the trail. Jourdain, the half-breed who was driving the dogs, lingered a moment to bid Standing Wolf good-by. Holding out his hand, he said:

"I am your half-brother and your friend; tell me, who helped you out of the hole? I will not give you away."

Shaking the half-breed's hand, Standing Wolf replied:

"The Buffalo Spirit."

WAS IT FOR THIS WE MET?

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Was it for this we met—to part like this!
 Was it for this we loved—to lose this way!
 Can this be April reddening into May,
 And will the woods grow green, and never miss
 Beneath their boughs the murmur of our bliss,
 The happy children of a Summer day?
 Was it for this we loved—to lose this way!
 Was it for this we met—to part like this!

O little haunted river, will you run
 Still through the trees and leap the rocks in foam,
 Yet hear no more our voices blent with yours?
 If thus the painted scene of love endures,
 Earth's floor of flowers and heaven's azure dome,
 O can the play be ended, quite, quite done?



Photograph by Alice Boughton

"NEVER A WORLD SO FAIR."

—"In May."



IN MAY

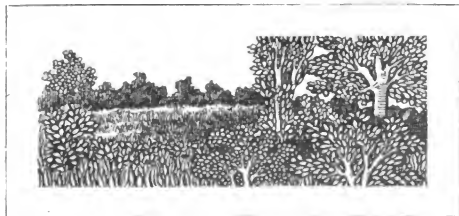
BY MARY ELLIOTT

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALICE BOUGHTON

NEVER a world so fair, so fair,
Since first our earth begun :—
A glowing sky, and a buoyant air,
And a shining shower of sun.

Never a day so glad, so gay,
Nor a wind so fresh and free,—
The light clouds fly through the sea-blue sky
Like foam on a sky-blue sea.

And all the world is fair, so fair!
And the winter drear is done;
For the scent of the blossoms fills the air,
And the trees are steeped with sun.



THE STAMPEDE

BY REX E. BEACH

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON



FROM their vantage on the dump, the red gravel of which ran like a raw scar down the mountain side, the men looked out across the gulch; above the western range of hills to the yellow setting sun. Far below them the creek was dotted with other tiny pay dumps of the same red gravel over which men crawled, antlike, or upon which they labored at windlass. Thin wisps of smoke rose from the cabin roofs, bespeaking the supper hour.

They had done a hard day's work, these two, and wearily descended to their shack which hugged the hillside beneath.

Ten hours with pick and shovel in a drift where the charcoal gas flickers a candle flame, will reduce one's artistic keenness, and together they slouched along the path heedless alike of view or color.

As Crowley built the fire, Buck scoured himself in the wet snow beside the door, emerging from his ablutions as cook. The former stretched upon the bunk with grouting luxury, "Gee Whiz! I'm tuckered out. Twelve hours in that air is too much for anybody."

"Sure," growled the other. "Bet I sleep good to-night, all right, all right. What's the use anyhow?" he continued, disgustedly, "I'm sore on the whole works. If the Yukon was open I'd chuck it all."

"What! Go back to the States; give up?"

"Well, yes, if you want to call it that, though I think I've shown I ain't a quitter. Lord! I've rustled steady for two years and what have I got? Nothing—except my interest in this pauperized hill claim."

"If two years of hard luck gives you cold feet, you ain't worthy of the dignity of

'prospector.' This here is the only honorable calling there is. There's no competition and cuttin' throats in our business nor we don't rob the widders and orphans. A prospector is defined as a semi-human being with a low forehead but a high sense of honor; a stummick that shies at salads but a heart that's full of grit. They don't never lay down, and the very beauty of the business is that you never know when you're due. Some day a guy comes along: 'I hit her over yonder, Bo,' says he, whereupon you insert yourself into a pack-strap; pound the trail, and the next you know you're a millionaire, or two."

"Bah! No more stampedes for me. I've killed myself too often—there's nothing in 'em. I'm sick of it, I tell you, and I'm going out to God's country. No more wild scrambles and hardships for Buck."

A step sounded on the chips without and a slender, sawn man entered.

"Hello, Maynard," they chorused, and welcomed him to a seat.

"What are you doing out here?"

"D'you bring any chewing with you?"

Evidently he labored under excitement, for his face was flushed and his eyes danced nervously. He panted from his climb, ignoring their questions.

"There's been a big strike—over on the Tanana—four bits to the pan."

Forgetting fatigue, Crowley scrambled out of his bunk while the cook left his steaming skillet.

"When?"

"How d'you know?"

"It's this way. I met a fellow as I came out from town—he'd just come over—one of the discoverers. He showed me the gold. It's coarse; one nugget weighed Three Hundred Dollars and there's only six men in the party. They went up the Tanana last fall, prospecting, and only just struck



CROWLEY REACHED FORTH SUDDENLY AND STRANGLED HIM AS HE SAT.

it. Three of 'em are down with scurvy, so this one came over the mountains for fresh grub. It'll be the biggest stampede this camp ever saw." Maynard became incoherent.

"How long ago did you meet him?" Crowley inquired excitedly.

"About an hour. I came on the run because he'll get into camp by eleven, and midnight will see five hundred men on the trail. Look at this—he gave me a map." The speaker gloatingly produced a scrap of writing-paper and continued, "Boys, you've got five hours start of them."

"We can't go; we haven't got any dogs," said Buck. "Those people from town would catch us in twenty miles."

"You don't want dogs," Maynard answered. "It's too soft. You'll have to make a quick run with packs or the spring breakup will catch you. I wish I could go. It's big, I tell you. Lord! How I wish I could go!"

They were huddled together, their eyes feverish, their fingers tracing the pencil markings. A smell of burning food filled the room, but there is no obsession more absolute than the Gold-lust.

"Get the packs together while me and Buck eats a bite. We'll take the fox robe and the Navajo. Glad I've got a new pair of mukluks, 'cause we need light foot-gear; but what will you wear, boy? Them hip boots is too heavy—you'd never make it."

"Here," said Maynard, "try these." He slipped off his light gossamer sporting boots, and Buck succeeded in stamping his feet into them.

"Little tight, but they'll go."

They snatched bites of food, meanwhile collecting their paraphernalia; Maynard helping as he could.

Each selected a change of socks and mittens. Then the grub was divided evenly; tea, flour, bacon, baking powder, salt, sugar. There was nothing else, for spring on the Yukon finds only the heel of the grub stake. Each rolled his portion in his blanket and lashed it with light rope. Then an end of the bundle was thrust into the waist of a pair of overalls and the garment closely cinched to it. The legs were brought forward and fastened, forming two loops, through which they slipped their arms, balancing the packs, or shifting a knot here and there. A light ax, a coffee-pot, frying-pan, and pail were tied on the outside, and

they stood ready for the run. They stored carefully wrapped bundles of matches in pockets, packs, and in the lining of their caps. The preparations had not taken twenty minutes.

"Too bad we ain't got some cooked grub, like chocolate or dog biscuits," said Crowley, "but seeing as we've got five hours' start over everybody, we won't have to kill ourselves."

Maynard spoke hesitatingly. "Say, I told Sully about it as I came along."

"What!" Crowley interrupted him sharply.

"Yes! I told him to get ready, and I promised to give him the location an hour after you left. You see he did me a good turn once and I had to get back at him somehow. He and Knute are getting fixed now. Why, what's up?"

He caught a queer, quick glance between his partners and noted a hardness settle into the lined face of the elder.

"Nothing much," Buck took up; "I guess you didn't know about the trouble, eh? Crowley knocked him down day before yesterday and Sully swears he'll kill him on sight. It came up over that fraction on Buster Creek."

"Well, well," said Maynard, "that's bad, isn't it? I promised though, so I'll have to tell him."

"Sure! That's all right," Crowley agreed quietly, though his lip curled, showing the strong close-shut ivory teeth. His nostrils dilated also, giving his face a passing wolfish hint. "There's neither white man nor Swede that can gain an hour on us, and if he should happen to—he wouldn't pass."

Be it known that many great placer fortunes have been won by those who stepped in the warm tracks of the discoverers, while rarely does the Goddess smile on the tardy; in consequence, no frenzy approaches that of the gold stampede.

Passing Sully's place they found him and his partner ready and waiting, their packs on the saw-buck. Crowley glared at his enemy in silence while the other sneered wickedly back, and Big Knute laughed in his yellow beard.

Buck's heart sank. Could he outlast these two? He was a boy; they were reckless giants with thews and legs of iron. Knute was a gaunt-framed Viking; Sully a violent florid man with the quarters of an ox. Through the quixotism of Maynard,

this trip bid fair to combine the killing grind of a long, fierce stampede, with the bitter struggle of man and man, and too well he knew the temper of his red-headed partner to doubt that before the last stake was driven, either he or Sully would be down. From the glare in their eyes at passing, it came over him that either he or Knute would recross the mountains, partnerless. The trail was too narrow for these other men. He shrank from the toil and agony he felt was coming to him through this; and then, with it, there came the burning Gold-hunger; the lust that drives starving, broken wrecks onward unremittingly, over misty hills, across the beds of lava and the forbidden tundra; on, into the new diggings.

It neared eight o'clock and although darkness was far distant, the chill that follows the sun fell sharply.

As they swung out onto the river, their fatigue had dropped away and they moved with the steady, loose gait of the hardened "musher." Buck looked at his watch. They had been gone an hour.

"The race is on!" said he.

Though unhurried, their progress was likewise unhindered, and the miles slipped backward as the darkness thickened, hour by hour. Straight up the fifty mile stream to its source, over the great back-bone and into the unmapped country, their course led. If they hurried they would have first choice of the good claims close about the discovery, if they lagged—Sully and his ox-eyed partner would overtake them, and beyond that, it was unpleasant to conjecture.

"We'll hit water pretty soon!" Crowley's voice broke hours of silence, for they were sparing of language. They neither whistled nor sang, nor spoke, for Man is a potential body from which his store of energy wastes through tiny unheeded ways.

True to prophecy, in the darkness of midnight, they walked out upon a thin skin of newly frozen ice.

"Look out for the overflow! She froze since dark," Crowley cautioned. "We're liable to go through."

On all sides it cracked alarmingly, while they felt it sag beneath their feet. It is bad, in the dark, to ride the ice of an overflow for one may crash through ankle deep to the solid body beneath, or plunge to his arm-pits.

They skated over the yielding surface toward safety, till, without warning, Crow-

ley smashed in half way to his hips. He fell forward bodily and the ice let him through till he rolled in the water. Buck skimmed over more lightly, and, when they had reached the solid footing, helped him wring out his garments. Straightway the cloth whitened under the frost and crackled when they resumed their march, but there was no time for fires, and by vigorous action he could keep the cold from striking in.

They had threaded up into the region where spring was further advanced, and within half an hour, encountered another overflow. Climbing the steep bank, they walled through thickets waist deep in snow. Beneath the crust, which cut knife-like, it was wet and soggy, so they emerged saturated. Then debouching onto the glare ice, the boy had a nasty fall, for he slipped and his loose-hung pack flung him suddenly. Nothing is more wicked than a pack on smooth ice. The surface had frozen glass-smooth, and constant difficulty beset their progress. Their slick-soled footgear refused to grip it, so that often they fell; always awkwardly; occasionally, crushing through into the icy water beneath.

Without warning Buck found that he was very tired. He also found that his pack had grown soggy and quadrupled in weight, tugging sullenly at his aching shoulders.

As daylight showed they slipped harness and hurriedly gathering twigs, boiled a pot of tea. They took time to prepare nothing else, yet even though the kettle sang speedily, as they drank, from around the bend below, came voices. Crowley straightened with a curse, and, snatching his pack, fled up the stream, followed by his companion. They ran till Buck's knees failed him. Thereupon the former removed a portion of the youngster's burden, adding it to his own, and they hurried on for hours, till they fell exhausted upon a dry moss hummock. Here they exchanged footgear, as Buck now found his feet were paining him acutely, owing to the tightness of his rubber boots. They proved too small for Crowley as well, and in a few hours his feet were likewise ruined.

Noon found them limping among the bald hills of the river's source. Here timber was sparse and the snows had likewise thinned, so to avoid the convolutions of the stream, they cut across points, floundering among "niggerheads"—quaint wobbly hummocks of grass—being thrown re-

peatedly by their packs which had developed a malicious deviltry. This footing was infinitely worse than the reeking ice but it saved time, so they took it.

Now, under their stiff mackinaws they perspired freely as the sun mounted, until their heavy garments chafed them beneath arms and legs. Moreover, mosquitoes, which in this latitude breed within arms' length of snow drifts, continually whined in a vicious cloud before their features.

Human nerves will weather great strains, but wearing, maddening, unending trivialities will break them down, and so, although their journey in miles had been inconsiderable, the dragging packs, the driving panic, the lack of food and firm footing, had trebled it.

Scaling the moss-capped saddle they labored painfully, a hundred yards at a time. Back of them the valley unrolled; its stream winding away like a gleaming ribbon, stretching, through dark banks of fir, down to the Yukon. After incredible effort they reached the crest and gazed dully out to the southward over a limitless jangle of peaks; on, on, to a blue veiled valley leagues and leagues across. Many square miles lay under them in the black of unbroken forests. It was their first glimpse of the Tanana. Far beyond from a groveling group of foot-hills, a solitary, giant peak soared grandly, standing aloof; serene, terrible in its proportions. Even in their fatigue, they exclaimed aloud.

"It's Mount McKinley!"

"Yep! Tallest wart on the face of the continent. There's the creek we go down, see!" Crowley indicated a water course which meandered away through canyons and broad reaches. "We foller it to yonder cross valley; then east to there." To Buck's mind, his gesture included a tinted realm as far reaching as a state.

Stretched upon the bare schist, commanding the back stretch, they munched slices of raw bacon.

Directly, out toward the mountain's foot, two figures crawled.

"There they come!" and Crowley led, stumbling, sliding, into the strange valley.

As this was the south and early side of the range, they found the hills more barren of snow. Water seeped into the gulches till the creek ice was worn and rotted.

"This'll be fierce," the Irishman remarked. "If she breaks on us, we'll be

hung up in the hills and starve before the creeks lower enough to get home."

Small streams freeze solidly to the bottom and the spring waters wear downward from the surface. Thus they found the creek awash, and, following further, it became necessary to wade in many places. They came to a box canyon where the winter snow had packed, forming a dam and, as there was no way of avoiding it without retreating a mile and climbing the ragged bluff, they floundered through; their packs aloft; the slushy water armpit deep.

"We'd ought 'a took the ridges," Buck chattered. Language slips forth phonetically with fatigue.

"No! Feller's apt to get lost. Drop into the wrong creek—come out fifty mile away."

"I bet the others do anyhow," Buck held stubbornly. "It's lots easier going."

"Wish Sully would, but he's too wise. No such luck for me." A long pause. "I reckon I'll have to kill him before he gets back!" Again they relapsed into miles of silence.

Crowley's fancy fed on vengeance, hatred livening his work-worn faculties. He nursed carefully the memory of their quarrel, for it helped him travel and took his mind from the agony of movement and this aching sleep-hunger.

The feet of both men felt like fearful, shapeless masses; their packs leaned backward sullenly, chafing raw shoulder sores; and always the ravenous mosquitoes stung and stung, and whined and whined.

At an exclamation, the leader turned. Miles back, silhouetted far above on the comb of the ridge, they descried two tiny figures.

"That's what we'd ought a done. They'll beat us in."

"No they won't. They'll have to camp to-night or get lost, while we can keep goin'. We can't go wrong down here; can't do no more than drown."

Buck groaned at the thought of the night hours. He couldn't stand it, that was all! Enough is enough of anything and he had gone the limit. Just one more mile and he would quit; yet he did not.

All through that endless phantom night they floundered; encased in freezing garments; numb and heavy with sleep, but morning found them at the banks of the main stream.

"You look like hell," said Buck, laughing weakly. His mirth relaxed his nerves suddenly, till he giggled and hiccupped, hysterically. Nor could he stop for many minutes, the while Crowley stared at him apathetically from a lined and shrunken countenance, his features standing out skeleton-like. The younger man evidenced the strain even more severely for his flesh was tender, and he had travelled the last hours on pure nerve. His jaws were locked and corded, however, while his drooping eyes shone unquenchably.

Eventually they rounded a bluff onto a cabin nestling at the mouth of a dark valley. Near it men were working with a windlass, so, stumbling to them, they spoke huskily.

"Sorry we ain't got room inside," the stranger replied, "but three of the boys is down with scurvy, and we're all cramped up. Plenty more folks coming, I s'pose, eh?"

The two had sunk onto the wet ground and did not answer. Buck fell with his pack still on, utterly lost, and the miner was forced to drag the bundle from his shoulders. As he rolled him up, he was sleeping heavily.

Crowley awakened while the sun was still golden; his joints aching excruciatingly. They had slept four hours. He boiled tea on the miners' stove and fried a pan of salt pork, but was too tired to prepare anything else, so they drank the warm bacon grease clear with their tea.

As Buck strove to arise, his limbs gave way weakly so that he fell, and it took him many moments to recover their use.

"Where's the best chance, pardner?" they inquired of the men on the dump.

"Well, there ain't none very close by. We've got things pretty well covered."

"How's that? There's only six of you; you can't hold but six claims, besides discovery."

"Oh yes, we can! We've got powers of attorney: got 'em last fall in St. Michael; got 'em recorded too."

Crowley's sunken eyes blazed.

"Them's no good. We don't reckon 'ize 'em in this district. One claim is enough for any man, if it's good, and too much, if it's bad."

"What district you alludin' at?" questioned the other ironically. "You're in the

Skookum District now. It takes six men to organize. Well! We organized. We made laws. We elected a recorder. I'm it. If you don't like our rules, yonder is the divide. We've got the U. S. Government back of us. See!"

Crowley's language became purely local but the other continued unruffled.

"We knew you-all was coming, so we sort of loaded up. If there's any ground hereabouts that we ain't got blanketed, it's purely an oversight. There's plenty left further out though," and he swept them a mocking gesture. "Help yourselves and pass up for more. I'll record 'em."

"What's the fee?"

"Ten dollars apiece."

Crowley swore more savagely.

"You done a fine job of hoggin', didn't you? It's two and a half everywhere else." But the recorder of the Skookum District laughed carelessly and resumed his windlass.

"Sorry you ain't pleased. Maybe you'll learn to like it."

As they turned away, he continued, "I don't mind giving you a hunch, though. Tackle that big creek about five miles down yonder. She prospected good last fall, but you'll have to go clean to her head 'cause we've got everything below."

Eight hours later, by the guiding glare of the Northern Lights the two stumbled back into camp, utterly broken.

They had followed the stream for miles and miles to find it staked by the powers of attorney of the six. Coming to the gulch's head, to be sure, they found vacant ground but refused to claim such unpromising territory. Then the endless homeward march through the darkness! Out of thickets and through drifts they burst, while fatigue settled on them like some horrid vampire from the darkness. Every step being no longer involuntary, became a separate labor, requiring mental concentration. They were half dead in slumber as they walked but their stubborn courage and smouldering rage at the men who had caused this, drove them on. They suffered silently, because it takes effort to groan, and they hoarded every atom of endurance.

Many, many times Buck repeated a poem, timing his steps to its rhythm, rendering it over and over till it wore a rut through his brain; his eyes fixed dully upon the glaring fires above the hill tops. For

years a faintness came over him with the memory of these lines:

*"Then dark they lie, and stark they lie,
rookery, dune, and floe,
And the Northern Lights came down o'
nights to dance with the houseless
snow."*

Reaching the cabin, they found an army of men sleeping heavily upon the wet moss. Among them was the great form of Knute, but nowhere did they spy Sully.

With much effort they tore off the constricting boots and, using them for pillows, sank into a painful lethargy.

Awakened early by the others, they took their stiffly frozen footgear beneath the blankets to thaw against their warm bodies, but their feet were swelled to double size and every joint had ossified rheumatically. Eventually they hobbled about, preparing the first square meal since the start—two days and three nights.

Still they saw no Sully, though Crowley's eyes darted careful inquiry among the horde of stampedeers which moved about the cabin. Later, he seemed bent on some hidden design, so they crawled out of sight of the camp, then commencing at the upper stake of Discovery, he stepped off the claims from post to post.

It is customary to blaze the boundaries of locations on tree trunks, but from topographical irregularities, it is difficult to properly gauge these distances, hence, many rich fractions have been run over by the heedless, to fall to him who chained the ground.

Upon pacing the third one, he showed excitement.

"You walk this one again—mebbe I made a mistake."

Buck returned, crashing through the brush.

"I make it seventeen hundred."

The claim above figured likewise, and they trembled with elation as they blazed their lines.

Returning to camp they found the recorder in the cabin with the scurvy patients. Unfolding the location notices, his face went black as he read, while he snarled angrily:

"'Fraction between Three and Four' and 'Fraction between Four and Five,' eh? You're crazy."

"I reckon not," said Crowley, lifting his lips at the corners characteristically.

"There ain't any fraction there," the other averred loudly. "We own them claims. I told you we had everything covered."

"You record them fractions!"

"I won't do it! I'll see you in ——"

Crowley reached forth suddenly and strangled him as he sat. He buried his thumbs in his throat, forcing him roughly back against a bunk. Further and further he crushed him till the man lay pinioned and writhing on his back. Then he knelt on him, shaking and worrying like a great terrier.

At the first commotion, the cripples scrambled out of bed, shouting lustily through their livid gums; their bloated features mottled and sickly with fright. One lifted himself toward the Winchester and it fell from his hands full cocked when Buck hurled him into a corner where he lay screaming in agony.

Drawn by the uproar, the stampedeers outside rushed toward the shack to be met in the door by the young man.

"Keep back!"

"What's up!"

"Fight!"

"Let me in!"

A man bolted forward but was met with such a driving blow in the face that he went thrashing to the slush. Another was hurled back, and then they heard Crowley's voice, rough and throaty as he abused the recorder. Strained to the snapping point, his restraint had shattered to bits and now passion ran through him, wild and unbridled.

From his words they grasped the situation and their sympathies changed. They crowded the door and gazed curiously through the window to see him jam the recorder shapelessly into a chair, place pen and ink in his hand and force him to execute two receipts. It is not a popular practice, this blanketing, as the temper of the watchers showed.

"Serves 'em right, the hogs," some one said, and he voiced the universal sentiment.

That night as they ravened over their meager meal, Knute came to them, hesitatingly. He was greatly worried and apprehension wrinkled his wooden face.

"Saay! Wat you t'ink 'bout Sully?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"By Yingo, Ay t'ink he's lose!"

"Lost! How's that?"

In his dialect, broken by anxiety, he told

how Sully and he had quarreled on the big divide. Maddened by failure to gain on Crowley, the former had insisted on following the mountain crests in the hope of quicker travel. The Swede had yielded reluctantly till, frightened by the network of radiating gulches which spread out beneath their feet in a bewildering sameness, he had refused to go further. They had quarreled. In a fit of fury, Sully had hurled his pack away, and Knute's last vision of him had been as he went raving and cursing onward like a madman, travelling fast in his fury. Knute had retreated; dropped into the valley, and eventually reached his goal.

There is no time for reliefs on a stampede. The gentler emotions are left in camp with the women. He who would risk life, torture and privation for a stranger, will trample pitilessly on friend and enemy blinded by the gold glitter, or drunken with the chase of the rainbow.

For five days and nights the army lived on its feet, streaming up gulleys where lay the hint of wealth, or swarming over the somber bluffs; and hourly the madness grew, feeling on itself, till they fought like beasts. Fabulous values were begotten. Giant sales were bruited about. Flying rumors of gold at the cross-roots inflamed them to further frenzy.

A town site was laid out and a terrible scramble for lots ensued.

One man was buried in the plot he claimed, his disputant being adjudged the owner by virtue of his quicker draw. It was manslaughter, they knew, but no one spared the time to guard him, so he went free. Nor did he run away. One cannot, while the craze is on.

Five days of this, and then the stream broke. With it, broke the delirium of the five hundred. The valleys roared and bawled from bluff to bluff, while the flats became seas of seething ice and rubbish. Thus, cut off from home, they found their grub was gone, for every one had clung till his food grew low. As the obsession left them, their brotherhood returned; food was apportioned in community; and they spoke vaguely of the fate of Sully.

For still another half fortnight, they lay about the cabin while the streams raged, and then Crowley spoke to his partner. Rolling their blankets they started, and although many were tempted to go, none

had the courage, preferring to starve on quarter rations till the waters lowered.

Ascending for miles, where the torrent narrowed, they felled a tree across for a bridge and ascending the ridges, took the direction of camp. In a new and barren country, not formed of continuous ranges, this is difficult. So to avoid frequent fordings, they followed the high ground, going devious, confusing miles. The snows were largely gone, though the nights were cruel, and thus they travelled fast albeit endlessly.

At last, when they had worked through to the Yukon spurs, one morning on a talus high above, Buck spied the flapping forms of a flock of ravens. They fluttered ceaselessly among the rocks, rising noisily, only to settle again.

These are the gleaming, baleful vultures of the North and often they attain a considerable size and ferocity.

The men gazed at them with apathy. Was it worth while to spend the steps to see what drew them? By following their course, they would pass far to the right.

"I hate the dam' things," said Crowley, crossly. "I seen 'em, oncet, hangin' to a caribou calf with a broken leg, tryin' to pick his eyes out. Let's see what it is."

He veered to the left, scrambling up among the boulders. The birds rose fretfully, perching near by, but the men saw nothing. As they rested momentarily, the birds again swooped downward, reassured.

Then, part hidden among the detritus, they spied that which made Crowley cry out in horror, while the sound of Buck's voice was like the choking of a woman. As they started, one of the ebony scavengers dipped fiercely, picking at a ragged object. A human arm slowly arose and blindly beat it off, but the raven's mate settled also, and, sinking its beak into the object, tore hungrily.

With a shout they stumbled forward, lacerated by the jagged slide rock, only to pause aghast and shaking.

Sully lay crouched against a boulder where he had crawled for the sun heat. Rags of clothing hung upon his gaunt frame through which the sharp bones strove to pierce, also, at sight of his hands and feet they shuddered. With the former he had covered his eyes from the ravens, but his cheeks and head were bloody and shredded. He muttered constantly, like the thick whirring of machinery run down.

"Oh, my God!" Buck whispered.

Crowley had mastered himself and knelt beside the figure. He looked up and tears lay on his cheeks.

"Look at them hands and feet! That was done by fire and frost together. He must have fell in his own camp fires after he went crazy."

The garments were burned off to elbow and knee, while the flesh was black and raw.

Tenderly they carried the gabbling creature down to the timber and laid him on a bed of boughs. His condition told the grim tale of his wanderings, crazed with hunger and hardship.

Heating water, they poured it into him, dressing his wounds with strips from their underclothes. Of stimulants they had none, but fed him the last pinch of flour together with the final rasher of salt pork, although they knew that these things are not good for starving men. For many days they had travelled on less than quarter rations themselves.

"What will we do?"

"It ain't over twenty miles to the Niggers. He'll die before we can get help back. D'ye reckon we can carry him?"

It was not sympathy which prompted Crowley, for he sympathized with his boyish companion, whose sufferings it hurt him sorely to augment. It was not pity; he pitied himself, and his own deplorable condition; nor did mercy enter into his processes, for the man had mercilessly planned to kill him and he likewise had nursed a bitter hatred for the man, which misfortune could only dim. It was not these things which moved him, but a vaguer, wider quality; an elemental, unspoken, indefinable feeling of brotherhood throughout the length of the North, teaching subtly, yet absolutely and without appeal, that no man shall be left in his extremity to the cruel harshness of this forbidding land.

"Carry him?" Buck cried. "No! You're crazy! What's the use? He'll die anyhow—and so'll we if we don't get grub soon." Buck was new to the country, and he was a boy.

"No, he won't. He lived hard and he'll die hard, for he's a hellion—he is. We've got to pack him in!"

"By God! I won't risk my life for a corpse—specially one like him." The lad broke out in hysterical panic, for he had lived on the raggedest edge of his nerve

these many days. Now his every muscle was dead and numbed with pain. Only his mind was clear, caused by the effort to force movement into his limbs. When he stopped walking he fell into a half slumber which was acutely painful. When he arose to redrive his weary body, it became freakish so that he fell or collided with trees. He was bloody and bruised and cut. Carry a dead man? It was madness, and besides he felt an utter giving away at every joint.

He was too tired to make his reasoning plain; his tongue was thick, and Crowley's brain too calloused to grasp argument, therefore, he squatted beside the muttering creature and wept impotently. He was asleep, with tears in his stubby beard, when his partner finished the rude litter, yet he took up his end of the burden as Crowley knew he would.

"You'll kill us both, damn ye!" he groaned.

"Probably so, but we can't leave him to them things." The other nodded at the vampires perched observantly in the surrounding firs.

Then began their great trial and temptation. For hours on end the birds fluttered from tree to tree, always in sight and hoarsely complaining till the sick fancies of the men distorted them into foul, gibing creatures of the Pit screaming with devilish glee at their anguish. Blindly they staggered through the forest while the limbs reached forth to block them, thrusting sharp needles into their eyes or whipping back viciously. Vines writhed up their legs straining to delay their march and the dank moss curled ankle deep, slyly tripping their dragging, swollen feet. Nature hindered them sullenly, with all her heart-breaking implacability. They reeled constantly under their burden and grew to hate the ragged barked trees that smote them so cruelly and so roughly tore their flesh. Oft-times they fell, rolling the maniac limply from his couch, but they dragged him back and strained forward to the hideous racket of his mumblings which grew louder as his delirium increased. They were forced to tie him to the poles but could not stop his ghastly shriekings. At every pause the dismal ravens croaked and leered evilly from the shadows, till Buck shuddered and hid his face while Crowley gnashed his teeth. From time to time other birds joined them in anticipation of the feast, till they were

ringed about, and the sight of this ever-growing, grisly, clamorous flock of watchers became awful to the men. They felt the horny talons searching their flesh and the hungry beaks tearing at their eyeballs.

A dog sled and birch-bark practice covering both banks of the Yukon for two hundred miles yielded Doc Lewis sufficient revenue to grub stake a Swede. Thus he slept warm, kept his feet dry, and was still a miner. He did not believe in hardship, and eschewed stampedes. Yet when he had seen the last able-bodied man vanish from camp on the Skookum run, he grew restless. He scoffed at fake excitements to Jarvis, the faro dealer, who also forebore the trail by virtue of his calling, but he got no satisfaction.

A fortnight later he rolled his blankets and journeyed toilsomely up the river valley.

"Better late than never," he thought.

Arriving at the empty shack of the Negroes, he camped, only to awaken during the night to the roar of the torrent at his

door. Having seen other mountain streams in the break-up, he waited philosophically, hunting ptarmigan among the firs back of the cabin.

He had lost track of the days, when, down the gulch, in the morning light, he descried a strange party approaching.

Two men bore between them a stretcher made from their shirts. They crawled with dreadful slowness, resting every hundred feet. Moreover, they stumbled and staggered aimlessly through the niggerheads. As they drew near he sighted their faces from which the teeth grinned in a grimace of torture, and through which the cheek bones seemed to penetrate.

He knew what the signs boded. For years he had ministered to these necessities, and no man had ever approached his success.

"It is the rape of the North they are doing," he sighed. "We ravage her stores but she takes grim toll from all of us." He moved the hot water forward on the stove, cleared off the rade table, and laid out his instrument case.

THE STOLEN KASABA

BY W. A. FRASER



HE solemn firm of Cook Company, jewelers, in Calcutta, was in a most unusual hurry. Dimitri the Greek and Duttoo the Hindoo goldsmith were working all day and half the night on a wondrous pearl head-dress, a *moti kasaba*, for Maharajah Darwaza.

The "Bushira," the most beautiful pearl in the world, that had just come up from its finding in the Persian Gulf, was to be enthroned in this wonderful golden crown, surrounded by myriads of lesser pearls. Hansen, the head clerk, had in charge this trinket that would cost four lakhs of rupees—\$125,000. All day he must keep his eyes on the priceless pearls, and at midnight take them to the vault in the show-

room, of which he and the manager alone knew the combination.

Maharajah Darwaza must have the *kasaba* for the durbar at Government House on the 20th, for the express purpose of humiliating his rival in Oriental display, the Thakore of Bharana. It was an old-time rivalry; and for weeks Calcutta had talked of a wonderful silver bedstead, with a musical box beneath, that the jewelers had made for Bharana.

Mr. Dodd, the manager of Cook Company, occupied the flat above the showroom; and on the morning of the 19th when he came down to his office, Burns, a clerk, asked if he would open the vault, as Duttoo was waiting to finish the *moti kasaba*.

"Hasn't Hansen been here yet?" Dodd queried.

"No, sir."

"That's strange; hope he is not ill; must

be, though—must be. Send a *peon* to his bungalow to ask."

Dodd adjusted the combination, swung the heavy iron door and stepped into the vault. Then he gave a cry of alarm. The silver casket which should have contained the *kasaba* yawned empty.

"Who has taken the head-dress?" Dodd gasped, wringing his hands and turning frightened eyes upon Burns.

"Nobody, sir; they couldn't—the vault was locked—you opened it yourself, sir."

"Where is Duttoo? Where is Dimitri?"

"Here is Duttoo, sir; he is waiting."

"Where is the *kasaba*, Duttoo?" Dodd gasped; "where have you put it?"

The frightened Hindoo stared in bewildered astonishment.

"Speak!—Do you hear?" And the manager grasped him roughly by the shoulder.

Burns interposed, saying: "Duttoo is frightened, sir." Then turning to the goldsmith he added gently: "Tell the Burra Sahib when you last saw the *kasaba*, Duttoo."

"Last night when the big clock struck twelve times, Hansen Sahib took the *kasaba* and his little lamp. He unlocked the strong door that is between here and our little workshop, and he passed through. Then the sahib locked it again, and I went out the back door, as Kushna, the durwan, will say. And now here am I waiting for the work; that is all Duttoo knows, huzoor."

"Call Gopal Singh," Dodd commanded; and when the durwan of the front door came, the manager asked if Hansen had passed out the night before.

"Yes, huzoor, surely Hansen Sahib went out at midnight and locked the front door behind him," Gopal Singh answered. "No one went in because I and Peroo Singh rested on our charpoys against the outside of the door."

"Did Hansen Sahib carry anything?" Dodd asked.

"Nothing, huzoor."

"Ah, I have it," the manager declared. "He has forgotten the combination—he could not open the vault, and has hidden the pearls somewhere. Quick, Burns, jump in a gharry, drive to Hansen's bungalow, and tell him we are waiting. Durwan, allow no one in or out while we search the premises. Of course, it will be all right as soon as Hansen comes—quite all right, but in the meantime—" Dodd

broke off and rubbed his hands together nervously.

The search brought forth nothing; and it was with a cry of relief Dodd heard a gharry clatter up to the front door and stop. "Ah!" he said eagerly, "here is Mr. Hansen at last; now we'll—" His voice broke and he leaned against the door jamb.

Burns descended alone from the gharry and in his white face was a look that frightened the manager.

"Come into my office—don't speak," he whispered, grasping Burns by the arm. Inside he said: "Now, what is it?"

"Hansen hasn't been to his bungalow since yesterday. He lives in a chummery out on the Tollyjunge Road, and his comrades are anxious—they can't understand it. He was always so steady, sir."

"My God! Here, Burns, take a gharry—quick—go to police headquarters and tell Mr. Creighton, the Chief of Detectives, that I want to see him. Give him my compliments, and ask him to please come at once. But not a word to anybody, mind—silence."

In fifteen minutes the detective chief appeared, and the jeweler explained his trouble.

"I'll put Teck on this," the Chief said. "You've heard of him, Mr. Dodd? He brought the Nawab of Kojac to book over poisoning the Resident. And he found the Nizam's jewels that were stolen when the Nizam was here last year. Yes, Teck is the man; I'll send for him at once. I'll have a look about, myself, in the meantime."

"Thank you, Mr. Creighton. I do hope you are successful. I have a feeling that there has been foul play. I'll give a reward—yes, ten thousand rupees for the recovery of the *kasaba*."

Again Burns was dispatched in a gharry to police headquarters, and presently returned with a short, chubby round-faced little man who looked quietly at Dodd out of mild blue eyes.

"We had better go into your office, Mr. Dodd," the Chief said, "and you can explain the case fully to Mr. Teck."

When the circumstances had been repeated to the detective, Creighton said: "It seems quite clear that this Hansen has disappeared with the pearls; there is not the slightest evidence of any one having



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HE DID NOT KNOW THAT IT WAS RUSTEM SITTING ON THE BOX OF THE NEW GHARRY HE ENGAGED.

broken into the place. If we can locate him, we shall find the pearls. He has yielded to the temptation, I fear."

"It wasn't Hansen," declared the manager firmly. "I would trust my life with him. There's been foul play, I'm sure."

"Whom do you suspect?" Teck clicked in a soft, gentle voice.

"Perhaps the durwans. I've had Gopal Singh for some time, but I've just discovered that Peroo Singh, who has come lately, is a subject of the Thakore of Bharana."

"What connection has the Thakore with the case?" Teck asked.

"Well, there is fierce rivalry between the two princes. They happened to meet here yesterday, and nothing would do Darwaza but he must have the pearl *kasaba* and try it on, just to anger Bharana.

I tell you the Thakore's eyes were unholy in their vicious jealousy. He knew that the Maharajah was going to wear this at the *darbar*."

"And you think he may have put the durwans up to stealing it, out of revenge?" Teck asked.

"He is capable of doing it, I know that. He came to the *guddi* (throne) through the murder of his uncle."

"Well," said Teck, "I want an hour to look about. Shut the front door, let no one in or out, and we'll hold another little conference here in one hour. It is now"—Teck raised his eyes to a clock on the wall—"what! Half-past eleven? Ah! I see, it is stopped."

"It is just eleven o'clock, Mr. Teck," Dodd advised, pulling a watch from his pocket. "That clock must have stopped

last night—it was going yesterday. My man has forgotten to wind it."

Dodd arose, went to the clock, which consisted of the works, a dial plate, and the weights and pendulum hanging down the wall without an enclosing box. He swung the pendulum and the clock started off.

"It is not run down—odd it should have stopped," he added. "Well, we'll meet here at twelve again."

"I will go to my office, send out Detective Thoms on Hansen's track, and return at twelve," the Chief said.

"And I will be upstairs, Mr. Teck, if you wish any information," the manager added. "That will give you the whole lower floor to yourself. The durwans and assistants are at your command."

The detective drifted casually about the showroom; had the heavy iron shutters of the front windows lowered; tried the lock of the front door with the manager's duplicate key; examined the iron-barred window, the vault, the private office where he had sat with the manager; and finally walked out the front door and sauntered casually up and down the sidewalk with his hands in his pockets. Then he hailed a gharry and drove to the municipal offices, where, for five minutes, he consulted a city map. At twelve o'clock he was back waiting for his Chief, and together they were ushered into his private office by the Manager.

"What was Hansen like, Mr. Dodd?" Teck asked as soon as they were seated. "Was he athletic—would he fight if cornered?"

"Yes, he was a Birmingham man; he would be a tough customer to overcome."

"But they did him up, the cowardly sweeps!" Teck exclaimed.

Dodd started. "You don't mean——"

"Yes, it's a thousand pounds to a gooseberry that you'll never see Hansen again, dead or alive."

Teck drew from his pocket some tiny fragments of pearl.

"Ah!" exclaimed Dodd, "the Maharah broke that pearl yesterday."

Teck placed in the palm of his hand two additional pieces of broken pearl, and asked: "You are an expert, Mr. Dodd; are these pieces from the same pearl?"

With a powerful glass the Manager examined the shell in Teck's hand. "No,

they are quite distinct," he said; "one is from a pearl of exquisite luster, the other carried a slight purple shade."

"Then Hansen is dead, instead of being a thief," Teck declared.

"You think the durwans killed him?" the Manager asked in a hoarse whisper.

"The durwans had nothing to do with it. They could not get in the front door until Hansen had unlocked it as he passed out. At that time the vault would have been locked—they couldn't get into it."

"I hadn't thought of that," Dodd commented.

"There was a struggle in the vault. As Hansen was placing the *kasaba* in the silver casket he was struck from behind; the *kasaba* fell from his hand, struck the side of the casket—there is a little glint of gold there which I can show you, plain as a footprint in soft clay; and these pieces of pearl, that are not from the one Darwaza broke yesterday, were some of them on the floor of the vault, and some in the casket itself."

"But Hansen walked out the front door," objected Dodd.

"No, he didn't."

"The durwan saw him."

"He saw a man dressed in Hansen's clothes. Hansen always had a few words of greeting with the durwans when he went out; this man hurried off with a gruff salaam. The durwan admits that he didn't see his face, there was very little light. Gopal Singh says that was at 12.30, and Hansen left the workshop at 12. That gave them half an hour for the job."

"But you said *they* did this, Mr. Teck—only *one* passed out."

"Through the door; the other went out the way they came in and took Hansen's body. The job was done by Ives Holborn."

"Holborn!" the Chief gasped.

"Yes. While I've been watching here for him—I had advice from Scotland Yard that he had headed this way after the Brighton Hotel robbery—he slips in and does this trick under my very nose. And, Mr. Dodd, I can tell you this, if Holborn had done it alone, we might say good-by to your pearls; but, luckily, this time he needed an accomplice——"

"One of my employes, Mr. Teck?"

"No; fortunately it's next door to a fool, a sailor—I mean a fool at this sort of work."



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FOR OVER HALF A MILE, STRAIGHT EASTWARD, RUSTEN'S GHARRY CLATTERED.

They came here last night at half past eleven and started to cut away the iron bars of the window for egress. I found the mark of Holborn's saw."

"But, Mr. Teck," the Chief said, "if they could get in, why this trouble to get out by a different route?"

"Because it was not low tide until six o'clock and they were in a hurry."

"I don't understand—what has the tide to do with my shop?" cried Dodd petulantly.

Teck's mild blue eyes assumed a bored, patient look as he answered: "My dear sir, it has taken me an hour to discover these matters, and you would comprehend

all in a minute—please be patient. As I said, Ives Holborn and the sailor came here at 11.30. While Holborn cut at the window bar, the sailor amused himself with the silver trinkets in that showcase which has been disarranged. Fortunately for us he put a little trinket in his pocket, a silver boats'n's whistle. Now you see how I know it was a sailor, and by this we will make him pay for his whistle; this trinket will get us back the pearls, I hope. At twelve o'clock Holborn heard Hansen's key in the door of the workshop, and he and the sailor hid in this office. From a chink in the door Holborn saw Hansen open the vault that he had meant himself to drill open.

As you have said, Hansen carried a little lamp, so our friend was enabled to see the pearl *kasaba*. The two thieves crept to the vault, knowing that Hansen would close it when he came out. No doubt he was taking a good-night look at the beautiful *kasaba*, and, as his back was turned, they pounced upon him like two Thugs. Hansen had placed the lamp on the little shelf just above the casket where you will find a ring of oil. It is likely he was struck from behind with an iron bar or a sand-bag and never made a sound. Holborn realized the situation at once—there is no cleverer thief in the world than Ives Holborn.

"Observe that he took nothing but the pearl crown. That was so that it would be supposed your man had disappeared with this that he had in charge. Holborn saw Hansen bolt the shop door on the inside and knew that he would not go back that way; and on the ring that held the key was another that fitted the front door, so he knew it was his habit to go out that way. He exchanged clothes with the dead man, sent the sailor out the way they had come in with the body, covered up his tracks, put the crown on his head beneath a cap or soft hat, and walked out."

Dodd and the Chief sat with their heads craned toward the little, blue-eyed man who spoke in the monotonous tone of one who reads from a book.

"Now," the jeweler asked, "how do you know they came here at 11.30 as you say, and how could they get out of the building with a dead body?"

"Your clock was stopped at 11.33 last night as you said. That meant that some one unfamiliar with its position on the wall had struck against the pendulum at 11.33. And as some one had been in the building who could not have got in from above, as I discovered when I investigated, and could not have passed the durwans at the door, he must have come up from below. A little trip to the sidewalk showed me the iron grating over a sewer-vent, and the stoppage of the clock suggested that the entry had been made in your office."

Teck rose and with his cane tapped along the marble floor, saying: "It was very simple, once started in the right way, to find the drum note." He stooped and rolled up the end of a Persian rug. "And here, you see, is the marble

slab that——" Teck drew from his pocket a heavy sheath knife and pried up the slab of marble. Then he lifted another, and Dodd and the Chief looked down a black hole through the cement and gravel that underlay the marble, and up from the hole came a damp, sickening odor as from a sewer.

"That is the way they came in," Teck said; "they drove a little tunnel from the sewer and worked up. It was pure chance their coming into the office—but that didn't matter. That sewer empties into the Hooghli River at Barna Ghat. It is low tide at six o'clock and they could not have got out until that hour. That is why they meant to cut the bars. Hansen's body has probably been carried out to sea by this time. This is not the first time Ives Holborn worked from a sewer; it is an old trick of his in England.

"Now," continued Teck, "we'll cover up this hole. See how cleverly Holborn put this piece of studding across to hold the marble slabs where the cement was cut away—brought it with him on purpose, no doubt. And now we must find the sailor. Chief, will you come with me, sir. First, of course, we must go and adopt the garb of ship's officers—anything will do. You can open up shop now, Mr. Dodd. We've got all the clues we can obtain here; I forgot to mention that at the bottom of that hole in the tunnel are the small-heeled footprints of a sailor's boot, and also the broader footprints of a landsman. However, this doesn't matter, for we know that it was Holborn and a sailor without this additional proof."

The Chief and Teck drove first to Rada Bazar where they purchased the brass-buttoned white coats and caps of steamship officers in a second-hand shop. In the gharry, as they drove to Barna Ghat, the two detectives attired themselves in this garb.

"According to the city plan," Teck said, as they came to the river, "the trunk sewer empties just below Barna Ghat. We can't see it now for the tide is high. We'll tackle these sampan men just above the ghat for a trace of our sailor."

"A sailor who has deserted because he struck a Bengali boatman took a sampan from here to a ship about six o'clock this morning," Teck said to a grizzled boatman who came forward "and here is a reward



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IN AND OUT AMONGST THE NATIVES ON THE SIDEWALK STRADDLES THREADED HIS WAY.

of five rupees to the man who will help us find him."

"Huzoor, even I, Emir Ally, put such a sahib on yonder steamer this morning at the time the Sahib says," replied the boatman. "Indeed, Huzoor, it was in my mind that the sailor sahib had been up to evil, for he was all of a mud. And even as he spoke to me for hire, he looked many

times over his shoulder. Yes indeed, he was the one that was pursued."

"Very good, Emir Ally," Teck said; "here are five rupees, and see, Emir, here are five more, and you will wrap these in your *dhoti* (cloth) when you have gone with us to the steamer and pointed out the man."

"I will go. Get into my sampan, Huzoor."

"No, Emir; this *budmash* (rogue) might see the number of your boat and know our errand. We will go higher up and take another sampan—come!"

Presently, under the Bengali's guidance, they swung alongside the steamer "Carnatic" that lay moored in the river.

Instructed by Teck to make no sign, Emir Ally recognized a small, pock-marked sailor as his passenger of the morning.

Teck made his mission known to the Captain, who said that the identified man was known as Straddles. He had signed on the ship the day before—indeed, had only come on duty that morning. The "Carnatic" was sailing next day and was picking up a crew.

The Captain had Straddles' bag searched quietly, and hidden in the toe of a sock was found a silver boats'n's whistle. As Teck had instructed, this was not removed, and every evidence of a search was obliterated. No one but the Captain and Chief Officer knew of the search, or why the two sahibs in ship's uniform had come aboard. The Captain promised to give Straddles leave to go ashore if he asked for it.

"And he'll ask for it to-night, Captain," Teck said; "don't give it to him before sundown whatever you do. We'll be waiting for him."

As Teck went over the side he noticed the small, foxlike eyes of Straddles watching him curiously; and to lull the sailor's suspicion, he called loudly to the Captain: "There'll be a hundred tons of jute come alongside to-night. That'll finish your cargo. We'll send you a new steward from the office."

On shore Teck paid Emir Ally his ten rupees and said to the Chief: "I'll take that big native policeman, Rustem, we'll dress as native gharriwallahs; I'll hire a gharri and lie in wait here at this landing ghat for Straddles. As he'll have important business on, and probably has had money already from Holborn, he'll hire my gharri. And having money, first of all he'll want a drink, so he'll drive to the Esplanade, where all good sailors drink. So if you're to hunt with me to-night, Chief, you can post yourself at the Esplanade corner at six. We'll need a determined man or two if we run Holborn to earth; he's a bad one."

As Teck had foretold, about half-past

six the pock-marked sailor who was Straddles came to the landing ghat opposite the "Carnatic." There was no gharri stand at that point, and Straddles eagerly engaged the one he found casually waiting.

"To the Esplanade, gharri wallah," he said.

At that hotel Straddles discharged the gharri and passed in to the ground floor saloon, which was for sailors, to wait until night had come.

When the sailor came forth again in an hour, he did not know that it was Rustem sitting on the box of the new gharri he engaged, neither did he see as the gharri turned into Dhurrumtullah Road a native, who was Teck, clamber to the little seat that projected from the hind axle, and crouch there; nor did he know that behind in another gharri followed the Chief and Runjeet, a Punjabi policeman.

For over half a mile straight eastward along Dhurrumtullah Road Rustem's gharri clattered. Suddenly Teck felt the vehicle tip low on one side. Peering around the side, he saw the gleam of a white trouser leg, then another foot was thrust out, and the body of the sailor edged half through the side door till his feet rested on the low step.

Teck slipped to the street and darted to the sidewalk. As he did so, the sailor dropped to the ground and Rustem, all unconscious of the desertion, drove his gharri on into the darkness and disappeared. Teck chuckled softly as he thought of Rustem's astonishment when he would presently find himself alone with his horses.

"Very clever, Mister Sailor-man," the detective muttered to himself; "the scent now grows warm."

In and out amongst the natives on the sidewalk Straddles threaded his way, and behind trailed the detective. Once, as the gharri that followed drew up to him, Teck slipped from the sidewalk and raised his hand; then he was back to the walk and trailing his quarry.

At the second street, a small lane, a sailor turned in past a row of little native shops. Beyond these was a high *pucca* wall, and at a heavy wooden gate in this the sailor stopped, turned, looked carelessly up and down the lane, then knocked.

Teck, bargaining for some sweetmeats, saw the gate open, the sailor disappear

within, and then the gate was closed. The detective went back to Dhurrumtullah, at the corner of which waited the Chief and Runjeet.

"We must capture the durwan at the gate before he can give an alarm," Teck advised; "so Runjeet must knock, and tell the durwan that he has brought the Sahib's purse that was left in the Sahib's gharry. The durwan, hoping to steal the money, will be drawn. You know the Thug trick of a handkerchief to smother his cry, Runjeet—only don't break his neck."

The Punjabi's white teeth gleamed in the flickering light of the shop lamps, as he unwound his *kummerbund* (sash) and held it loosely in his hand.

Teck and the Chief, standing with their backs to the wall, waited while Runjeet, with Oriental duplicity, played upon the cupidity of the gatekeeper.

"*Kuhn hai?*" the durwan's voice asked, in answer to the policeman's knock.

"I am the gharry driver to the Sahib, who has just gone in," Runjeet answered, "and here is his purse with ten rupees that the Sahib has lost in my gharry."

There was the clink of a chain, the rasp of a bolt, the creak of hinges as the heavy gate was swung to a crack; a lean black arm was thrust through, and a voice said: "Give me the purse, brother—I will give it to the Sahib."

"Call the Sahib," Runjeet answered, "that I may give it into his hands. How do I know that thou are not a thief?—all durwans are of the robber caste," and he jingled the rupees seductively in his hand.

"Give it to me, brother," the gatekeeper answered, "and thou mayst keep a rupee for thine honesty in bringing it; the Sahib will not mind." The gate opened a little wider, and the speaker, in his eagerness for the money, thrust his shoulder and one leg through.

"Ah, brother, thou art indeed the durwan," Runjeet exclaimed; "here are the rupees, and give me the one that is my *dustoor*."

Teck heard a rustle, a gurgling, stifled cry, and at their feet on the ground lay the gatekeeper, his voice strangled in his throat by the twist of the policeman's *kummerbund*.

Teck clicked a pair of handcuffs on the durwan's wrists, saying to Runjeet, "Easy *bhai* (brother), don't choke him."

"Now, durwan," he added in a low voice, "we are police sahibs. Whose *bungalow* is this?"

"Baboo Ram Chunder's," the durwan gasped when the cloth was taken from his throat.

"All right. And in there are two thief sahibs, and unless you lead us to them quietly, you will be sent to jail; also, in the meantime, this little gun which I have here will kill you if you make a noise."

Teck drew a strong cord through the handcuffs, passing the end to Runjeet, and added: "If the durwan gives a warning to the thief sahibs you are to kill him."

"Huzoor, I will lead you to the little room wherein are the two sahibs with Baboo Ram Chunder. Huzoor, have pity upon Ramatha, for I am a man of a large family."

They slipped through the gate and Teck shot the bolts behind them. Then, led by the captive, they passed through a little courtyard in which a fountain played amongst crotons and aloes. It was perfectly dark. The heavy walls of a *pucca* building rose a gloomy blur against the night sky. They circled this on a cement path, coming to a set of steps at the back. Up the steps and across a broad veranda they passed, and leading, the durwan brought them to a spiral stairway that wound up a corner tower of the building.

As they passed, a servant called sleepily from a charpoy on the veranda: "*Kuhn hai?*"

"It is I, Ramatha, the durwan, brother,—I go to the Baboo Sahib," he answered, as they stood silent in the darkness.

"Salaam, Ramatha, thou old fool!" the servant replied.

At the top of the winding stairway, they stood on a landing, and from a latticed door little blades of light crept weakly into the darkness of the hall. Ramatha touched Teck on the arm and with his manacled hands pushed him gently toward the door.

Through a chink Teck surveyed the interior. Four or five brass lamps held cocoanut oil, in which floated lighted dips, their soft glow showing the detective, at one end of the room squatted on a silken cushion, a fat Bengali Baboo. Beside him stood a huge gaunt Punjabi leaning on a *tulwar* (curved sword). In front of the Baboo, seated on the floor, tailor fashion, were Straddles and Ives Holborn. And in the center of this group upon a

square of black cloth rested the pearl-studded gold *kasaba*.

The inmates of the room were evidently bargaining. Teck saw the Baboo reach behind him and take from a small iron box a sheaf of Bank of England notes. He held them in his lap. Ives Holborn said something and the Baboo threw the notes back into the box angrily, grasped the snake-like stem of his hookah and puffed, then blew the smoke through his nostrils as if in disdain.

Teck touched the Chief and drew him gently to the chink in the door, whispering in his ear: "See we need not wait. You have your pistols, I have mine; the door is not even locked. We'll just step through and cover them and Runjeet will snap the darbies on their wrists."

Teck whispered this in the policeman's ear, and then: "Ready! Now!"

A wrench, the door flew open, and Ives Holborn, springing to his feet with an oath, looked into the muzzle of a big Webley revolver and heard Teck's voice saying: "Put up your hands, Holborn. A wrong move and you're a dead man. Now, Runjeet, the *darbies*, please."

The Baboo's guard raised his *tulwar*. As he did so the Chief's pistol crackled and a bullet ripped through the giant's shoulder. He spun around like a top, reeled, and fell across the iron box.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Bloomin' Teck!" said Ives Holborn. "I'd know your bloody fat voice if you was dressed like a coster. Wot's the little gyme? Here, Straddles, y'u swipe, behyve. These gents is visitors from Scotland Yard—wot's the gyme, Teck?"

"We've come for the pearls, Holborn, and you and this terrier. Put the irons on, Runjeet," Teck added. "Hold out your wrists, Straddles, and you, too, Holborn. That's right!"

That was the evening of the 19th, and on the morrow, the 20th, Darwaza wore his pearl *kasaba* at the durbar. Ives Holborn and Straddles are still doing time in the Andaman Islands for that job.

Hansen's body was never found and his murder was never brought home to the murderers.

The Baboo got a year in spite of his protestations that he knew nothing about the theft of the pearls.

THE PIPERS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

PIPERS of the joy of earth,
Blithe inheritors of mirth,
Now that slope and swale re-
sume
Weft of grass and osier-plume,
I, at one with them and you,
Would my vernal zest renew!
Floats your music o'er the plain
For the dancers of the rain;
To your gnomie melody
Burst the buds on bush and tree;
And the wind-flower nods in time

To your tuneful treble-chime.
When, diaphanous, the dusk
Droops, and from its vapory husk
Slips the new moon's crescent thin,
Still you raise your silvery din.
"Peep!" I hear you, "peep!" and
"peep!"
Far across the fields of sleep,
Till your iterant measure seems
Tangled in the mesh of dreams,
And the morn has amber birth,
Pipers of the joy of earth!



Painted for The Metropolitan Magazine by Emil Hering.

THE BURGLARS.

1760

THE DOOMSMAN

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMANN C. WALL

XX.



CONSTANS remained motionless at the window. Every physical instinct urged him onward, but yet he stopped and listened to a girl's laughter. It ceased and he sprang forward mechanically; too late! for already the bloodhounds were upon the portico, and he turned to meet them.

Fangs was in the lead, and as she sprang Constans thrust out his right leg, the heavy, hobnailed boot catching the animal squarely on the flank. The portico had no guard railing and the dog, fairly taken off her balance, was precipitated headlong to the terrace below. Constans shouted exultantly, but there was still Blazer with whom to deal. Before he could recover his own poise the brute had him by the throat and was bearing him downward; man and dog rolled together on the stone-paved floor of the gallery. Something passed with the swift rustle of wind-distended garments, but Constans could see nothing, his eyes being blinded with the acrid foam from the animal's jaws. Fortunately, the high, standing collar of leather that he wore prevented the dog's teeth from fastening on his actual throat, but that advantage could not endure and already he could feel that the animal was shifting his hold. Then as he despaired, his right hand struck upon something round and hard in the outside pocket of his doublet; it was the handle of the loaded revolver that he had carried now for a month past. A sudden effort and he managed to seize it; without attempting to draw it from the pocket he pulled the trigger. The report followed and immediately he felt the dog's grip relax; he pushed the

dead weight from off his chest and rose dizzily to his feet.

When again he found himself he saw Quinton Edge bending over the dead hound and inspecting, with curious attention, the ragged hole in its chest. Yet as the Doomsman looked up at Constans, the firm line of his lips framed no question; he must have heard the shot, mayhap he could have ventured a shrewd guess at the truth, but he made no sign. When he spoke, it was lightly and carelessly as his wont:

"A near thing, my young friend. Gods! but I seem to find you ever in the storm center, a veritable petrel. I see that your hand still shakes, and small wonder; may I offer you a sup of brandy from my flask?"

But Constans shook his head. He felt his strength returning fast and his mind was clear again; he could not accept aught from the hand of Quinton Edge. The latter shrugged his shoulders and went on easily:

"Fortunate that I happened to be returning from a little excursion on the river, for my pets are difficult to manage. Quinton Edge straightened up and passed his lace-edged handkerchief across his lips. Then with smooth irony: "An honor indeed to entertain so unexpected a guest at Arcadia House; to what happy chance am I indebted?"

"That I am here should be condemnation sufficient for your purpose," said Constans slowly. "I have nothing to add to it."

"You know alike the strength and weakness of Doom. We have lost heavily in the expedition to the South; every man in the reserve must now be called upon to fill up the depleted ranks. Dom Gillian is fast sinking into the grave, where Boris already lies; Ulick, who must now succeed, in the ordinary course, has only physical courage to recommend him. That is not enough if Doom is to remain mistress of the world.

"Yet if our weaknesses are patent, no less apparent are our springs of power. Here is Doom and here alone will you find that unity of feeling and of action which makes for empire. Were the Stockaders and the House People to join hands, they could overwhelm us in a night, but they will not, since jealousy chokes an ever-widening chasm. Moreover, it is a strong position that we hold here in this wilderness of stone, when every brick is a man; a moat of deep water on every side, the further protection of a network of rubbish-choked streets and no thoroughfares, and at the heart of the labyrinth a citadel provisioned for a ten years' siege, behind whose walls one man may be counted as equal to a score of the enemy. There is no need for boasting; this is the truth as you know.

"Yet there is one thing lacking—a brave man to lead, and a brain to guide. Ulick may possess the strong arm and doubtless I have the wits, but I fear that, like oil and water, we two shall never mix. Besides, I may grow weary of the business, or the time may come when I must turn my back upon it all. Yet I could not be content that chaos should reign in my stead. I must leave a man behind me, and that man is you, Constans, son of Gavan.

"Nay, but hear me out. Apostate, renegade—I know what you would say. Yet what are these but words, mere words. You are alone in the world," and here for just an instant Quinton Edge dropped his eyes, although the even tones of his voice never wavered. "You owe no debt of gratitude to either Stockader or Houseman. A crust from one, a bone from the other; and they would have done as much for a starving dog. You see that I have watched you longer than you have been aware.

"And so I offer you the first and the last of the things that all men crave. The first is love, and she who stands there is fair, else why do I find you in my garden? The last is power and it is the world that I put under your feet."

He stopped abruptly and seemed to catch at something mounting upward in his throat. Then, with emotion the more marked from its evident repression, he continued:

"There is still the blood-debt between us, and I promise you it shall be paid and to the last drop."

Again silence fell between them for the space of a full minute. Quinton Edge

turned to adjust the jabot of fine lace about his neck, and that he might have both hands free, he laid upon a wicker table the object he had been carrying. Constans saw that it was a sprig of May Bloom, a glorious cluster of pink and white blossoms.

"I am waiting for my answer," said Quinton Edge.

Constans tried to command his voice, but he could not speak, and Quinton Edge turned to Esmay:

"We have both of us omitted to remember where courtesy is first due. Madam, I should have informed myself of your pleasure in this matter."

The girl involuntarily threw up her hand as though to protect her face from the cut of a whip-lash.

"No, oh, no!" she stammered faintly.

The Doomsman laughed jarringly:

"Yet I must ask you to reconsider; nay, even to use what arts you possess to induce this short-sighted young gentleman to accept my generous proposition. For, mind you, there is a consequent upon his refusal—and yours."

"A consequent—of course. And it is——"

"A lofty one. He mounts either to Dom Gillian's chair or to the yardarm of the *Black Swan*. A spy's death for a spy—it is but justice."

Esmay turned to Constans:

"Surely it were shame enough for any woman to find herself made part of such a bargain. But my humiliation goes even deeper, for I must parade my poor wares before you like a huckster, beseeching you to buy. My lord, it is for your life, and I am but a flower, that it may please you to wear to-day and cast aside to-morrow. Buy of me, my lord, and at what price you will—it is for your life."

The girl's voice, vibrant with feeling, sunk suddenly into a whisper, harsh and insistent.

"Be quick; he will not wait overlong." She plucked with desperate resolve at his sleeve. "Do you not understand; the men are coming, you can hear the rattle of the sheaf-blocks, at the garden of the galley—Constans!"

But Constans looked only at his enemy, Quinton Edge. "I am ready," he said coldly.

Esmay passed quickly through the long window and so into the drawing-room. To her overexcited senses, the silver whistle

was already sounding in her ears, and a gradual faintness mounted to her brain, even as water rises above the swimmer advancing through the shingle to the first shock of the surge. There was an armchair in the center of the room, and she strove to reach it. Hardly a dozen steps away, yet it seemed as though hours passed before she gained it. Then, in deadly truth, she heard Quinton Edge blow his whistle and the darkness closed in upon her.

For the second time the Doomsman raised the whistle to his lips; it slipped from his fingers and fell to the garden table standing at his side.

As he bent to recover it, the subtle, up-rising scent of the May Bloom struck him like a blow; a dark flush overspread his brow. Then he spoke quickly, insistently: "The canoe is still at the landing-stage. Go, while there is yet time."

With imperious eagerness he seized Constans by the shoulders, slewing him around and pushing him toward the steps that led to the terrace.

"Go and forget all that you have seen and heard in Doom, the Forbidden. You and your secrets are known, be content to leave my people with theirs. And to me my memories."

The madness of protest, of resistance, was still upon Constans and yet he found himself yielding to this stronger will. Mechanically he leaped to the terrace below, thence ran on to the landing-stage, and had the boat in the current, which was running out on a strong ebb tide. Half a mile further down, he ventured to make a landing. The dozen or so of rifles and store of ammunition that he had left in hiding at this point were too precious a treasure to be abandoned without an effort. When he had transferred the last case of cartridges to his canoe it was heavily laden, but Constans bent lustily to his paddle, shaping his course to the southward, the direction of his old home on the West Inch.

XXI.

Constans had now spent nearly a fortnight in the valley of the Swiftwater, and while he had been hospitably received and entertained, he made but small progress in his mission; it seemed as though this second propaganda were also doomed to failure.

"Doom will not trouble us, and why should we concern ourselves about the flaying of a few fat burghers. As for your ideal republic, stuff of dreams, lad! Take an old man's word for it."

Piers Major of the River Barony spoke decidedly, yet withal not unkindly, for he had been blood-brother to Constans' father, and he liked the boy for his own sake.

"A dream, I tell you," continued the old man, "a dream and nothing less. There is the Greenwood Keep, and it still remains no man's land. True, the house was badly gutted by the fire, but there is plenty of good timber in the forest, and every man among us will be glad to lend a hand to the reconstruction of your fortunes. Finally there is your tall cousin Alexa, 'Red' Oxenford's daughter. Methinks she looks upon you not unkindly and she bade me be sure to bring you to her coming of age to-day. The whole country-side will be present, and you may bag all your birds with one fairly shot bolt. What say you?"

"It cannot be," he said shortly. "Believe me that I am not ungrateful, but my own way is plain, and I must take it."

"It may be so," said the old man somberly, "but, Constans lad, we should be on our way if we would not have the pretty Alexa frowning her smooth forehead over our empty seats at her birthday ball. Hola! Willem; the horses and quickly."

The way to Deepdene, "Red" Oxenford's stronghold, led through the forest, and the green drive was a pleasant place on this brightest of May mornings.

A couple of miles farther on and they came to the crossing of the Ochre Brook. As they rode their horses into the ford, a wild dog that had been lapping at the brink started up with a snarl under the very feet of Piers Major's steed. The frightened horse plunged and reared. His master, retaining his seat, with the unconscious mastery of the born horseman, drew his hunting knife and made an ineffectual pass at the ugly beast.

"Hold there!" shouted Constans. "Back in your saddle and leave him to me."

The pistol in his hand spoke once and the dog, shot through the lungs, fell back into the water; a bubble of crimson foam floated for a moment on the current and he was gone.

"That was well done," said Piers Major gravely.

"It is one of the ancient secrets," said Constans, and explained as best he could the mechanism of the revolver and the chemical composition of its explosive cartridge.

"In a secret place, some three miles from here," went on Constans, "I have in store a dozen similar weapons, together with as many of a larger pattern, rifles as they were anciently called. Also abundance of ammunition. Put them in the hands of brave men and would not the odds be in our favor, even if the Doomsman outnumbered us?"

"Yet may not our enemies provide themselves with the same means of offense?"

"No," said Constance decidedly. "It took me a month's hard work to get what I have into serviceable condition. Besides, the weapons are useless without the cartridges of gunpowder and lead. Of these only a small quantity remained fit for use, and I secured it all."

The old man's eye brightened. "Good," he said laconically, and relapsed into his abstracted mood.

It was a joyous and inspiring spectacle that presented itself when they finally drew rein before the doors of Deepdene. Laughter and the popping of corks were to be heard on every side, for this was a gala day, the coming of age of the maiden Alexa, "Red" Oxenford's only daughter.

The sports were of the sort characteristic of such a gathering—wrestling and foot-races, target shooting and bouts at cudgel play and night stick, and lasted well into the afternoon.

Fifty yards outside of the main palisade stood an oak tree. Under the Stockade law no standing tree should have been permitted at a less distance than one hundred paces, but the oak was such a fine specimen that "Red" Oxenford had allowed it to remain; a fatal error.

A bowstring twanged musically, the arrow sped to its mark, the fair, young breast of Oxenford's daughter, and in her father's arms the maiden gasped and died. All this in the space of time in which a cloud of the bigness of a man's hand might pass across the sun. Down from the lower branches of that accursed oak dropped the light figure of a man garbed all in gray. "Stop him!" called a weak, uncertain voice, but no one moved. A man in gray waved his hand derisively and disappeared into

the bush. An inarticulate sound arose from the closely packed throng in the enclosure, the exhalation of a universal sigh.

"Red" Oxenford had made neither sound nor sign. He stood motionless, his daughter's head cradled in the hollow of his mighty arm; he stared stupidly at the girl's face, so pitifully white and small it seemed, with its virginal coronal of flaxen hair—he then fell in a heap like to a collapsing wall.

Piers Major gently withdrew the bolt from the wound and held it up to view. Its message was plain to all, for none save the Doomsmen feathered their arrows with the plume of the gray goose. Only now the quills were stained to a darker hue.

"It is her blood," he said, and the polished shaft of hickory snapped like a straw between his fingers. "Her blood—of Doom shall we require it." And all the people shouted and then stood with uncovered head, while the young men bore away the body of Oxenford's daughter on their locked shields and gave it to her mother.

That night Constans rode out from Deepdene at the head of twenty picked men, leading them to the secret place where he had stored the guns and ammunition that he had brought from Doom. Two days of practice with the unfamiliar weapons, and on the morning of the third the little squad, reinforced by a company of a hundred stout men-at-arms, recruited from the country side at large, set out upon the northern road.

Toward noon they passed through Croye. It had been their intention to stop here for the mid-day meal, but none cared to propose a halt after entering this strange city of silence. Ordinarily, the central square would have been filled with a voluble, chaffering crowd, it being a market day; but now there was not a living thing to be seen, not even a hog wallowing in the kennel or a buzzard about the butcher stalls.

"What think you?" said Piers Major to Constans. "Is it the plague?"

The answer to the riddle was given as they turned the corner by Messer Hugolin's house. The strong-room on the ground floor stood empty and despoiled of its treasures, yet the gold and silver had not been carried away, but lay scattered about in the filth of the street as though utterly contemned by the marauders.

And there hanging from a cross-bar of



"IT IS HER BLOOD," HE SAID, "AND OF DOOM SHALL WE REQUIRE IT!"

the broken window was the body of Messer Hugolin, Councilor Primus of Croye, dressed in his scarlet robes of office, and with a great, gold chain about his neck. His head was bowed upon his breast so that the face was not visible, and for this indulgence Constans gave inward thanks.

"Ride on," commanded Piers Major shortly, and the cavalcade clattered forward. It was not worth while to linger where once Dom Gillian's tax-gatherers have passed.

XXII.

Esmay sat in the gardens at Arcadia House. It was the loveliest of Spring days and there were blossoms everywhere.

For the sun must still shine and the dew fall and the waters flow for all that hearts of flesh break and die; it is the first knowledge indeed of this inexorable law that causes the cup of bitterness to overflow.

That night she went to Nanna and announced her intention of paying another visit to the "House of Power."

"Our lord cannot be wholly unmindful of his children," she said, "and light may come to us from the Shining One."

But the practical Nanna shook her head. "It is supposed to be sufficient grace for a woman, if the Shining One deigns to accept the gifts that she lays upon his altar."

"We will go dressed as men; there is everything we can want in the presses upstairs. Now, Nanna dear——"

And of course Nanna yielded, for she saw that her darling's heart was set upon this foolish thing. Quinton Edge was still absent in the *Black Swan*, and it would be an easy matter to hoodwink old Kurt; he was always fuddled with ale nowadays. To-morrow would be Friday, the day of the weekly sacrifice; they would make the trial then.

It was hard upon noon of the following day when the two women drew near to the temple of the Shining One, guided by the diapason of the great dynamo. Nanna, clad in doublet and small-clothes, swung jauntily along, one hand on dagger hilt and careless challenge in her snapping, black eyes, the picture of a swaggering youngster. But Esmay at the last moment could not bring herself to don the habiliments exclusively masculine.

"Prosper must be within," said Nanna,

leading the way. "Don't stumble around like that; here, take my hand."

Prostrate in front of the main switchboard they found the old priest, a mere anatomy of a man with his cheeks shrunken like parchment to the jaw, and his wasted limbs no larger than those of a child. Yet he was alive and conscious, the deep-set eyes glowing with suspicious fire as they turned upon his unexpected guests.

"Starving," said Nanna briefly, and proceeded to force a few drops of wine, from a pocket flask, between his lips, while Esmay ran for a basket of food, which had been brought along as an offertory in their assumed character of worshipers. The stimulant acted powerfully and within an hour Prosper was so far restored as to be able to partake of some solid food. Then he insisted upon getting to his feet, a gaunt and terrible figure in his black cowl and rusty cassock.

"I have my work to do," he reiterated stubbornly; "I must be preparing the harvest field for my lord's sickle, and already the time is ripe for his appearing. Behold and believe."

With a firm step, he approached the switchboard and turned one of the controlling levers. A flash of light, succeeded by a stream of crackling sparks, leaped from the free end of a broken wire at the other end of the building, and a pile of straw lying near it burst into flame. An expert in electrical engineering would have understood that a broken wire must be in proximity to a mass of metal, and that the powerful current was being visibly hurled across the gap. Esmay uttered a cry and even Nanna shrunk back. Prosper smiled bitterly.

But the two women stayed neither to see nor to listen further. Hand in hand they gained the street and ran in the direction of the Citadel Square, heedless of the rain which was now beginning to fall. Several blocks away, they paused breathless and exhausted, compelled to seek shelter in a doorway from the fury of the storm.

Nanna disappeared into the house for a few moments; now she returned from her voyage of discovery, wearing an expression of gravity quite new to her. "Come," she said, "I want to show you something."

She drew Esmay after her down the draughty passage that led to offices of the long since deserted dwelling-house. There was a large apartment at the end of the

passage, the kitchen, to judge from the character of the fittings. The room had been formerly lighted by electricity and Nanna pointed out a lamp-wire whose free end was dangling in close proximity to a lead water-pipe. Underneath was a small heap of oil-soaked rags. "You remember what we saw at the House of Power," said Nanna significantly.

Esmay examined the wire carefully. At the broken end the insulating fabric had been stripped off and the copper scraped clean and bright with a knife blade. Here was the evidence of design unmistakable.

"I found this on a nail in the passage," went on Nanna, and held out a bit of cloth that had been torn from a garment. It was of that peculiar weave worn only by the priests of the Shining One.

Esmay looked at it with troubled eyes. "What does it mean?" she asked, but Nanna only shook her head.

"Of course, I remember what happened at the temple," said Esmay hesitatingly. "We saw him turn a handle and the wire a hundred feet away spouted fire. If a hundred feet, why not half a mile?"

"It is a trap," asserted Nanna decisively. "Come away."

They walked down the street.

"What could Prosper hope to catch in such a snare; for whom could he have set it?" asked Esmay, putting into audible language the question over which both were puzzling. "Unless," she went on thoughtfully, "unless this is only one of many." Nanna nodded: "Dozens, hundreds of them and scattered all over the city."

An undefinable foreboding struck chill at Esmay's heart. She could not reason out the source or the nature of the threatening peril, but she knew certainly that it existed. How and when would it come?

As they passed a street corner that commanded a view of the Palace Road, Nanna caught Esmay by the arm and bade her look. Towering head and shoulders above the slowly moving throng of idle men and gossiping women, strode Prosper, the priest, and as he went he proclaimed the woe that must shortly come upon the city, a message to which none gave heed, "Yet three days and Doom the Mighty—is fallen, is fallen! Our lord has called upon his people to turn to him, ere it be too late, but they will not heed. He has spoken and I will obey him!"

XXIII.

It had been Constans' original plan to cross the river some miles above Croye and so avoid attracting the attention of the Doomsmen, should any of their parties be a-field. The expedition would then move cautiously down the east bank in the hope of surprising the guard at the High Bridge and so gain entrance to the city. But Piers Major, at the council of war that first evening, brought about a reconsideration.

"'Tis against the Citadel," he said shrewdly, "that we should rather choose to direct an unexpected blow. The bridge may be carried by a rush, but not so the stone walls that guard the heart of Doom. In that assault a man's life must be paid for each rung gained on the scaling ladder. We have no batteries with which to hammer at the gate hinges, and as for a siege—well, it is weary work starving out rats whose fortress is a granary in itself. Let us move indeed, but cautiously, prudently."

"There can be no argument against a strategy so obvious," said Constans quickly.

"The effectiveness of the blow depends upon its force plus its unexpectedness. The Doomsmen will be doubly discomfited in knowing neither the nature of the stroke that slays them nor the quarter whence it comes."

"Aye, man," broke in Oxenford impatiently, "but all this is words, not deeds. What can we do so that Dom Gillian hangs from his own doorpost before a second rising of the sun?"

"I propose then," answered Piers Major, "that the score of men who are armed with the new weapons shall take boat down the river and make a landing to the south of the Citadel Square, remaining in hiding until the rising of the moon to-morrow night. The main body will force the High Bridge at the coming dawn and should be able to drive the Doomsmen to cover within the next twelve hours. Then the frontal attack in force and the gun fire from behind. If they follow each other at the proper interval our victory is assured."

"It was your idea that I should go with the flanking party?" asked Constans.

"Naturally, since you alone know the city. We can reach the Citadel Square from our side without difficulty, for it is a simple matter of hewing our way thither. But with your party it must be the progress of the snake through the grass."

Without further parley the plan proposed was adopted. Piers Major would command the main body in person, about one hundred and fifty men in all. Constans selected Piers Minor, son to Piers Major, as his lieutenant and, somewhat to his surprise, Oxenford elected to join the smaller command. "It is the better chance," he explained grimly, "for my getting a face to face look at the old gray wolf. And surely Dom Gillian must be expecting me."

Fortunately, the question of transportation for the river party was quickly settled. One of Messer Hugolin's flat-boats, coming down from the upper river with a cargo of hides, had anchored for the night a half mile up-stream; it was an easy matter to impress crew and vessel into service. The hides were tossed ashore and by midnight the expedition was ready to start.

The long night wore away and presently the sky was streaked with the faint pink and saffron of the coming dawn. A landing was made without difficulty, and Constans hurried his men onward, every minute being precious.

He had determined to make use of his old quarters in the "Flatiron" building on the south side of the Citadel Square, and his relief was great when the last man passed within the shelter of its walls. The majority of the men curled themselves up in some convenient corner and resumed their interrupted slumbers. Constans posted himself at a window overlooking the Square with the intention of keeping close watch on all that passed below. But in spite of all his efforts Nature insisted upon her rights and he too slept.

Over at Arcadia House, Nanna being wakeful with the torture of an aching tooth happened to glance through the north windows of the room occupied by the sisters, and saw a dull-red glow on the horizon of a conflagration. She aroused Esmay, and the two girls watched it wondering.

"It is the morning of the third day," said Esmay, and Nanna nodded.

The fire was a long way off, low down on the northern sky line. But every now and then a long, crimson streamer would leap upwards, almost to the zenith, showing how great and vehement the conflagration must be. As the two girls stood watching it, they heard a window in the main part of the house flung up sharply and Quinton Edge's

voice calling to old Kurt and bidding him saddle a horse with all speed.

Nanna's eyes glowed. "It is something big," she said excitedly, and began scrambling into her masculine attire. "Something that is worth our while to know about," she continued resolutely.

"But Nanna——" began Esmay doubtfully.

"Do you suppose that our master is going out to pick flowers? Help me with this buckle, little sister, and talk not so foolishly."

And forthwith Esmay submitted to this new Nanna in doublet and small-clothes who spoke with authority and took such tremendously long strides, and contented herself with an admonition to caution and helped the impatient one to depart. She feared lest she might meet Quinton Edge as she remounted the stairs and flew along the corridor to her room, but she regained its shelter undisturbed and sat there trembling, when she heard his step in the hallway, his knock at her door; then it opened, and Quinton Edge stood before her.

"Come," he said gently, and Esmay obeyed, being yet faint with terror lest his hands should touch her. And this he must have guessed for he drew aside and passed out first, motioning her to follow. The door leading to his suite of apartments stood open. Esmay hesitated.

"Yes," said Quinton Edge, and the girl turned and searched his face. She did not understand what she saw there, yet it contented her and she crossed the threshold. Quinton Edge followed, reappearing almost immediately and carefully locking the door behind him.

He descended the stairs and passed out to the eastern portico where his horse should have been in waiting. It was not there and Quinton Edge grew angry.

"Kurt!" he called, once and twice and thrice. Then at last the delinquent appeared. The sullenness of sleep was still upon him and when his master would have reproved him for his tardiness, he answered back insolently.

"Enough!" said Quinton Edge, and struck him across the mouth with his riding whip. Then vaulting into the saddle he spurred through the gateway, riding hard for the northwest.

Old Kurt gazed upon his master. "Thirty lashes at Middenmas," he muttered, "and now this—this——"

Three hours later a slight, boyish figure scaled the wall and dropped into the sunken way. Nanna hastily entered the house and ran up to Esmay's room. Great news indeed! But where was the child. "Esmay," she murmured in a half whisper, and passed out into the corridor. She went straight to the door leading to the master's suite of apartments and knocked timidly upon the door, but there was no response. She tried her strength against it and shook her head. Nothing could be done here. She went quietly downstairs and let herself into the street.

A touch upon Constans's shoulder and a harsh voice in his ear aroused him. He sprang to the window looking across the Citadel Square and directly up the Palace Road. "I see no sign of Piers Major," he said at length. "Down in the Square," replied Oxenford laconically.

Through the gateway came a constant stream of people, each family burdened with its household goods and transporting the sick and infirm by means of litters.

"The warning must have come down from the High Bridge at an early hour," said Constans thoughtfully. "How long has all this been going on?"

"Only within the last hour," returned Oxenford.

Slowly the day dragged on for the impatient watchers in the "Flatiron." It was impossible to form any conjecture as to how the preliminary conflict was proceeding; it was not even certain that it had begun.

The shadows were growing long when Piers Minor pointed out a cloud of dust far up the Palace Road. Later on they could distinguish the figures of men and horses. Stragglers and wounded began to dribble away from the fighting line; they came running down the Palace Road, one by one, then in bunches of two and three and four. Piers Major, with his greatly superior numerical force, was evidently driving the defenders back.

Half an hour later the conjecture became accomplished fact. The Doomsmen, retreating with admirable steadiness, fell back upon the shelter of the citadel walls. Quinton Edge, with a score of mounted crossbowmen, brought up the rear, and he himself was the last man to pass through the North Gate.

Three hundred yards away the allied forces came suddenly into view, but it was close to sunset, the time for the evening meal, and, as though by mutual consent, both sides laid aside their arms for the homelier utensils of the cuisine.

XXIV.

There had been no final understanding between Constans and Piers Major as to the precise line of attack upon the citadel. That must depend upon the successful carrying of the defenses at the boundary, and upon the duration of the skirmishing in the streets. Both had agreed, however, that a night assault offered the better chances of victory. The initiative lay, of course, with Piers Major, and Constans must use his own judgment in making the diversion in the rear.

"They are throwing up an inner barricade," said Piers Minor at Constans' elbow. He looked and saw that the space immediately in front of the storehouses was being enclosed by a formidable barrier of earth and paving stones. The Doomsmen were prepared then for the possible carrying of the main walls by assault. What could be the weak point in the defense?

"The gate," suggested Piers Minor, seeming to read his thoughts.

"You are right," said Constans. "If Piers Major but knew—nay, he *must* know."

Piers Minor nodded; he understood the appeal.

"I am going to tell him," he said impetuously. "I will be careful about keeping out of sight until well away from the vicinity of the 'Flatiron.' So as not to spoil the sport for you," he added, smiling.

Constans accompanied Piers Minor to the street entrance, going over in detail the message that he was to bear to his father. A final admonition of caution and they parted. It was still broad daylight and Constans returned to his post of observation.

Constans strode up and down the room devoured by impatience. Piers Minor had been gone now upward of half an hour, and yet there was no sign of preparation in the camp of the allies.

A roll of drums beating the charge and Constans started. "At last!" he muttered and drew in his breath sharply.

Piers Minor, keeping as closely as possible to cover, worked his way slowly to the northward and toward the camp of the allies on the Palace Road. But being unfamiliar with the topography of the district, he insensibly kept edging into dangerous proximity with the Citadel Square; suddenly he found himself within a short block of its eastern front. He turned to retreat and came face to face with a slender, black-eyed youth who must have been following close upon his heels. Discovered he tried to dodge, but Piers Minor was too quick and they closed. The youth struggled gallantly, but the Stockader had all the advantage in strength; in another moment Piers Minor had his antagonist crushed helplessly into a corner. He looked at the boy contemptuously:

"Not a sound, mind, or I'll twist your throat as I would a meadow lark's. Why were you following me?"

The black eyes snapped back at him unwinkingly.

"Let me speak then—you hurt me."

Piers Minor grudgingly loosened his hold upon the slender throat.

"Go on, then."

"You are a Stockader and there is a young man with you, fair-haired and with dark eyes—Constans by name? Do you know him?"

"Well, and if I do?"

"Tell him that last night Esmay disappeared and yet still remains in Arcadia House. He will understand, for he knows Quinton Edge."

"I will tell him," said Piers Minor. "And now what am I to do with you?"

The boy laughed nonchalantly. "Wemay part as we have met, with no one the wiser."

"I am not so sure of that," said the other suspiciously. "You are a Doomsman and you know me to be a Stockader—a spy if you like. If it were for myself alone, I might trust you, but so much may hang—"

The boy tried by a sudden movement to slip under Piers Minor's detaining hand. The shock displaced his cap, a treacherous fastening gave way at the same instant and a mass of long, black hair tumbled down upon the youth's shoulders. Even then Piers Minor, being of masculine slow wit, might not have guessed the truth but for a bright blush that overspread brow and cheek, a confession that even his dull senses could not misinterpret.

"A woman!" he said confusedly, and blushed as unrestrainedly in his turn.

"You will have to trust me, you see," she said coldly.

The abashed Piers Minor murmured an indistinct assent.

"And you will not forget my message?"

"No, no! He shall have it at the earliest possible moment."

"Very good—it is understood then. Now you may go."

Piers Minor had not a word to say. He accepted his orders meekly, but as he turned to go he managed to stammer out, "Of course—to meet again."

Nanna, to her own infinite amazement, answered with a look that meant yes, and knew that he had not failed to so understand it. She walked over to the Citadel Square, and entered after some parley with the sentinels on the walls.

A little crowd of women and elderly men, gathered about an ox-cart in the center of the square, attracted her attention. They were listening to a speaker who, standing upright in the wagon-body, was haranguing them earnestly. Nanna recognized him—Prosper, the priest.

It was the old story—repentance, the wrath of the Shining One and the imminence of the judgment.

"To-day, to-day, even to-day and Doom is fallen, is fallen!"

"There will be mischief worked to-night, if he leaves the fortress," said Nanna to herself, and shook her black-poll'd head sagely.

It did not take long for Constans to arouse and collect his little band; tired of the long hours of inaction, they were only too glad to respond to the summons.

Under the south wall of the citadel they halted. It was rapidly growing dark and so far their advance had met with no challenge from the ramparts. But there was noise and shouting in plenty, coming from the direction of the North Gate. There were but two guards on duty here and they were easily surprised and secured before they could give an alarm. As one by one the rest of the company ascended the scaling ladder, they were ordered to throw themselves prone on the broad, flat top of the wall to await the final signal. Over at the gateway the clamor grew momentarily—

there were blows of axes on wood and clash of arms, and the confused crying of many voices.

Piers Major had advanced promptly upon receiving the message brought by his son. The phalanx of marching men was protected from arrows, darts and ordinary missiles by a continuous covering formed of their ox-hide shields, the latter being held horizontally above the head and interlocked.

The defence had been quick to recognize the character of the attack and had done their best to repel it. The front rank had now reached the barrier and the axes, wielded by strong arms, fell furiously upon the wooden leaves of the gate. Constans felt his throat contracting and his heart beating furiously. "They must be quick," he muttered. Then with a shout, as he sprang to his feet: "Through, they are through!"

He sprang down upon the banquette; there was no need for any uttered order to his followers. Shoulder to shoulder the men leaped to the ground and raced across the open square to the North Gate through which the allies were pouring pell-mell, intent on securing foothold in the open. The Doomsmen, forsaking the now useless walls, met them stubbornly, man to man. Constans felt himself carried into the thickest of the press; he fought on mechanically, thrusting and cutting with the rest and yet hardly conscious of what he was doing. Even the momentary vision of Ulick, stripped to the waist and with a broad red streak across his forehead, failed to arouse him. A confused idea that he wanted to speak to Ulick suddenly oppressed him; he half started to follow him, but Piers Minor, at his elbow, held him back.

Constans felt the blood singing in his ears, then a weight suddenly lifted from his brain, his eyes cleared and the fierce joy of conflict captured him. It was his first draught of that delicious cup and he drank deep. He forced his way to the front, gaining foothold on the barricade. Ten feet away stood Quinton Edge and Constans' heart was glad. At last!

A hand plucked at the skirt of his doublet and he jerked himself loose impatiently. Again the detaining grasp; he bent down to strike and looked into Ulick's fast-glazing eyes. Obedient to the unspoken request he

knelt down and tried to move his friend into a more comfortable position. The crushed chest sank horribly under his hands and he was obliged to give over. "Close to me," whispered the dying man, and Constans bent his head to listen.

"It is of Esmay," he said. "Nanna has but just now told me—a prisoner—Arcadia House—you will go to her?"

"I will go," he said gently, and took Ulick's hand in both his own. The storm center of the fighting had moved away from them; above their heads the stars shone serenely; Constans could not speak, but he pointed them out to his friend.

Piers Minor, fighting as became his stout breed, in the press at the gate, chanced to rescue a boy from being crushed to death. The lad had been crowded up against the projecting angle and was quite breathless when the burly Stockader, arching his back against the pressure, broke the jam by sheer strength and pulled the sapling out of his dangerous position. But what a fine color came back into the white cheeks as the twain recognized each other!

"You!" said Nanna, and at that moment she would have given all she possessed in the world for just a skirt. So ineradicable, in its ultimate extremity, is the feminine instinct.

"You!" echoed Piers Minor, and immediately a horrible dumbness fell upon him.

The thunder of the captains and the shouting filled their ears, but they heard not; the red light of battle danced before their eyes, but they saw not. Some miracle swept them clear of the struggling throng and guided them to the momentary shelter afforded by a half-completed barricade of ox-carts. And here Piers Minor, seeing that she trembled and edged closer to him like any ordinary woman, took on a fine accession of courage.

"Little one!" he murmured in his big bass voice and laughed contentedly, just as though death were not standing at his other elbow.

"I have seen Ulick," whispered Nanna, "and he promised to give the message to Constans. Surely he will do so—tell me?"

Piers Minor put his arms around her.

"Of course," he answered stoutly, without comprehending in the least who Ulick was or what the message could be about.

"Come!" said Nanna, and dragged at her companion's sleeve.

Piers Minor did not hesitate. "As you will," he said briefly, and Nanna flashed back at him a brilliant smile. Hand in hand they sped through the now deserted passageway of the North Gate.

For the last time Constans bent his lips to the ear of the dying man. "Ulick!" he called. There was no answer and Constans felt the hand that lay in his was growing cold. He trembled, for this must be Death who now stood between them. "Ulick!" he cried, and for one brief instant the soul looked out from the hollowed eyes.

"The sun!" he said, and smiled as one who, having kept the watches of a long night, looks upon the dawn. "The sun!" he said again and his spirit went forth to meet it. Constans laid the body tenderly to one side and rose to his feet.

"The sun!" A vivid glare beat down and around him. "The Sun! and rising in the west!"

A vast shaft of flame shot upward to the zenith; there was a rush and a roar, as of many waters, and all along the western skyline pinnacles and cornices stood out, etched in crimson line. The entire quarter of the city directly west of the Citadel Square was in conflagration, and the flames, borne on the wings of a northwest gale, came driving swiftly down. A rain of red-hot cinders fell about him.

A shout of terror went up from Doomsman and Stockader alike. The fighting ceased and a rush began for the gates—men, women, children, cattle, victor and vanquished, all constrained by the one common impulse to seek safety in flight. To add to the confusion explosions began to be heard in the north and south and immediately the flames broke out in these latter quarters. Where then lay the path of safety?

Constans, running toward the southern rampart, where he knew he should gain his ladder, saw a tall figure just ahead of him. He recognized Quinton Edge, but the Doomsman had reached and scaled the wall before Constans could overtake him. Yet he caught a glimpse of his enemy proceeding rapidly in a southeast direction. Constans followed immediately, tightening his belt for the hard run that lay before him.

XXV.

Not an instant too soon did Piers Minor and Nanna reach the open street. The wind had shifted back to the northwest and the fire, breaking out in one place after another from the gale-scattered brands, was coming down upon them in great bounds, as though it were some gigantic beast of prey. A thick, suffocating smoke choked their throats and nostrils; they could neither speak nor breathe. And the darkness became impenetrable; this must be the end and Piers Minor bit his lips sharply to keep his senses. Then by the mercy of God, a fierce counter-current drove the smoke back a little way; they ran at full speed toward the southeast.

There was the shining of the river; now they could see the pier and the boats of the shad-fishers lying alongside. Piers Minor cast off the largest and most seaworthy-looking of the lot and, without troubling to bail out the standing water, he brought the craft broadside to the wharf and held out his hand to Nanna. But she was looking to the northward, where the gilded cupola of Arcadia House shone out against the sky. Neither moved nor spoke.

"Come," he said gently.

The girl turned slowly. "She is there," she said and pointed to the north. "I must get to her, my little sister."

Piers Minor swung himself up on the wharf and seized her. "You shall not," he said roughly.

She tried to wrench herself free; she struck him full in the face. But Piers Minor only smiled grimly and held on the tighter. And then, to his astonishment, this tiger-cat became suddenly metamorphosed into a dove. Her breast heaved and she turned her head away; he knew that she was weeping just like any other weak woman. Whereat Piers Minor smiled again, but not grimly, and held her a little closer.

"Listen," he said, and forced her gently to look at him. "It is impossible to reach Arcadia House; even now the fire is there before you. You must believe that Constans received the message and was able to get there in time. Believe it, because it is I who tell you."

She did believe and thanked him with a look that sent the blood to his temples. Then being a woman, she hesitated again, but suddenly felt herself lifted bodily off

her feet and swept, with a rush, down the wharf. One little gulp of regret for her lost independence and she yielded—deliciously. The boat rocked from side to side, then it shot out upon the open river, impelled by Piers Minor's lusty strokes.

The streets were as light as noonday and Constans found no difficulty in keeping the flying figure in sight. But run as he would he could not gain a yard upon him.

"Arcadia House," muttered Constans under his breath, as he noticed the direction taken by the runner. Arcadia House, and why? There could be but one answer to that question after Nanna's message, conveyed to him through Ulick's dying lips. Esmay had disappeared and yet had remained in Arcadia House. He, who knew Quinton Edge, would understand. Constans told himself grimly that he did understand. This insolent wanted the girl, just as he had desired many another thing in life, and it had always been his way to take what he coveted.

During this last quarter of an hour the progress of the conflagration had been perceptibly slower. The flames were now making their greatest headway due south and Arcadia House would be in comparative safety until the wind shifted again.

The pass-key rattled in the lock of the postern door and Quinton Edge entered the sunken way. Some one came forward swiftly to meet him, a slim, womanish figure dressed in white. Constans' heart gave a great bound, for who but Esmay carried her small head with so irresistible a grace? She held out her hands as Quinton Edge reached her side, but he crushed her into his arms and kissed her on the lips. They walked slowly down the terrace, turned the corner of the eastern portico and disappeared. Constans running up was just an instant too late; he heard merely the sound of the closing door.

By a supreme exercise of will Constans stopped short of the insanity that impelled him to thunder on the barrier and demand admittance. He had no difficulty in forcing one of the French windows of the drawing-room. Then he went forward through the half-opened door and into the main hall.

Constans, with his rapier held shortened in his hand, found his way to the staircase and began the ascent. At the turn of the second landing, he stopped with every

sense on edge. A door a short way before him stood partly ajar and there was a light in the room; Constans guessed that it must be the first of the private apartments belonging to Quinton Edge.

He looked in. The room was a large one and luxuriously furnished. An ancient hanging lamp of brass hung from the ceiling, diffusing a soft radiance; the curtains that concealed the deep window-seats were closely drawn, and had Constans made his observations with more care he might have noticed that something moved behind them, an unwieldy bulk that gathered itself as though for a spring. But he took no account of these smaller things, his eyes being full of Esmay only, and surely that was she who stood there in the shelter of Quinton Edge's arms.

Well, he could kill them both and almost at the single stroke, since they stood with their backs to the doorway and were quite unconscious of his presence. But upon second thought he determined to wreak positive vengeance on Quinton Edge alone. It was shame to strike a woman and unnecessary—it would be her punishment to live. Dispassionately, he reviewed his decision and reaffirmed it; it was now the time for action. But he had delayed just a moment too long. Before he could take that first forward step the one who waited behind the window curtains had passed before him, an ungainly figure of a man who limped upon one knee and whose black beard fell like a curtain before his cruel mouth and lips—Kurt, whom men called the "Knacker." A knife was in his hand and he struck furiously at Quinton Edge.

"This for the thirty lashes at Middenmas," he shouted, "and this—" but here Constans' rapier passed through his throat and he sank back gurgling horribly and tearing at his windpipe.

It had all happened so quickly that the two living men could only stare alternately at each other and at the helpless burden that lay in Quinton Edge's arms. A slim, white figure with that red stain upon her breast—spreading, spreading—

Constans gathered himself with a mighty effort. "Let me help you," he said quietly, and between them they carried her over to the couch and laid her down. A pitcher of water stood on a near by table and Constans moistened the pale lips. They parted with a little sigh and the eyes of his sister

Issa opened upon him. "Little brother," she whispered and smiled happily. Quinton Edge, kneeling at the couch, started up with a smothered cry and involuntarily Constans made as though to yield place to him. But Quinton Edge shook his head and stood back among the shadows.

"Little brother," said Issa again and put out a weak wavering hand.

XXVI.

It had been very quiet in the room for a long time. They had tried to make the dying woman more comfortable upon the couch, but every attempt to move her had only resulted in the wound breaking out afresh. It was cruelty to persist and so they gave it over, waiting for what must come.

Now it seemed that Issa slept, for her eyes were closed and the lines of pain had wholly disappeared from the smooth, white brow.

Constans had not attempted to speak; his mind was still seeking its wonted bearings and he was afraid. His sister, Issa! the little Issa with whom he had played at fox-chase and grace-hoops!

The pale lips moved and she spoke almost fretfully:

"Is the night never to be gone? And the hangings at the windows are so heavy. Where is my father?"

Constans had risen and gone to the window, intent on flinging it wide open. But Quinton Edge was there before him and stayed his hand.

"No," he said and Constans obeyed, being greatly troubled in mind and uncertain of himself, even as one who wanders in a maze. This Quinton Edge must have perceived, for he spoke gently, making it plain to him that this was indeed the veritable maid whom they had both loved and not some revengeful disembodied shadow from the under world. And having come finally to believe this, Constans was comforted and desired to hear the matter in full. "Tell me," he said and Quinton Edge went on:

"It was weeks and weeks that she lay silent and motionless upon a pallet of dried fern, her only shelter the thatch of a mountain sheepfold. And even that poor refuge had been hardly gained; once or twice upon the journey thither I thought that she had died, in my arms.

"There was no one among us who had any knowledge of surgery and so I had to be content with simples—cold-water compresses for the wound and tea made from the blossoms of the camomile flower to subdue the fever in the blood. So the days dragged by until the turn for the better came; little by little I nursed her back to life again and in time we came safely to Doom.

"Arcadia House was a secure hiding place for my treasure and during all these years no one has even guessed at the secret. I had no need to trust my servants, for they knew nothing; the walls had neither eyes nor ears and I kept my own counsel. Until to-day no man's eye but mine has looked upon her face.

"But even yet you do not understand. Have you forgotten then that the body may be in health and yet the soul be darkened? She had come back to life indeed, but it was the life of a butterfly in the sun, unconscious of all else than the light and warmth that surrounded it. For her, the past had been sealed; to me, the future. Do you understand now? A woman grown and yet as a new-born babe in heart and mind. What was there for me to do but to bear my punishment as patiently as I might, the cup of love ever at my lips, but never to be tasted."

Constans kept silence for a little space. When he spoke it was haltingly.

"Then you think—you think——"

"She recognized you; could you not hear it—that note in her voice as of one who wakes from a long sleep? That was why I stopped you from throwing aside the window curtains. The light of the burning city—it might have brought back the memory of that last night at the Keep."

"And for the same reason you have kept yourself out of sight," said Constans coldly.

The man trembled. "Yes; I am afraid," he answered, and Constans, for all his bitterness of heart, was fain to drop his own eyes.

A series of muffled explosions startled them. Quinton Edge moved softly toward the outer door. "The fire must be coming nearer," he whispered. "I will make sure of our position and return within a few minutes. Hush! she is sleeping again."

But when Constans went and stood by the couch Issa was looking at him with wide-opened eyes.

"Constans—little brother," she said

weakly and yet with an infinite content. He dropped to his knees beside her and tried to answer, but could not.

"Surely, it must be close to morning now," she went on slowly. "I cannot remember—it must be that I am still so tired—it is strange. In the morning—it cannot be far distant—and now to sleep—to sleep—"

Quinton Edge at the threshold held up a warning finger and Constans went to him swiftly.

"It is upon us," said the Doomsman and gripped hard on Constans' arm. "The out-buildings are smoking already and the lumber yard on the North will become a furnace the instant that the first spark falls there. There is but one chance—the river. You will find a boat at the dock. The girl Esmay—ah, you could think that too of me. Yet it was natural enough."

Constans would have spoken, but the words tripped on his tongue. Quinton Edge interrupted him imperiously.

"She is there," he said and pointed to a door leading to the interior apartments of the suite. "I could not leave Issa entirely alone on this last night. So I brought the girl here—for once she trusted me; for once you can do likewise."

Constans bowed his head. "But Issa," he said thickly.

"She would be dead in our arms before we reached the stairs," returned the other. "Can you not leave her to me for just this little while longer?" His voice hardened savagely. "She is mine, do you hear—mine, mine. I have paid the price, double and treble, and now I take what is my own. An eternity of barren years and this one, infinite moment—it is mine, mine!"

Constans went to the inner door and opened it. Esmay was kneeling at the window; he went over and touched her on the shoulder. "Come," he said. She looked up at him with uncomprehending eyes and dumbly let her hand rest in his; they passed into the outer room.

Now the room had fallen into semi-darkness, for the oil had failed in the lamp and there was only that dull, red line along the edge of the heavy curtains. And there was silence too, for all that words could say had been said already and the spell of the supream revelation held them.

The minutes passed, but Quinton Edge had ceased to count them. The hand that

lay in his was growing cold, but the knowledge had ceased to concern him; the numbing brain no longer registered the messages sent by the nerves. He was conscious only of an immense weariness, of an overwhelming desire to sleep. The maiden Issa's hair lay within the hollow of his arm, a pool of rippled gold; it was like looking down into an enchanted well; the waters seem to rise and meet him, then to draw him down to themselves. The crimson glow at the curtain edge grew stronger; now it was a lake of liquid fire into which he gazed.

The threshold of the door was warped and sprung. Through the crack crept a thin line of smoke; it raised itself slowly and sinuously; it was like a snake; it darted its head from side to side, preparing to strike.

Descending the staircase Constans saw clearly that the time was growing perilously short. Could they ever hope to reach the river? His heart sank as he looked at that fiery rain through which they must pass. He turned to Esmay.

"It is the only way, come," he said and lifted her down to the terrace; it was the one chance.

Muffling up their heads as best they might, they ran down to the water, making directly for the boat-stage.

The tide was running out strongly and Constans could do nothing more than keep the raft on a straight course and out of the trough of the heavier seas.

Four hours later the keel grated in a pebbly shingle and Constans, looking about him with weary eyes, recognized that little bay with its fringing semicircle of trees.

A little way up the grassy glade a fire was burning and there was the savory odor of roasted meat in the air. Constans helped Esmay out of the boat and with stiffened limbs they dragged themselves up the forest way. There was a little shriek, a rush of feet and swishing skirts and Nanna's arms were about her sister, while Constans was looking into Piers Minor's honest gray eyes.

It was in October of the same year that Constans and Esmay stood one day in the Greenwood Keep, now rebuilt.

His father's blood-friends had helped generously in the rehabilitation of the home-stead and Constans had worked hard with his own hands. Now the task was finished and he had persuaded Esmay to ride over

from the River Barony and pronounce in person upon its merits. For let it be known that Piers Minor had lost no time in bringing home his bride, and both he and Nanna had insisted that Esmay must live with them.

Now they were standing in the Great Hall watching the swallows as they circled around the red-capped gate-house and the white doves cooing in the eaves. A silence had fallen between them and Constans, leaning abstractedly against the window casement, seemed to have forgotten of Esmay's very existence. Quietly she turned and left him, impelled by an irresistible desire to know if he would notice her absence and would follow her. Hardly had she stolen five steps away than she heard him start and turn to seek her. A sheer delight coursed through her veins and she began to run.

"Esmay!" he called, but she would not stop, gathering up her skirts in both her hands and speeding like a startled fawn. She heard him laugh and come running after; a sudden terror smote her and she looked about for a hiding place. A door presented itself; she clutched the handle desperately, but it refused to turn. Seeing her discomfiture, Constans believed that he was entitled to enjoy his triumph. He walked up with leisurely deliberation. "You are a goose," he said severely.

She assented meekly.

"To run away like that—so foolish, when I had something serious to say to you. Why do you suppose I brought you here? Why should I want you to see the house—why did I build it at all? Be good enough to answer me, young lady."

She looked up at him with the most innocent expression in the world. "Why?" she echoed as though mightily puzzled and immediately the male creature became miserably bewildered and lost his confident bearing in the twinkling of an eye.

"The reason—you know—the reason why," he stammered and then she came to his aid.

"Yes, I know, but tell me."

And thereupon he did tell her and, as it happened, the "reason why" was precisely what each of them had imagined it to be.

A year later and Constans and his wife sat on a high point of land that overlooked

the waters of the lower bay and the broad salt sea beyond the sand-dunes.

Suddenly on the darkened eastern skyline a bright light flashed out, in color like to a star and yet incomparably more brilliant. And the light was not fixed but continually changed its base, as was shown by the broad band of rays that now swept the surface of the sea and then traced their luminous way on the overhanging clouds. Another shift and the shining pathway reached to their very feet, illuminating with its fierce radiance every object within its focus, down to the tiniest shell upon the beach. Esmay, startled, clung to her husband's arm.

"What is it?" she asked fearfully.

"It is only one more of the things that we cannot understand," said Constans thoughtfully. "An unknown star, but why should we presage of it evil rather than good? Nay, whatever it brings must be good, if we can but bring ourselves to believe and hold fast that which is true."

He drew his wife's face to his own, and there, full in the radiance of the unknown star, he kissed her on the lips.

Early that same evening Sub-Lieutenant Jarvison, watch officer of the electric cruiser *Erebus*, reported to his commander that the landfall had been made six points away on the port bow. Captain Indiman immediately hastened to the bridge of the vessel and ordered that the engines be stopped and the customary signals shown. But no reply was received to the rockets displaying the red, green and white colors of the Antarctic Republican Navy; plainly the land was not inhabited, at least at this point of its coast. The enormous search-light was put in requisition; it shone out like a sun upon the darkened waters. Up and down from side to side swept the giant beam and now they could see that the lowland on the left rose gradually into a considerable headland. Beyond opened the wide waters of what must be a great bay. Captain Indiman reflected for a moment and then gave an order to his executive. The latter saluted and turned to obey.

Under half speed and with a leadsmen in the chains, the *Erebus* moved slowly toward the unknown coast.



THE SOFT FOOT-WAY OF THE TREE-BORDERED LANE IS A RELIEF FROM THE HARDENED SURFACE OF THE MACADAMIZED TURNPIKE.

THE ROADS THAT LEAD TO TOWN

BY JAMES BARNES

ILLUSTRATED BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN



ALL roads lead to Rome," quoted the old Roman, and it was the truth that no matter how far away in his great empire, even the shepherd's track or path began, wider and wider it grew until it joined one of the busy highways that, across forest land and desert, over hill and valley, led on and on until it emptied at last into the labyrinthian pas-

sages of the city, and there was sunk and hopelessly lost.

No people appreciated the value of good roads more than the Romans, and as every river ran to the sea, all great roads of history fed into the deltas of some city somewhere. But in the old days when a journey of one hundred miles was not to be considered lightly, there were but two methods from which the traveler could choose, his own legs or by aid of those of some other living creature. How mar-

velous it is when we consider how the great, closely-packed centers of ancient times existed. Think of the capabilities of a single freight train drawn by a hundred-ton engine, and compare it with the capacities of a clumsy, loaded wain, groaning behind slow-moving oxen; compute how many thousands of patient, burdened backs of men or beasts it took to supply the daily wants of any of the old walled towns of even the medieval days. How the great arteries of travel must have been thronged at times! How they poured in and out!

Kipling has drawn a picture vibrating with movement and color, fairly pulsating with the essence of human life, when he describes in "Kim" the great trunk road of India. Thousands of bare or sandaled feet polished the stones of the footways that converged at city gates; the endless grinding of the rough-shod wheels wore deep and everlasting ruts in the stone pavements. Yet not so many people, in a month of thirty days, entered or left any of the old walled capitals of Greece, or Rome, or India (that, like our modern populous centers, depended for their very

life on the outside country) as now, between sunrise and sunset, hurl themselves back and forth, in and out of New York alone.

Transportation is the problem; the ways along which people can move and the means to move them, are the great questions of the hour, and all roads lead to Town.

We have tunneled beneath the ground and the river; we have thrown great flying arches over our intervening waterways; we have networked the surrounding country with lines of humming trolleys, and the ferry-boats swing with the regularity of pendulums, from pier to pier. Incoming or going armies of men spend large fractions of their lives upon the road. They have traveled many times the distance to the moon and back. The faithful servants, electricity and steam, fetch them in and out. The same unvarying number of footsteps have brought them to their homes and offices. The same unvarying revolutions of whirling wheels have carried them from the journey's beginning to its end. Far above the level of the roofs of the dwelling houses, we have built great cities,



IT REQUIRES A SERENE MIND TO ENJOY A RIDE ON TOP OF A COACH.

peopled by transients. The metropolis is like the feeding ground of great migratory flocks who come in the morning to pick up their living, to fill their mouths and fill their pouches, and retire at night to their home nests and roosting places.

It is a moot question whether, when everything is finished, and the underground system and the new-projected bridges shall be completed, this feverish crowding and discomfort of the flight-hours will be over. Everything has been worked for the end of that great goal, the desideratum of our modern life: the saving of a few minutes of our precious time! A man will risk his life to cross before a moving car in order to save the second that it would take for it to pass ahead of him. He will struggle and push at the entrance gate of a railway station to gain a foothold on a crowded platform that will save him a few minutes of a half-hour journey. We wonder how our forefathers existed without many things that have become necessities of our modern struggling life; and we may well wonder how our descendants will greet the problem, for in the past, the present and the future, it has been, is now and ever will be the same. The city has crept along the old coach road, flung itself out upon the banks of the waterways, and scattered its roosting places on the far hillsides, but all roads lead to Town.

The heavy accommodation trains pick up their loads every morning and roar back with them every night. Social clubs on wheels have 'grown into existence; palatial passenger coaches have been chartered by communities, and each member rents his chair and has his name upon it, as he has upon his pew in church. The shortest way in and the quickest way out is



THE HEAVY ACCOMMODATION TRAINS PICK UP THEIR LOADS EVERY MORNING AND ROAR BACK WITH THEM EVERY NIGHT.

what the transient guest of the city wants. Fast train service and an accurate timetable are what the commuter seeks. The delay of five minutes compels him to rail upon his fate and kick against the pricks. The withdrawal of a suburban train will incite a local revolution. How we envy the quiet nerves of the people of the older day who traveled by coach and postchaise! A lame leader or a broken trace occasioned no nervous searching of spirit-second watches. People should be the wealthiest who can afford the time to spend upon a journey. But no such privilege is reckoned in their philosophy. As economy is the privilege of the rich, they exercise it in the saving of fractional minutes.

It requires a serene, old-fashioned mind to enjoy a ride on top of a coach, in these swift-moving days. The sixty-mile-an-hour automobile has become the fad of the millionaire, and the tense hand on the steering gear has taken the place of the light touch on the guide rein.



HEAVY WORK WILL SHORTEN THE LIFE OF
A DRAFT-ANIMAL.

The old bicycle, propelled by foot power, is slowly giving way, as a sport, to the riding of light-weight motor machines. No longer does it require the concentration of muscular energy to negotiate a hill, but merely the proper control of the explosion of a volatile liquid. The turn of a lever and not the tension of a sinew is the moving force, and getting something for nothing gives the resultant pleasure. The roads that afford an easy and even surface to the rubber-shod tires, are the ones the new time-killer seeks. He glories in his record of space annihilation, and boasts of his escapes from the guardians of the law. The man who walks and contemplates, who indulges the possession of his legs that God has given him to move upon, seeks instinctively a road far from the traveled avenues; the soft foot-way of the tree-bordered lane is a relief from the hardened surface of the macadamized turnpike. But he is a lonely fellow, the pedestrian; if he walks for the pleasure of it, he is an anomaly and his face is generally turned from town; but if he walks for economy, and saves car-

fare at the expense of his shoe leather, he is seeking the city.

Some one once said that a dog was a true cosmopolitan, and he would be at home in a hut, hovel or palace; but dogs are snobs compared to horses. Dogs to a certain extent can choose their masters. With a horse it is different; his allegiance is transferred with his ownership; he may miss a familiar hand at the reins, or a familiar presence in his stall; he may resent harsh treatment, and he has a retentive memory for localities, but he is forced to go as he is directed, pondering often, it may well be supposed, over better days. But the horse in the abstract has had, and always will have, claims upon the public heart, although as an individual his popularity

comes from only one reason, a very up-to-date one—speed. If he is fast enough, he counts, and we build a private road for him at public expense; and, strange to say, no demagogic politician, seeking the applause of the masses, dare object to special legislation in his favor. The expensive Speedway is an evidence of his popularity. But when his muscles grow thick and stiffened, when he develops splints and curbs, when his knees bend ungracefully



THE OLD BICYCLE IS GIVING WAY TO LIGHT-WEIGHT
MOTOR MACHINES.



NETWORKED WITH LINES OF HUMMING TROLLEYS.



THE FERRY-BOATS SWING WITH THE REGULARITY OF PENDULUMS FROM PIER TO PIER.

forward and his day is past, it is generally only the strength that is left to him that gives him an excuse for existence. Unless he is fortunate enough to become a pensioner, and end his days in the ease of paddock and pasture, his decline and fall are sure.

One of the great arguments that the clubs and societies formed for the betterment of the conditions of our highways have advanced is that of the humanitarian side of it. Heavy work will shorten the life of a draft animal as it will a man. Roads hub-deep in mud will take more out of a horse in a month than a year of easy hauling. Within the past ten years, almost every State of the Union has awakened to the necessity of improving the highways. Vast sums have been expended, for the true economy of the principle has at last come to be understood, even by the farmer, who for a long time could not be aroused sufficiently to take any interest in the subject.

The big cities are the shipping centers, and as our foreign trade increases, so does the problem. Much of what comes in along the roads goes out across the high

seas. What would the shippers of years gone by think of a single vessel that will take as a cargo the loads of one hundred freight trains of twenty-five cars each, yet that is the carrying capacity of the newest steamship. And over the roads from somewhere it must come to town and pass out again. Millions and millions of people yet unborn will spend large fractions of their lives in coming and going, to and fro, as their fathers did before them. How will they do it? No wonder it sets men thinking! Who is so wise as to prophesy the end and point out the solution? It has been suggested that the narrow passage in the East River between Long Island and Manhattan, about where Blackwell's Island now separates the channel, may some day be filled in for the space of a mile or more in width, and that out to the eastward the metropolis will spread, and that on the extreme end within the sheltered waters to the northwest of Montauk Point a great shipping port will grow, and from there the great lines of railways increase the number of threads in this spider's web of roads that lead to Town.



NUMBER EIGHTY-SEVEN GRUNTED A RESPONSE TO THE THROTTLE-MOVE AND SEEMED TO SHAKE HERSELF FROM HER SLEEP.

—*"The Adolescence of Number Eighty-Seven."*

THE ADOLESCENCE OF NUMBER EIGHTY-SEVEN

BY ARTHUR STRINGER



THE prairie drift-snow shrilled and whined under the slowly moving wheels, as the engine and tender for Number Three backed down the ice-hung water-tank. To Web Ross, up in the cab, it sounded loud and ludicrous, like the squealing of a train-load of hungry pigs.

In the thermometer against the wall of the squat little Canadian Pacific station-house the mercury was frozen in the bulb. It was at least forty degrees below zero. Just how much colder than that it might be, neither Web nor the thermometer could tell.

But as the high-shouldered young engineer swung down from the cab steps, with his oil-can and his waste in his hand, he noticed that the snow crunched sharp and crisp under his boots, like dry charcoal, and he could feel the sting of the keen air in his nostrils.

"Cold work, eh?" said a voice, almost at his shoulder.

Web looked round, unconcernedly, as any man of solemn responsibilities should. Three months before he had been a wiper in the Moosehead roundhouse. To reach the throttle after only a quarter of a year of firing was unusual, tending, naturally enough, to give a man an undue sense of his own importance. But three months before, the engineer of the Transcontinental Express had been blown from the cab of his huge camelback by the bursting of a steam pipe. A trackman had found him with a broken hip, and sent the alarm east and west, to keep the road clear for the wildcat train. It was Web who volunteered to pull out of Moosehead on a special engine and take the rail ahead of the run-

away, slowing down gradually, until he was able to jump from his tender's rear-board to the pilot-bar of the wildcat, and then scramble perilously up to the cab and close the throttle. So Web had accepted his subscription gold watch with a grin and taken a little pride in his promotion.

"Uncommon cold!" repeated the stranger, stepping a little nearer. His face was muffled in the upturned corner of his heavy overcoat, and he cluttered his heels, boyishly, on the trodden snow.

Web was busy watching the black oil drip into the polished brass cup.

"Cold as hell!" he answered, offhanded.

"New engine, eh?" asked the black-coated stranger, not to be shaken off.

"Yep," said Web, with his handful of waste, as he petted the great shimmering piston-rod, very much as a winning jockey might rub down the withers of a race-horse. "Yep; she's new enough!"

He looked up at her approvingly. She stood a good fourteen feet from the crest of the rail to the top of the boiler-shell.

"He is a big fellow, isn't he?" remarked the amiably disposed stranger.

The driver of the twelve-wheeled monster snorted aloud.

"Fellow? She's no fellow! She's woman, through and through!" He pointed at her lifting-pipe with his long-nosed oiling-can. "There's her petticoat, to prove it!"

"What's her speed, when you force her?"

"Her speed?" echoed the man with the oil-can, as his arm went recklessly in among the great shining shafts. "Well, she's such a gawk of a girl yet, I hate to push her. There's no use bein' too hard on her, for a while yet, anyway! So we've got to kind o' coax the speed out of her still. She's touchy, too, touchy as a four-year-old girl!"

But he was proud of her; the stranger

knew that by the way in which Web rubbed down the polished cylinders.

"I've seen her wobble along, in her sore-legged kind o' way, doin' her mile in forty-seven seconds!"

"Then what would she do that run from Police Creek to Deerhead in, if she was pushed?" the stranger asked.

"You'll see her do it in thirty-five minutes to-night, if you're on board!" answered the young engineer. He turned to wipe a stain off her boiler jacket—it was almost the same touch that a mother gives to wipe away a child's tear. "Just wait until she finds herself! She's still kind of ashamed o' showing her ankles now, which ain't good for a girl who's got to do the most loose-jointed work that steam and cylinder was ever set at." Web chuckled at his own personifying jocularity. "She's too skittish yet, and needs another month or two of pettin' down and coaxin' out, and *then* you'll see that eighteen by twenty-six cylinder of her's getting in its fine work!"

The stranger was on the cab steps, peering about the tender and boiler head and cab windows.

"She's got to learn her table manners yet, too," said Web. He was young, and he liked to talk. "She eats coal like a hog—has the dirtiest habits of any Brooks I ever saw! But me and Tom's been teachin' her things, and she's willin', mighty willin', to learn!"

"I see you haven't got those white train-markers on, instead of green!" laughed the stranger, waving his gloved hand toward the waiting express cars.

"No, by Gawd, but we've got two Winchester and two picked men on board, and I guess they'll answer about as well!"

"I hear that Collins, who ought to be going out on this run, kind of flunked!"

"It's a lie," cried Web, like one of the Brotherhood, "he's sick! He's damned near dead; that's what *he* is—wife sittin' up two nights, puttin' plasters on him!"

The reference was twofold. Some amiable lunatic had written to the Division Superintendent saying he needed a few thousand dollars, and desired the road, if they cared to treat with him before certain things might happen, to place white markers instead of green on their East-bound express. This in itself was nothing. But three times in two weeks switchlocks had been tampered with, and a local and a

lumber-train had come to grief, and not without loss of life.

"Well, I guess there's nothing much doing, *this* kind of weather, anyway," remarked the stranger, with his muffled but companionable laugh.

Web swung himself up on the cab steps, for out of the clear, windless air of the late afternoon they could hear the incoming West-bound scream, and scream, and scream again. Then across the open prairie glare they could hear the reverberant rumble and roar. A moment later she wheeled into sight, belching a pennant of pearl-colored steam, with rose-tinted edges, in the late afternoon sun. She staggered to a standstill, her great shoulders hunched arrogantly up, panting and blowing with what seemed a sense of her own importance.

A man ran crunchingly down the platform with a sheet of yellow flimsy in his hand. The black-coated stranger boarded the train.

As Web disappeared behind his oil-stained canvas curtain the burnished bell swung noisily once or twice, a cloud of pearl and old-rose steam surrounded the twelve great wheels, Number Eighty-seven grunted a response to the throttle-move and seemed to shake herself from her sleep. The drift snow shrilled and whined, and the great steel belly, in which a family might house, hissed forth her power, and the East-bound was on her way again.

Many eyes watched her curiously from the squat little station, for already the news that she carried two armed guards on board, and that her express-car safes held forty thousand dollars in Ashcroft gold-dust, had spread about the little frost-bound town. But as Web's friend had hinted, it was not felt to be exactly the right sort of weather for road-agent romancing.

Web was happy. He found nothing depressing in the silences and the snowy desolation of the northern twilight. The snow glare, with the on-coming of night, had died down, and the endless, undulating plain of white had taken on a tint that seemed the softest of pinks. Now it was blue, lifeless, steel blue; and Number Eighty-seven and her train, to Web, seemed a feverish needle of life flashing across some limitless fabric of blue-tinted silence. It seemed warm and homelike in the cab,

for Tom Wasley, who was firing for Web, had closed the overhead ventilator, to keep out the penetrating night air. He and Tom were facing what two older runners had shied at, yet each of them appeared unruffled, undisturbed, altogether at home. To them it was prosaic; all in the day's work. And old Tom did not even resent the younger man's presence on "the throttle-side." With one it was the recklessness of youth; with the other, the resignation of age.

As Eighty-seven took the sharp curve at Titburn Bridge, and the heavy coaches twisted and creaked in her wake, Web put a hand on the sand-lever, squinted at his gauge, and let her take the up-grade wide open. Web knew that the working-pressure of his eighty-seven-inch boiler was well over two hundred and ten pounds; he knew the length of her main rod was within an inch or two of nine feet, and that her great piston-stroke of thirty-four inches could make her lick up distance like a thirsty hound. She seemed so responsive, "so all-fired ready to learn," as Tom had put it, so eager to show her new-found speed and strength, that Web, keeping a strained eye out for the switch-lamps as they pounded down into Police Creek, felt a wordless resentment for the wreckers who had the heart to endanger so fine and finished a goddess of steel. He felt that she was almost human.

"I'd say she was *slobberin'* less than usual," he called to Tom Wasley. He turned from his window, and saw that the fireman was not in the cab.

Instead of Tom Wasley he beheld the black-coated stranger who had spoken with him at the beginning of the run. It filled him with a quiet and sullen wonder that this stranger should be menacing him with a glimmering pistol-barrel.

"I want you to slow down," he said quietly, but firmly. Web noticed that through each swing and lurch of the cab the menacing revolver pointed undeviatingly at one point just between his eyes.

"I want you to slow down, and do it pretty quick, too," said the stranger once more.

"What's all this joshin', anyway?" demanded the amazed engineer.

"I'm not joshin'! Stop this train, and stop it quick!"

"What for?" demanded Web.

"To save your head getting a hole in it. Pull that lever, you damned numskull, or I'll plug you!" And he sealed his determination with a sharp oath.

Eighty-seven slowed down, shudderingly.

"Now you climb back and cut off this engine and tender—quick!"

Web has hesitated to weigh his chances in a hand-to-hand tussle, but the ever-menacing gun-barrel gave him no chance. He felt that perhaps his moment would come later. At any rate, he decided, as he swung sulkily down before his oppressor, he would have to wait for that moment. Already the train men were marveling at the stop. Sixty seconds would give him his chance.

But the man in the black overcoat was wary, and Web knew that the hand that was reckless enough to hold up the Imperial Limited would not be apt to hesitate very long before a life or two, when he found his chances for escape cut off. But still it was worth the fight, if he could only get a chance.

He climbed back into the cab with nimble sulkiness, yet with that ever-present barrel of steel bristling somewhere about the back of his neck.

"Now send her ahead, full speed. And I want you to remember, young man, that I know this road a little better than you imagine. When we're a mile this side of Deerhead, with the bridge and the little mission church on the left, I don't want any slowing up. I want you to go through that Deerhead station yard at a mile a minute. You understand?"

"I've got an inkling," answered Web, giving the lever another notch or two. He looked at the other man grimly, and grinned.

"Ain't this expensive work?" he asked.

"Maybe it is, but it's the kind I like," answered the stranger. He groped backward to the tender, and with his free hand flung down two heavy satchels and a canvas mail-bag cut in half.

From the mail-bag fell a little shower of letters. Web noticed that each one of these letters, for all the careless way in which the stranger kicked them together on the grimy cab floor, bore a registered stamp. Web assumed, from this, that the operations in the express and mail car had been carefully and thoroughly carried on. He wondered, vaguely, if the two satchels

held the Ashcroft gold, and he also wondered if old Tom Wasley had been hauled back over the tender and locked in with the messengers and mail clerks. He questioned, too, if the one man had done his work alone. Then a still more appalling thought came to Web; he himself would be called up on the carpet for the part he had been forced to play in the whole business.

Web decided that nothing could at least be lost by talking. Sulking did no good. He must simply grin and bear it, and wait his chance.

He turned to the highwayman, who had guardedly flung the scattered mail into the open sack, and knotted it at the top.

"How far are we goin', anyway?" asked Web. He had been wondering how long it would be before the abandoned train crew had the news of the hold-up on the wire, and where the first interference from the outside world would come from. Eighty-seven wasn't flinging herself; Web knew she hated to leave her train behind. "You're going just as far as I say," was the curt reply. "And from the look of that lower gauge you'd better fire up a little."

Web had hoped for a chance, with the heavy steel shovel once in his hand; but at every move he saw the lynx-like eye of his enemy following him. So he shoveled in sullen silence. After all, it was all in the day's work. It might have been another open switch, and another eight cars overturned. He had hoped, at first, that Number Eighty-seven would "lay down on him"; now, as he glanced out into the blue-white desolation of the frost-bound prairie, he knew that nothing good could come of being stranded in emptiness, with the mercury on the lower side of the forty mark.

He watched the pointer on his steam gauge go higher and higher, shut off the injector for a minute or two, and threw the lever back to the last notch. He began to worry a little about the driving-wheels—cast-steel did strange things, sometimes, in sixty degrees of frost—but the man had asked for speed, and he was giving it to him.

"Keep this up until we're twelve miles past Deerhead, right through. When we get to the stretch of timber there, I want you to slow down. When I drop off I want you to go right ahead—no running

back to Deerhead—and I don't think you'll gain anything by being in too much of a hurry, either!"

Web grinned, and put on the pump again, for the steam was hissing and singing through the gauge-cocks, blue and dry and hard.

"You'd better fire up again," suggested the highwayman.

"We're hammerin' her pretty hard," demurred the young engineer.

"It'll do her good."

"But she's my engine, and I've got to watch her!"

"She's got to travel faster, I say."

Web glared across the swaying cab at his enemy. This was all he got for it; this was all his thanks for pounding the spirit out of her, and threatening those beautiful big six-foot driving-wheels on that pounding track.

"I tell you I've got to save her crown sheet," declared Web.

"Crown sheet be damned! I've got to get past Deerhead before Sanderson gets his wire in, and, by God, it won't go easy with you if I don't, either."

"I tell you the water's giving out," yelled Web. This was a lie, though the young guardian of Eighty-seven almost wished it was true.

"Then push her through to the last foot and as fast as she can make it, too!"

Web was about to retort, angrily, but as his glance instinctively fell along the glistening line of steel under his pilot an idea came to him. He had suddenly remembered that only one thing could happen if she took the switch at the Deerhead station-yard at that rate of speed. Seventy miles an hour over a loose-jointed point-switch—there could be only one outcome! But it would put a stop to this high-handed traveling, and to the career of his black-coated friend, and she would go over on the left, he felt sure, so he could jump for it from his cab step.

Web's second idea was not such a happy one. It would mean the death of Number Eighty-seven. It would be killing her, to gain his point. It would seem like murder. It meant crippling and breaking her spirit—just when she was beginning to know what life was, just when she was beginning to answer to every touch, and obey every move and order. *She* would never treat him in that way!

But he must decide quickly, he told himself, for already he could catch the glimmer of the Deerhead yard lamps. Even at the best there was risk in it; even at the best, he told himself, it was cruelty to the old girl.

"Pound her through," ordered the highwayman, as he called her a foul name, and clung to the swaying window rail at the other side of the cab, "and let her blow up when she damn please."

Web clamped his jaw, and again shut off the injector to allow her to pick up. Then his hand shot out to the whistle lever, and her sudden shriek tore a hole in the silence of the prairie night.

"What in hell d'you mean by that?" cried the other man, leaping forward, white with rage.

"But that's orders."

"You take your orders from me, this time! I don't want that whole town swarming down to the track, you fool!"

Web watched the switch light dance and swim up to them. He stood ready, waiting.

It was the unexpected that happened. He could feel the pound of the switch point, the quick lurch and swing. In another moment he expected to feel the shuddering thud of his wheels on the sleepers. Instead of that a mass of steel tore whistling through the left-hand side of the cab, carrying away iron and woodwork as it went. Then came another, and another.

Web understood what it meant. The huge rim of one of the great driving-wheels had broken, and fragments of it kept cannonading up through the frail shell of the cab as the great mass flew madly round.

Instinctively Web's arm shot out to the lever, and he shut her off. He turned to explain why. He had, for a moment, even forgotten the presence of the other man. And that menacing gun-barrel might have barked out at him by mistake, and it would have been all over, forever.

Web gasped, and the sound was like air rushing into an opened breaks-tube. The highwayman lay against the tender-sheet, unconscious, with his check torn open.

Eighty-seven had got even with him. She had held him up! She had cannonaded him with her bolts of wrath!

She had given him as good as she had taken!

The jolting engine shuddered to a standstill, and over the dry, hard snow sounded the whirl of feet and the cry of excited voices. Web swung himself down from the cab steps. For all the cold, oily drops of sweat clung to his gray-white forehead, and the muscles in his jaw were working like leather-covered injector-valves.

"What's happened there? What's happened?" cried the Deerhead night operator, running up with a lantern.

Web leaned against the driving-rod, for under his oil-stained overalls his legs were shaking and quaking. Then he wiped his forehead, and cursed hysterically.

"I bust you up, old girl! I bust you up," he moaned.

He picked up a piece of broken steel, bright like silver on the raw edge, and gazed at it stupidly. Then he dropped it, and laughed a little. The first effects of his shock were passing away.

"What happened down here, anyway?" the operator was demanding.

Web looked at him, and then gazed at his disabled engine, regretfully. Then he pointed toward the cab.

"By God, O'Higgins, *she's human*," he declared, inconsequentially, but with great conviction.

"Who's human? What's human?"

"This old girl of mine! She's human, I tell you—and I've gone and broken her spirit!"

He groped about the injured wheel sorrowingly, shaking a melancholy head. Then he looked up and called out to O'Higgins, the operator.

"There's a road-agent up in that cab you'd better look after. Yes, I say a road-agent. You may think I'm a fool, O'Higgins, but I'll blister in hell if *Eighty-seven didn't turn and hold the cuss up, herself!*"

The operator swung back the oil-stained canvas curtain, and peered into the cab.

"Poor old girl!" said Web, fingering the raw edge of the broken steel. Then he wiped his forehead, and shook his head again.

"I'll get hell for this," he said, dejectedly, taking still another spiritless look at his broken engine.



Drawn by Robert L. Dickey.

"IN THE FULL MAJESTY OF HIS MATURITY."

—*"The Greatest Horse in the World."*

THE GREATEST HORSE IN THE WORLD

BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR *



He was a strange character. I met him the first time some years ago—it doesn't really matter how many—on one of my many visits to one of Kentucky's great nurseries of the thoroughbred horse. He had, he informed me, been born and raised in the Blue-Grass Region and could not remember when horses and their doings had not been the leading interest in life for him. As a boy he had access to a large turf library and had filled his mind with performances and pedigrees until he was a veritable walking stud-book. He could enumerate the winners of the Derby and Oaks from early in the last century and knew the history of the St. Leger as well as the most enthusiastic Yorkshireman. The deeds of "Boston" and "Lexington," "Bassett" and "Longfellow" were, to his mind, far greater than those of the lights of literature and the bar which his state had so liberally given his country. All his life had been spent in Kentucky and when he could get away from the duties of a small clerical position, he was watching the young things come along at some stock farm in the neighborhood. He never had hoped to actually own a horse, but many a "crack" had gone out to battle for honors in the great world of the Turf whose breeding had been the result of advice or opinion expressed by him. He would follow the careers of these horses with an interest so absorbing that all else in the world seemed of small import. The birds he knew intimately and all the wild things of wood and field were not mere acquaintances, but lifelong friends. He appreciated most fully what constituted beauty in land-

scape and loved the flowers of hedgerow and wood, marsh and meadow, as only they are loved by those close to the soil. Horses, however, were his passion, and it was to them and their deeds on the turf that he paid his highest homage. He had, on rare occasions, been able to see the running of some of the great classics of the Turf and these had been marked in his memory as the red-letter days of his life.

Having given you a slight impression of the man, I will let him tell his story of the "greatest horse in the world" in his own way, only wishing it were possible to clothe the telling in that soft southern accent which was one of the chief charms of his odd little tale.

"It was May and one of those mornings of that most delightful of months when a visit to the big farm was sure to be productive of one of its greatest charms—a call on the foals and their dams. The air was of that singular softness so welcome to the worshipper of Nature and gave every promise of a day full of such beauty as is showered in profusion in the South in spring. It was a privilege and a joy to be alive. Every song-sparrow and field lark seemed to give voice to the thought in the rollicking music they sent ringing over meadow and wood. The blue-grass of the paddocks was dotted here and there with splashes of the golden yellow of the dandelion, giving to the color scheme the note this homely but beautiful old weed alone can supply.

"Along, through the far paddock, I had wandered and had chosen a seat under a friendly oak for a smoke. I had lighted my pipe and was preparing to sit in the shadow of the old tree and quietly drink in the beauty around me, when, just across a little stream that hurried along at my feet, I

*See color frontispiece.

saw him for the first time—a chestnut colt with a white blaze. What a colt he was! Here was at last the one I had in my mind's eye all the years. He had popped out from behind his mother (you remember her; she swept the filly stakes clean ten years ago) with a couple of startled jumps, and catching sight of me, stopped short, raised his exquisite head and gave me a look of searching inquiry. Having satisfied himself on that point, he stood quite still and I seized the opportunity to 'look him over.' What a young horse! If I had had the making of him to order he could not have nearer fitted my ideal. All my life I had been dreaming of a chestnut horse with a white blaze that should be the one greatest of all horses, and now here he was. He was that beautiful shade of chestnut that at maturity takes on the tints and hues of burnished copper. Starting just above his soft brown eyes and ending at the nose was a blaze of white which was repeated again on three of his slender legs. The high-mettled racer in embryo—that's what he was. Speed stood suggested in every line of his supple body, and courage of the do or die quality was his by every right of inheritance. I had seen his daddy carry his weight and win over many of the best horses of his time, and wind up his turf career with a sensational performance over the heart-breaking two miles and a quarter of the old Louisville Cup. And his dam had, as I mentioned before, spread terror to all owners of crack fillies, East and West in her day. Already she had proved her title to be considered one of the Belgravian dams by giving the Turf a couple of more than useful performers.

"At last here was the one. The horse that would be what no horse before had ever been—would do what no horse had ever done, and all because he filled me with a sense of such a wonderful combination of perfection in physical form and inherited strength. As he stood there in all the beauty of his young vigor he was the very epitome of the high-bred racehorse. Yes, here was one fitted by Nature to take his place among those whose deeds were sung wherever the thoroughbred had a place in the hearts of men. . . .

"I see him as a two-year-old. His first time under colors. His first real baptism of fire. Yes, he would perhaps show a little greenness in his initial effort. Would no doubt be awkward and overgrown like

most colts of his type, but by Futurity time, with two or three races to initiate him to the game, he would be a force to reckon with.

"Yes, there he goes down the long strip of brown track towards the starting point far away up the straight course. I can see him in his place in the line. A gleam of copper reflecting back the warm August sun in a hundred sparkling tints. A red and white jacket above him. Both boy and horse seeming molded in one piece, so harmonious is their movement. He is like a young prince of the blood, and more than holds his own in that field that nearly always is composed of the best youngsters of the year. I am straining my eyes up the course as there is a small cloud of dust moving down on the stand. Gradually small moving figures are plain at the base of the cloud. Is there a glimmer of gold and red there? Yes! There it is scurrying along the rail holding the coveted place in the rush across the elbow. There is a cracking of whips, a rattle of flying hoofs, and there, creeping away from his field, is a chestnut colt with a wide white blaze. A few strides and I see him flash past the post, a winner of the greatest of races for two-year-olds. That was a performance worthy of him and one that presaged, for him, a future commensurate with what his sire and dam had done before him.

"Again the scene is the Bay. Two years have rolled around. It is June and the big Handicap is the event of the day. No race in the calendar has ever seemed to me so fraught with importance as this one. A glance at the table of its winners reveals names that have been household words among those who love a horse for what a horse can do. The winning of this race would set the seal of greatness on a horse that Englishmen accord to the winners of the gold cup at Ascot. And now this chestnut colt was facing the crucial test of his career. He, of course, must carry an impost in accordance with the wonderful form displayed as a two-year-old and the handicapper was sure to have him near the top.

"Here he comes through the paddock gate. The same old swing to his white-blazed head. A little more muscular and mature. A finished type of a racer trained to that point of perfection that will enable him to carry his burden over the dreaded mile and a quarter. As he strides through the paddock he seems to realize what is



"IN A FLASH A WHITE-BLAZED CHESTNUT FACE HAS FLUNG PAST AND IT IS OVER."

before him and brought to a stand out under the trees, raises his head aloft and looks out over the crowd with that keen intelligent expression horses have. A mob of enthusiastic lovers of the thoroughbred gather about him and he is holding court like the king he is. Across the lawn from the stand comes the shrill note of a cornet. There is a tightening of girths, the jockeys in their many hues and colors are mounted and the parade to the post has begun. As the horses file by the stand there is here and there a flutter of applause as each horse is recognized. A beautiful slender head with a white blaze is turned toward the applause as though in recognition of the tribute, and I see my hero in his place in the line going forward like a soldier into battle. The muscles of his mighty flanks play under his copper coat like those of the tiger, and his step is as light and springy as that of a premier danseuse. There are giants in that field filing up the straight, but none is mightier than he. As they break the line and canter toward the barrier, that chestnut bounds along like a rubber ball, pulling his boy over his neck as though unable to restrain the desire to break into that wonderful stride that had carried him along at the head of his field so many times. What is that varminty thing under the green jacket following at his heels? That looks like a foe-man worthy of his steel. A brown, long and lithe as a snake. A hooded head on a neck as lean and clean as a game-cock's. That one looks like racing and so does this big upstanding bay under the blue and orange jacket. It will be a fight to the bitter end with this pair, or I don't know horses when I see them. That hooded thing carries no weight pad. Must be one of the light weights. She looks like a hard nut to crack if she gets away in front of her field. All I ask is that my horse can be with her, head and neck, into the stretch and if she can then resist his bull-dog rush she will deserve the honors.

"They are at the post. An array of shifting sparkling color far up the long brown band of the straight. I can see now and then in the moving mass of boys and horses an atom of red above a gleam of copper splashed with white. That is my chestnut knight of the white blaze—the bearer of the red banner. I hear the old familiar roar of the stands like a sudden crash of artillery and I know the race has begun. There is a

lightning-like leap of color. A quick opening and closing as of a many hued fan, and the field streams toward me in a shift of movement so sudden I cannot for the moment find my horse. I can hear the high, shrill voices of the boys ringing like rifle-shots above the heavier beat of the many hoofs as they thundered by me through the first quarter of a mile. Another moment and my eye catches the red jacket. There he is—his white splashed head swinging up and down in that rhythmic movement that marks the thoroughbred racing with a reserve of force. He is lying third on the rail. A splendid position. Around the turn by the paddock there is another jumble of color and again the warning cries of the jockeys as the field folded together in the sweep of the big curve. What is that winnowing through the field. A hooded head, a game-cock neck, and a long, lean, brown body carrying a green jacket. A spasmodic shuffle of a jockey's arms, a quick nervous flick of a long black tail, and I saw a light-weighted flying thing with open daylight between her and the rest of the field. There is the chestnut still on the rail, head and head with that slashing bay of the orange and blue jacket. All around me I hear the cries: 'They'll never catch her, she'll set a pace that will kill those heavyweights.' They're thundering on through a cloud of dust past the post that marks the point where the race is half over, and still that hooded head is leading them. Can they stand the strain of that awful pace? Something must crack pretty soon. Out and around the wide upper turn that brown is showing the way. They are nearing the bend into the stretch and that boy in the red has made no move. Is he beaten? Has that awful pace through the back stretch killed that rare burst of speed he always displayed at this point in his races. No! There is a slight upward movement. A pair of heels lightly touch his flanks, and as the three leaders swing into the stretch but a length separates him from that brown thing. I can feel his rush. I can see that fearless light in his eye. Yes, he is coming. Three splendid, struggling thoroughbreds rushing toward me. Bay on the rail, chestnut in the center and hooded brown still a short length in the lead. Ah, that awful pace is beginning to tell its tale. The boy in green is riding viciously with whip and steel. The boy in red is lifting his horse with every art

known to him, and his heels are beating a tattoo on the chestnut's gleaming sides. A roar is following them down the stretch, proclaiming first one and then the other. Will he wear her down? Can she hold her advantage? Every stride he is coming to her. The tumult of the stand is deafening, but my ears and eyes are senseless to all save the oncoming rush of that chestnut horse. They're at the distance. His flaming eyes and distended nostrils are nodding at her saddle. He is relentless as the prize-fighter before his failing opponent. There is a falter in the stride of the brave brown mare. A slight swerving to the right of the hooded head, and in a flash a white blazed chestnut face has flung past her and it is over.

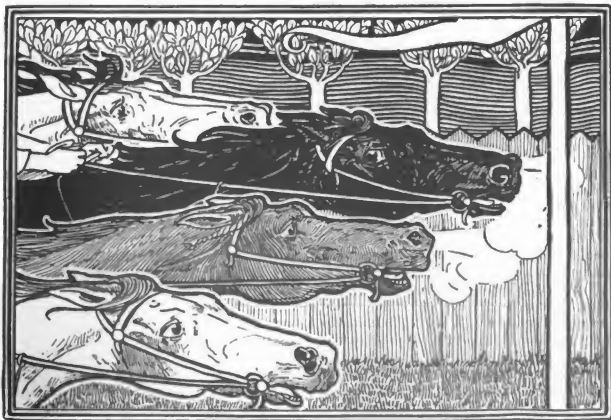
"Across the paddock under the elms I can see again that glorious chestnut horse in the full majesty of his maturity. There is the familiar white blaze and the glistening white stockings of his flint-like legs.

"He is of fuller pattern than that day at the Bay when he had shown all the world of horsedom that he was a king, and now he was spreading his empire to the stud. His beautiful head has changed little. There is yet the clear bony jaw; the long slender muzzle; the big mellow-brown eye that flashes into fire when his interest is aroused;

and the delicate pointed ears that play back and forward to express his different moods.

"Yes, he is all that he gave promise of being, and more. Out there he stands a monarch. His noble old head raised high and his shrill challenge hurtling across the fields is echoed back by the blue-blooded matrons of his harem. Through the paddocks, youngsters are playing; one and all carry his escutcheon, the white blaze down their faces. He has come into his own. A glorious future is his. As the years shall pass, these sons and daughters will again carry his name into the places where men play the great Game

"The afternoon was waning and as I sat there under the oak I realized that I had only been day-dreaming. Had been playing at make-believe as we all do at times when we are children. But of one thing I was sure, and that was that for the time being I had really owned a great horse. That nothing could ever rob me of that day's experience. I picked up my pipe, and as I slowly returned to the old farmhouse I caught a glimpse of a brown mare with a chestnut colt playing at her side far down the fields. A wood-thrush's vesper hymn came to me from the edge of the grove, and away out on the meadow a negro's musical voice sung with the returning cattle."





"BROTHER RABBIT LAY DAW, HE DID, TWEL HE GOT GOOD AN' RSTED."

BROTHER RABBIT'S BEAR HUNT

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. CONDÉ



HE little boy had, naturally, a good deal of the simple faith that is one of the most beautiful characteristics of childhood, but his training had been to some extent along the lines marked out in certain periodicals that contain departments in which mothers are instructed how to deal with children, and in which sage advice is given by young men and young women, under names not their own, as to the training of youngsters.

Young as he was, the little boy had been denied pretty much all the romance that belongs to childhood; for him the beautiful story of Santa Claus, with all the associations that belong thereto, had been shattered. The grandmother deplored it, and wept over it during the long watches of the night—but you know about these

grandmothers, with their antiquated ideas and their old-fashioned notions. The mother had been caught in the net laid for the ignorant, by so-called scientists, and she regarded her own views (which were far from being her own) as of the utmost importance.

The youngster yearned to believe the tales told by Uncle Remus, but his mother managed to keep the wings of his imagination clipped as close as those of a chicken that we desire to keep from flying over the garden fence. One thing about the stories that he failed to understand was the remarkable success of Brother Rabbit in keeping out of trouble. He was obliged to identify Uncle Remus's Brother Rabbit with the rabbits that he saw occasionally on the plantation, and they were not only weak, but seemed to be very stupid; they had neither claws nor tushes, nor strength of limb. He asked his mother about it,

and she gave him an explanation that he had no desire to hear; he asked his grandmother, and she laughingly referred him to Uncle Remus. "He can tell you about it much better than I can," she said.

Thus it happened that the little boy was compelled to fall back on the most gifted fabulist that the plantation had ever known. He laid his puzzle before Uncle Remus one afternoon when the old negro had just finished his dinner, and was therefore in a very good humor. Apparently the child had some difficulty in making clear to Uncle Remus the nature of his doubts, but after a while he seemed to understand what the youngster wanted to know. To make sure, however, Uncle Remus stated the case as he understood it in his own simple way.

"Ef I ain't mighty much mistookin, honey, you wanter know how come Brer Rabbit kin outdo de yuther creeturs when he ain't got no tushes ner no claws, an' not much strenk." The old negro's eyes twinkled as he looked at the little boy. "Well, dat's de ve'y idential thing dat de tales is all about. Look like he wuz born little so he kin cut up capers an' play pranks no matter wharabouts you put 'im at. What he can't do wid his foots he kin do wid his head, an' when his head git 'im in trouble dat's deeper dan what he counted on, he puts his 'pen'ence in his foots, kaze dar's whar he keeps his lippy-clip an' his blickety-blick." The little boy brightened up, for it was the purely pictorial-language that Uncle Remus sometimes used that appealed to his sense of the fitness of things.

"Tain't been mo' dan a good half hour ago," Uncle Remus casually remarked, "dat I wuz laughin' fit ter kill 'bout de way Brer Rabbit done when he went b'ar-huntin'. He sho' had his fun, no matter ef he went huntin' or fishin', but when he tuck a notion fer ter go a-huntin' ol' Brer B'ar, he had mo' fun dan you kin shake a stick at. Some folks

mought not 'a' liked dat kinder fun what you kin have when you go b'ar-huntin', but Brer Rabbit wuz monstus fond un it, kaze de kinder huntin' what he done wuz a mighty quare kind, an' de fun what he git out'n it wuz de kin' what make 'im laugh twel he can't stan' up no mo' dan a week ol' baby. But la! I 'speck I done make yo' mammy mad by tellin' you deze ol' timey tales so much. She look mighty hard at me yistiddy when I went up dar an' ax Miss Sally fer ter gi' me a piece er poun'cake ef she had any lef' over f'om las' Christmas."

"Why, Christmas has been gone so long that I had almost forgotten it," said the little boy.

"Dat's so," Uncle Remus assented, "but we'll hatter whirl in an' have an'er one 'fo' de year's out. By dat time you'll be gone back home, an' me an' Miss Sally will have sump'n dat's got mo' claws an' mo' color dan plain silly-bug."

There was a long pause, during which Uncle Remus watched the youngster out of the corner of his eye. Presently the little fellow stirred uneasily, and then made this statement. "I don't see why Brother Rabbit wanted to go bear-hunting. He would be in a worse fix when he caught



OL' BRER RABBIT J'IN'D IN WID 'EM"



"BRER RABBIT UP AN' 'LOW DAT DEY AIN'T NO DULL TIMES WID HIM."

the bear than he was when he hit and kicked the tar-baby."

Uncle Remus laughed heartily. "I 'speck yo' pa done gone an' tol' you 'bout de tar-baby. Ol' Brer Rabbit sho' wuz in a mighty close place dat time, but ef you take notice, he ain't stay dar long. No, suh! Not him!"

"But, Uncle Remus!" exclaimed the child, "why did he want to hunt the bear? I don't see how he showed his sense by doing such a thing as that. He ought to have known better."

"Well, honey, you ain't got no needs fer ter pester yo'se'f wid de ups an' downs er ol' Brer Rabbit. Ef he got sense, er ef he ain't got none, it don't make no diffunce now, kaze de ol' times is done gone, an' ef 'twan't fer deze ol' tales nobody wouldn't know dat dey y'ever wuz any ol' times." Saying which, Uncle Remus filled his after-dinner pipe and turned to his unfinished task, whatever it was.

But the little boy was by no means satisfied to let the matter go at that. He wanted to know why Brother Rabbit hunted Brother Bear, and how the hunt ended; and he was so persistent about it that the old negro was compelled to tell him the story in self-defense.

"Dey wuz one time," said Uncle Remus, "when de creeturs had laid by der craps, an' dey ain't got nothin' ter to do but set

down on a log an' chaw der terbacker an' tell all dey know'd an' lots mo' besides. One day Brer Rabbit wuz gwine down de road, des ter be agwine, when who should he meet but Brer Fox an' Brer Wolf. Dey wuz amblin' an' a-ramblin' 'long tergedder, des ez chummy ez you please, laughin' an' talkin', an' ol' Brer Rabbit j'in'd in wid um. Atter while dey sot down by de side er de road, an' got ter talkin' 'bout der neighbors an' 'bout de dull times in giner'l.

"Brer Fox say dey ain't nothin' 'tall gwine on, no parties, no picnics, an' no bobbycues. Brer Wolf say he's a ol' set-

tle man, an' he ain't keerin' much fer parties an' dem kinder doin's, but he like fer ter see young folks 'joy deyse'f whiles dey er young an' soople. Brer Rabbit he up an' 'low dat dey ain't no dull times wid him, kaze it look like he got sump'n n'er fer ter do eve'y minute er de day whedder he's at home or whedder he's abroad. Brer Wolf, he ax, 'What you doin' right now?' an' den he look at Brer Fox an' wunk one eye.

"He wunk mighty quick, but not quick 'nough fer ter keep Brer Rabbit wum ketchin' a glimp' un it. Brer Rabbit fume his mouf sorter slow like, an' look up at de clouds floatin' by. He 'low, he did, 'Well, frien's, ef I hadn't 'a' seed you-all, I'd 'a' been well on my way fer ter look at my fish-traps, an', dat done, I'd 'a' come 'roun' by my turkey blin'. I ain't got too much time, nohow you kin fix it, an' when I does set down, it's a thrip ter a ginger-cake dat I draps ter sleep 'fo' anybody kin head me off."

"Brer Wolf say, 'Wid me it's diffunt. When I lay by my crap, I allers take a little recess, an' pass de time er day wid my neighbors.' Brer Rabbit 'low, 'Dat's what make me stop here a little minnit. When I gits home my ol' 'oman is sho' ter ax me who I seed an' what dey say, an' how wuz der folks an' der famblies. You know how de wimmin is—dey'll tantalyze de life out'n you twel you tells um who you

seed an' what dey had on. But me! I ain't got time fer ter tarry. I'm fixin' up fer ter go on a big b'ar-hunt termorrer, an' it's a-gwineter take up all my time fer ter git good an' ready. My ol' 'oman been beggin' me not ter go; she say she's all uv a trimble, she so skeered I'll git hurted somehow er somewhar. But dat's de way wid de wimmin; dey make out dey are monstus skeery, but when you fetch de game home, dey allers ready fer ter clean an' scal' it, an' fix it up fer de table.'

"When Brer Rabbit say dis, Brer Fox an' Brer Wolf flung back der heads an' laugh fit ter kill. Brer Rabbit, he 'low, 'Frien's, what's de joke? Be sociable an' le' me laugh wid you.' Sez Brer Wolf, sezee, 'We er laughin', Brer Rabbit, kaze you say you gwine b'ar-huntin'. You know mighty well dat you ain't big 'nough fer ter ketch no b'ar. Why, I'm lots bigger dan what you is, an' I'd think twice 'fo' I started out fer ter hunt Brer B'ar.' Brer Rabbit, he kinder smole one er his ol' time smiles. He 'low, he did, 'Yes, Brer Wolf, you er lots bigger dan what I is; but will you an' Brer Fox head 'im off ef I git 'im on de run?' Brer Fox, he up an' 'spon', sezee, 'You git 'im on de run, Brer Rabbit, an' we'll head 'im off; I'll promise you dat much—we'll head 'im off ef you git 'im on de run.'

"Brer Rabbit 'low, 'It's a bargain, den, an' we'll shake han's on it.' It wuz a law 'mong de creeturs dat when dey make a bargain an' shuck han's on it, dey wa'n't no way er gittin' 'roun' it; an' so when Brer Rabbit made um shake han's wid 'im, Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox bofe know dat ef dey wuz any b'ar-hunt, dey'd hatter be on han' fer ter head 'im off when Brer Rabbit got 'im on de run. Dey shuck han's, but dey ain't gi' Brer Rabbit ez hard a grip ez dey mought, kaze dey ain't had no notion er gittin' in a sho 'nough b'ar-hunt. Dat 'uz one er de kinder things what dey wa'n't in de habits er doin'. Dey kinder had de idee dat Brer Rabbit wuz

des a braggin', but when he make um shake han's, dey 'gun ter feel sorter skittish, yit dey wa'n't no gittin' 'roun' a bargain what dey done shuck han's on.

"Brer Rabbit ain't stay so mighty long atter dat; he say he gotter go an' make all his 'rangements fer ter bag de game an' ter bobbycue it atterwuds. He flipped Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox his so-long, an' ax um fer ter meet 'im at de same place de nex' day. 'Meet me right here, frien's,' sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'an' I'll show you sump'n dat'll kinder stir you up an' make you feel like dat dey's sump'n gwine on roun' here same ez what dey is in de j'inin' county, whar dey hunt b'ar eve'y day in de year 'cep' Sunday.'

"Dey say dey'd be dar, ef nothin' don't happen, an' dey ax Brer Rabbit what must dey fetch fer ter hep 'im out, an' he 'spon' dat all he want um ter do is ter head Brer B'ar off when he git 'im on de run. 'I'll show whar ter take yo' stan', sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'an' all in de roun' worl' you got ter do is ter stan' yo' groun' an' not git skeered when you see 'im comin', an' make a little fuss like you gwine ter ketch 'im. But you don't hatter put yo' han' on 'im; I'll do all de ketchin' dat's gwineter be done. All I ax you is ter stan' whar I'll show you an' make out you gwineter



"OL' BRER FOX GRINNED HIS KINDER GRIN, AN' SAY, SEZEE, 'WE'LL BE DAR SHO!'"



"ATTER WHILE, BRER RABBIT AX BRER B'AR IS HE HEAR DE LATER' NEWS."

he'p me. All you got ter do is zackly what you say you'll do—head 'im off when you see 'im comin'.

"Brer Rabbit went on down de road, singin' one er de ol' time chunes, an' Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox sot whar he lef' um an' look at one an'er. Atter while, ol' Brer Wolf say, sezee, 'What de name er goodness you reckon he's up ter?' Brer Wolf grinned one dem ar grins what make col' chills run up an' down yo' back. He low, he did, 'He des tryin' fer ter fool us; he done got de idee dat we er skeer'd. Ef we go dar, he'll say he mighty sorry dat he ain't fine Brer B'ar, an' ef we don't go dar, he'll laugh an' tell it eve'ywhar dat we wuz fear'd fer ter stan' up ter our part er de bargain.' Ol' Brer Fox grinned his

kinder grin, an' say, sezee, 'We'll be dar, sho!'"

At this point Uncle Remus paused to indulge in a hearty laugh, and it was some little time before he resumed. He laughed so long indeed, that the little boy was moved to ask him what he had found that was so funny. This inquiry seemed to have no effect on the old negro. He continued to laugh, and when he could laugh no more, he chuckled, all the time watching the little boy, although he pretended to be looking in another direction. Finally, however, he became more serious, and settled himself in the attitude he always assumed when telling a story.

"Well, suh, Brer Rabbit went down de road a piece, an' got off in de bushes, an'

lay down an' des roll'd over an' over wid laughin'. Bimeby he lay right still, an' a little bird, settin' up in de tree, holler out, 'Run here! Run here!' 'N'er bird say, 'What de matter? What de matter?' De fust bird make answer, 'Brer Rabbit dead! Brer Rabbit dead!' T'er bird say, 'Don't you b'lieve it! Don't you b'lieve it!' Brer Rabbit lay dar, he did, twel he got good an' rested, an' bimeby he jump an' crack his heels tergedder, an' put out fer home like de booger-man wuz att'er 'im.

"He went home, he did, an' split up some kin'lin' fer his ol' 'oman fer ter git supper wid, an' frail out four five er his chillum, an' den he sot in de shade an' smoke his seegyar. Atter he done e't supper, he comb his ha'r, an' tuck down his walkin'-cane, an' put out thoo de woods, fer ter go ter de place whar Brer B'ar live at. He got dar, att'er so long a time, an' hello'd de house, an' ol' Brer B'ar come 'shufflin' out an' ax him in.

Ol' Miss B'ar sot out de cheers, att'er dustin' um wid her apern, an' Brer B'ar an' ol' Brer Rabbit sot dar an' confabbed des like two ol' cronies.

"Atter while, Brer Rabbit ax Brer B'ar is he hear de lates' news, an' Brer B'ar say he don't speck he is, kaze he ain't went out much, he been so busy cleanin' de grass out'n his roas'n-y'ear patch. Brer Rabbit pull his mustaches, an' look at Brer B'ar right hard. He 'low, he did, 'Well, suh, dey's big news floatin' roun'. Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox, dey say some un been gittin' in der roas'n-y'ear patch, an' dey say dey done seed some tracks in dar what look mighty s'picious, mo' speshuallly when dey got on der fur-seein' specks.'

"Ol' Brer B'ar sorter shuffle his foots an' cross his legs. He say, 'What did dey do den? Whyn't dey foller up deze yer tracks what dey seed so plain?' Brer Rabbit 'low, sezee, 'It seem like dey know'd purty well whar de tracks wuz



"OL' MISS RABBIT, SHE STUCK HER HEAD OUT FUM UNDER DE KIVVER, AN' 'LOW, 'WHAT DE NAME ER GOODNESS IS DE MATTER?'"

gwine ter lead um, an' dey wuz fear'd fer ter foller um, less'n dey had mo' comp'ny fer ter come wid um.' Ol' Brer B'ar lean down he did, an' knock de ashes out'n his pipe, an' den he look at Brer Rabbit an' grin twel his mouf look red an' hot. He say, 'Fear'd fer ter foller de tracks, wuz dey? Well, you can't blame um much, mo' speshually ef dey know'd de tracks. What dey gwine do 'bout it? Dey ain't gwineter des set down an' let der roas'n-y'ears walk off down de lane, is dey?'

"Brer Rabbit kinder helt his head on one side, an' look at Brer B'ar. He 'low, sezee, 'I wuz des comin' ter dat, Brer B'ar, when you broke in on me. De news what I hear is dat Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox is gwineter have a big b'ar-hunt. Dey done sount der invites ter some er de neighbors, an' de neighbors will do de drivin', whiles dey does de ketchin'. Dey ax'd me ef I wouldn't he'p do de drivin' an' I tol' dat I'd be mo' dan glad.' Brer B'ar look hard at Brer Rabbit an' Brer Rabbit look in de fierplace. 'You said dat? You said you'd be mo' dan glad?' sez ol' Brer B'ar, sezee. Brer Rabbit, he 'low, 'I mos' sholy did. I tol' um dat I'd git you started, an' den dey kin do de ketchin'.'

"Ol' Brer B'ar laugh, an' when he do dat, it soun' like thunder a-grumblin' way out in de hills. He say, sezee, 'How much uv a fambly is dey got, Brer Rabbit?' An' Brer Rabbit, he 'spon', sezee, 'I can't tell you, Brer B'ar, kaze I ain't neighbored wid um fer de longest. I don't like um, an' dey don't like me—an' dat's de reason dat I come fer ter tell you de news. I had de idee dat maybe you'd like fer ter take part in dis big b'ar-hunt dat dey gwineter have.' Brer B'ar kinder scratch his head an' lick his paw fer ter slick over de place. He say, sezee, 'It seems like I'm bleedz ter be dar, kase ef I ain't, dey won't be no fun 'tall.'

"Well, dey sot dar, dey did, an' lay der plans, an' laugh fit ter kill at de ol' jokes dat dey swapped wid one an'er, an' de ol' tales dey tol'. Dey sot dar, dey did, twel ol' Miss B'ar hatter come in an' tell um fer goodness' sakes ter go ter bed, kaze ef dey sot up an' went on dat away, dey won't be no sleepin' fer her an' de chillun. Brer Rabbit jump up when he hear dis, an' tell um all good night, an' put out fer home, an' when he git dar he can't git ter bed fer laughin'. Ol' Miss Rabbit, she stuck her head out fum under de kivver, an' 'low,

'What de name er goodness is de matter? You sholy must 'a' heern sump'n out-dacious in yo' rambles, an' now dat you done woke me up, you des ez well ter tell me about it,' but ol' Brer Rabbit, he's dat tickled dat he can't fish up words fer ter tell 'er; all he kin do is ter laugh an' cough, an' wheeze an' sneeze, an' keep dis up twel it look like he bleeze ter strankle er git smifflicated. But you better b'lieve dat ol' Miss Rabbit sot up wid 'im twel she fin' out all 'bout it. An' she ain't laugh when he tell 'er; she shuck 'er head an' 'low, 'You'll keep on wid yo' foolishness twel some er dem yuther creeturs will ketch you in yo' own trap—an' den what me an' de chilluns gwine do?' Ol' Brer Rabbit laugh an' say dat dey's been widers an' noffuns y'ever sence de worl' 'gun ter roll.

"Now, Brer Rabbit done tell Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox dat de b'ar-hunt wuz gwineter come off bright an' early, an' dat dey mus' be dar whar he lef' um at, an', sho 'nough, when he went down de road, dar dey wuz. He know'd dat dey'd been talkin' 'bout 'im, kaze dey look right sheepish when he come up behime um. He ax um is dey ready, an' dey say dey is, an' he tell um fer ter come on, kaze dey ain't got no time fer ter lose ef dey gwine ter git any b'ar meat dat day.

"Dey went 'long, dey did, but when dey git ter whar de bushes wuz thick an' de shadders black, Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox kinder hung back. Brer Rabbit see dis, an' he say he hope dey ain't no ways bashful, kaze ef dey gwineter he'p him ketch de b'ar, dey got ter stan' up like deyer well an' not be droopy like deyer sick. Bimeby dey come ter de place whar dey wuz a blin' paff runnin' thoo de woods, an' Brer Rabbit, he say dat he want um ter stan' right dar, an' ef de b'ar come by dey wuz ter he'p 'im ketch 'im.

"Sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'I'm a-hopin' dat I'll ketch im 'fo' he gits dis fur, an' ef I does, I'll holla; but ef he's too quick fer me—ef he gits de idee dat I'm atter 'im, an' starts ter run 'fo' I gits my han' on 'im, mo' dan likely he'll come dis way. Ef he do, des stan' yo' groun', kaze I'll be right behime 'im; des make out you gwineter grab 'im an' hol' on ter 'im twel I kin git 'im, an' den our day's work will be done.' Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox say dey'll do des like Brer Rabbit tell um,



"OL' BRER B'AR WUZ A-COMIN' LIKE A POT A-BILIN'."

an' dey tuck der places. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit went lopin' thoo de woods des ez gaily ez a race-hoss.

"De place whar Brer Rabbit make um take der stan' wa'n't so mighty fur fum de place whar ol' Brer B'ar live at, an' 'twa'n't skacely no time 'fo' Brer B'ar wuz on 'de run, wid Brer Rabbit close behime 'im. Brer Fox an' Brer Wolf hear a mighty racket gwine on in de woods des like a harrycane wuz a - churnin' up de leaves an' de trash, an', mos' 'fo' dey know it, here comes Brer B'ar, wid Brer Rabbit close behime 'im. Dey'd 'a' got out'n de way, but dey hear Brer Rabbit holla, 'Head 'im off,

dar! Head 'im off! Hol' 'im twel I git dar!' Ol' Brer B'ar wuz a-comin' like a pot a-bilin'. His mouf wuz wide open an' his tongue hangin' out, an' de blue smoke riz fum 'im eve'y time he fetched a pant.

"Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox stood der groun', kaze dey fear'd dat Brer Rabbit would have de laugh on um ef dey broke an' run. Dey stood dar, dey did, an' do like dey wuz gwine ter ketch Brer B'ar. He come on wid his head down, an' his breff comin' hot, an' ez he run, he fetched Brer Wolf a swipe wid one han' an' Brer Fox a wipe wid t'er han'.

"Well," said Uncle Remus, looking

hard at the little boy, "dey ain't no use fer ter go on wid dis tale. De swipe dat Brer B'ar fetched um come mighty nigh takin' out der vitals, an' ef you never is hear hollerin' befo', you mought 'a' heern it den. But Brer B'ar, he kep' on a-runnin', wid Brer Rabbit atter him, an' ez dey run, dey laugh fit ter kill; an'

fum dat day ter dis, Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox been givin' ol' Brer B'ar all de elbow room dat he needs by day er by night."

"Did Brother Bear hurt them very much?" asked the little boy.

"Hurt um! Why, he ripped open der hides fum y'ear-socket ter tailholt. For de time bein' dey wuz mighty nigh ruint."

HOW SLOWLY TURNS THE YEAR

BY LLOYD ROBERTS

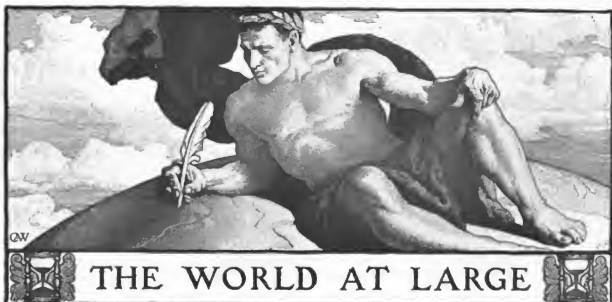
THE day—the hour—has come at last,
And Duty swung my prison door
That I might breathe the wild, clean air,
And walk with God once more.

A short sweet space beyond the north—
The strong winds laid across my brow,
The bent trails and the broken rips—
A little space—and now

Beneath my window roar and grind
The city's blind, unheeding feet;
The pale dust sifts across my desk;
The hot sun fills the street.

Again the door of freedom's barred;
But through I see a steady gleam
Of white stars on the lonely hills—
For so a slave may dream.

For so we all must strive and dream
For what our empty soul holds dear,
And hide our aching hearts, and mark
How slowly turns the year.



THE WORLD AT LARGE



A QUIET little woman with a wonderful capacity for hard work is Mrs. Williamina Paton Fleming, the astronomer. She is really one of the best-informed astronomers in America. She is curator of the astronomical library of the Harvard Observatory, to which she has been attached for a period of twenty-five years. She directs the work of the large staff of young women who constitute Harvard's corps of assistant astronomers.

Mrs. Fleming's greatest achievement is the discovery of a number of new stars, which discoveries have made her famous in scientific circles. She is a modest woman but possesses great executive ability. She was born in Dundee, Scotland, where she was educated, taught school and married. In 1879 she came to Harvard University, with which she has been identified ever since. Women astronomers in this

country, or, indeed, in any other country, are few, and Mrs. Fleming is in the front rank of them all.

WILLIAM H. TAFT, Secretary of War, will not, he has declared, accept a place on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. Moreover, he says he will surrender his position in the Cabinet if President Roosevelt so wishes. It is an open secret that Secretary Taft has the Presidential bee securely

attached to his bonnet, from whence it buzzes tunelessly in the war secretary's willing ear. Mr. Taft's decision not to serve his country as a be-gowned dispenser of justice may be taken as an intimation to the country at large that Ohio, the incubator State for Presidents, will have a candidate at the next National Convention, and that he will be none other than William Howard Taft.



MRS. WILLIAMINA PATON FLEMING, CURATOR OF THE ASTRONOMICAL LIBRARY OF HARVARD OBSERVATORY.

THOMAS A. EDISON at fifty-nine years of age looks forty, as the newest



The photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

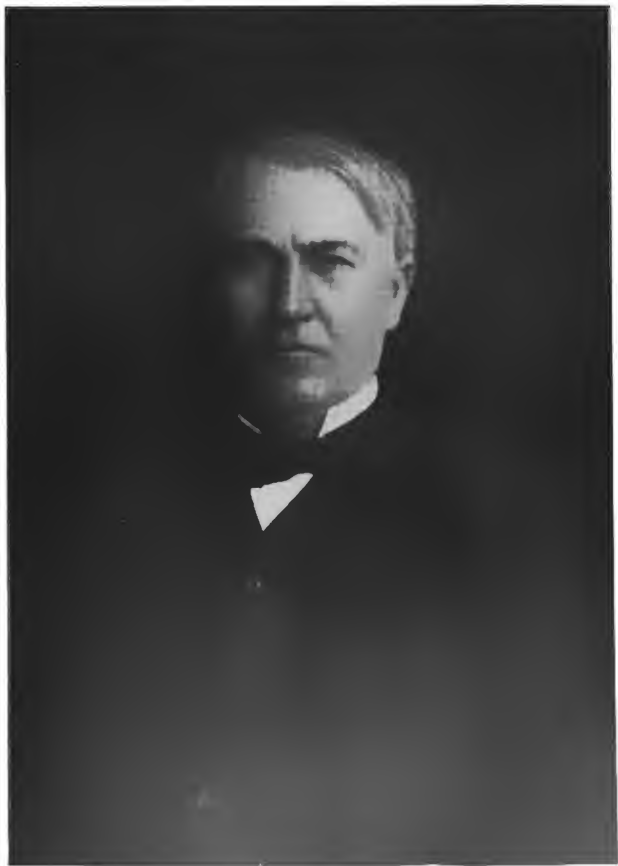
WILLIAM H. TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR, WHO HAS REFUSED A PLACE ON THE SUPREME COURT BENCH TO IMPROVE HIS CHANCES FOR THE NEXT PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

portrait of him, made a fortnight ago and published with these lines, will attest. He has over a thousand patents registered in his name at Washington but not a single worry. He has no sympathy with fussy folk. He says we all eat too much, sleep too long, and do not work enough in the open air. He regrets that he cannot live more out of doors. He is working day and night on his electrical storage battery, which, if perfected, will revolutionize transportation throughout the world.

THE death of Susan B. Anthony at the age of eighty-six removes from the world of thought and action one of its most picturesque figures. The chief accomplishment of Miss Anthony's life was the organization in 1869 of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. Her vigorous fight for the independence of her sex never ceased until the

day of her death. Equal property rights for women, equal privileges, independence in all affairs for all women—these were the things for which she continually battled. There is no doubt at all but that Susan B. Anthony's career has made possible a happier condition of things for womankind everywhere in this country.

A CHARLESTON, South Carolina, newspaper editor and manager of "The Joe Cannon Boot Fund" took with him to Washington the other day a pair of handmade boots built expressly by a Charleston cobbler for the use of the venerable Speaker of the House. The boots complete "Uncle Joe's" South Carolina outfit, the movement to clothe him in raiment the sole growth and product of the Palmetto State being started by Representative Wyatt Aiken of South Carolina, who presented the Speaker with a suit of homespun jeans and who followed up



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THOMAS A. EDISON—HIS LATEST PORTRAIT.



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THE LATE SUSAN B. ANTHONY.



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SPEAKER JOSEPH G. CANNON IN HIS FAMOUS SUIT OF HOMESUN.

the gift with numerous other articles of personal adornment and comfort from his constituents, until now the Speaker, with his wool hat and hand-made boots, is garbed from crown to sole in South Carolina raiment.

The boots are of the style worn by statesmen of an earlier day. They cost fifteen dollars and were paid for by popular subscription, the limit of contribution being one cent.

"But," said the editor in his speech

transmitting the footwear, "the number fell somewhat short of expectation and equalled only about the normal Republican vote in off years. It became necessary, therefore, to rely upon the efficacy of certain undigested securities to settle the score. It will probably stir your sporting blood to be told that the humble Representative of the people who charged himself with the performance of a high, patriotic service, did not suffer at this psychological moment from an attack of cold feet."



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A PHOTO IMPRESSION OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

COBURN THE CAMERIST

BY G. BERNARD SHAW

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN



MR. ALVIN LANGDON COBURN is one of the most accomplished and sensitive artist-photographers now living. This seems impossible at his age—twenty-three; but as he began at eight, he has fifteen years' technical experience behind him. Hence, no doubt, his remarkable command of the one really difficult technical process in photography—printing. Technically, good negatives are more often the result of the survival of the fittest than of special creation; the photographer is like the cod which produces a million eggs in order that one may reach maturity. The ingenuities of development which are so firmly believed in by old hands who still use slow "ordinary" plates, and develop them in light enough to fog a modern fast color-sensitive plate in half a second, do not seem to produce any better result than the newer timing system which is becoming compulsory now that plates are panchromatic and dark rooms must be really dark.

The latitude of modern plates and films, especially those with fast emulsions superimposed on slow ones, may account partly for the way in which workers like Mr. Evans get bright windows and dark corners on the same plate without over-exposure in the one or under-exposure in the other.

And as to choosing the picture, that is not a manipulative accomplishment at all: it can be done by a person with the right gift at the first snapshot as well as at the last contribution to The Salon by a veteran. But printing remains the test of the genuine expert.

Very few photographers excel in more than one process. Among our best men, the elder use platinotype almost exclusively for exhibition work. People who cannot see the artistic qualities of Mr. Evans' work say that he is "simply" an extraordinarily skilful platinotype printer, and that anybody's negatives would make artistic pictures if he printed them. The people who say this have never tried (I have); but there is no doubt about the excellence of the printing. Mr. Horsley Hinton not only excels in straightforward platinotype printing, but practises dark dexterities of combination printing, putting the Jungfrau into your back garden without effort, and being able, in fact, to do anything with his methods except explain them intelligibly to his envious disciples. The younger men are gummists, and are reviled as "splodgers" by the generation which cannot work the gum process.

But Mr. Coburn uses and adapts both processes with an instinctive skill and range of effect which makes even expert photographers, after a few wrong guesses, prefer to ascertain how his prints are made



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A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST BY HIMSELF.

by the humble and obvious method of asking him. The device of imposing a gum print on a platinotype—a device which has puzzled many critics, and which was originally proposed as a means of subduing contrast (for which, I am told, it is of no use)—was seized on by Mr. Coburn as a means of getting a golden-brown tone, quite foreign to pure or chemically toned

platinotype, whilst preserving the feathery delicacy of the platinotype image.

Lately, having condescended to oil painting as a subsidiary study, he has produced some photographic portraits of remarkable force, solidity, and richness of color, by multiple printing in gum. Yet it is not safe to count on his processes being complicated. Some of his finest prints are



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PORTRAIT OF GILBERT K. CHESTERTON, THE ENGLISH AUTHOR.

simple bromide enlargements, though they do not look in the least like anybody else's enlargements. In short, Mr. Coburn gets what he wants one way or another. If he sees a certain quality in a photograph which conveys what he wants, he naively sets to work to make a photograph exactly as a schoolboy with a kodak might set to work with a shilling

packet of P.O.P. He improvises variations on the three-color process with casual pigments and a single negative taken on an ordinary plate. If he were examined by the City and Guilds' Institute, and based his answers on his own practice, he would probably be removed from the class-room to a lunatic asylum. It is his results that place him *hors concours*.

But, after all, the decisive quality in a photographer is the faculty of seeing certain things and being tempted by them. Any man who makes photography the business of his life can acquire technique enough to do anything he really wants to do; where there's a will there's a way. It is Mr. Coburn's vision and susceptibility that makes him interesting, and makes his fingers clever. Look at his portrait of Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, for example! "Call that technique? Why, the head is not even on the plate. The delineation is so blunt that the lens must have been the bottom knocked out of a tumbler; and the exposure was too long for a vigorous image." All this is quite true; but just look at Mr. Chesterton himself! He is our Quinbus Flestrin, the young Man Mountain, a large, abounding, gigantically cherubic person who is not only large in body and mind beyond all decency, but seems to be growing larger as you look at him—"swellin' wisibly," as Tony Weller puts it. Mr. Coburn has represented him as swelling off the plate in the very act of being photographed, and blurring his own outlines in the process. Also, he has caught



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PORTRAIT OF ST. BERNARD SHAW.



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"A GREAT LUMP OF A WAREHOUSE IN A DIRTY LONDON STREET."

the Chestertonian resemblance to Balzac, and unconsciously handled his subject as Rodin handled Balzac. You may call the placing of the head on the plate wrong, the focusing wrong, the exposure wrong, if you like; but Chesterton is right; and a right impression of Chesterton is what Mr. Coburn was driving at.

If you consider that result merely a lucky blunder, look at the profile portrait of myself *en penseur* a mere strip of my head. Here the exposure is precisely right, and the definition exquisite without the least hardness. These three portraits were all taken with the same lens in the same camera, under similar circumstances. But

there is no reduction of three different subjects to a common technical denominator, as there would have been if Franz Hals had painted them. It is the technique that has been adapted to the subject. With the same batch of films, the same lens, the same camera, the same developer, Mr. Coburn can handle you as Bellini handled everybody; as Hals handled everybody; as Gainsborough handled everybody; or as Holbein handled everybody, according to his vision of you. He is free of that clumsy tool—the human hand—which will always go its own single way and no other. And he takes full advantage of his freedom instead of contenting himself, like most photographers, with a formula that becomes almost as tiresome and mechanical as manual work with a brush or crayon.

In landscape he shows the same power. He is not seduced by the picturesque, which is pretty cheap in photography and very tempting: he drives at the poetic and invariably seizes something that plunges

you into a mood, whether it is a mass of cloud brooding over a river or a great lump of a warehouse in a dirty street. There is nothing morbid in his choices; the mood chosen is often quite a holiday one; only not exactly a Bank Holiday: rather the mood that comes in the day's work of a man who is really a free worker and not a commercial slave.

But anyhow, his impulse is always to convey a mood and not to impart local information, or to supply pretty views and striking sunsets. This is done without any impoverishment or artification: you are never worried with that infuriating academicism which already barnacles photography so thickly—selection of planes of sharpness, conventions of composition, suppression of detail, and so on. Mr. Coburn goes straight over all that to his mark, and does not make difficulties until he meets them, being, like most joyous souls, in no hurry to bid the devil good morning. And so, good luck to him, and to all artists of his stamp.

THE INSANITY OF SAM

BY RICHARD WHITEING



It is a strange story, no doubt, this story of my poor friend Sam—who, in full possession of his sanity, and with unfaltering purpose, never paused till he got himself shut up in a lunatic asylum, where he languishes to this present hour, despite every effort to liberate him.

Yet, so it was, and for the simplest reason in the world. A chum of ours—Tom by name—had lately been snatched from the midst of us, and sent to a private institution of this sort. We had all three come together at an army coaching place. To be quite candid about it, there was strong suspicion of foul play on the part of Tom's uncle, a retired major at the head of the establishment who hoped ultimately to have the handling of his nephew's considerable fortune.

We had contrived to let the captive know that a rescue would be attempted. We felt

that, if we could get into actual touch with him, and have the full particulars of his case, we would soon set him free. But there was no doing this by ordinary means. Formal visits of this sort that take place without witnesses, who are also spies, were quite out of the question. Only long confidential intercourse, for a period, with the wronged man, free from all supervision, could give us what we wanted, to make out a case of redress.

Sam was naturally of a chivalrous, not to say of a Quixotic turn.

"I'll do it," he said, one day, when we had talked over ways and means for the hundredth time. I'll sham eccentricity till I get them to run me into the same lock-up. Then, as soon as I get poor Tom's story, I'll make England too hot to hold them till they let him out."

"Absurd!"

"Nothing of the kind; the most practical proceeding in the world."

"Suppose they don't put you into the same asylum."

"There's no other within twenty miles. The same doctors—and they will be the same, no doubt—the same jug."

"Ridiculous!"

"But do condescend to particulars. Why?"

"I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, as to that, Eddicott— Well, I'm going to have a shy at it anyway. I shall start shamming mad to-morrow, and mind you back me up."

"I don't like the look of it; it's too wild."

"Do stop thinking so much about yourself, my dear fellow. What about the under dog?"

"But where do I come in as backer?"

"In this way. Your cue is, I've been very funny lately, though you haven't cared to speak about it; and I ought really to be kept this side up with care."

He quite knew what he wanted; I only half knew what I did not want. It is hardly necessary to state the result. I agreed to stand in with him; and I was the only person in his secret.

Next morning he entered into the business of losing his wits with the most stupendous gravity. He began gently to develop a fit of unreasonableness that would have tried the temper of a saint. He muddled his work, sulked when they tried to help him, and finally stormed under a mild rebuke. He was clever enough, of course, to make it easy-going at first. He suffered the storm to pass off in a fit of gentle melancholy that spoiled our bridge party that evening, and sent most of us miserable to bed. I wished him good night, when he was taking his candle, but he cut me dead.

Next day he was better, only he wouldn't speak to a soul, except in answer to a question. He did his work, wrote his letters, but insisted on taking them to the post. And he broke up the bridge party again, by spending the evening in what seemed to be elaborate preparations for making his will.

They had the family doctor—not the mad one as yet—to luncheon, next day. The artful patient veered round into perfect propriety for the occasion, and talked like a book. The doctor looked puzzled; the wicked uncle, foolish. But as soon as the man of science had gone away, leaving a confidential prescription for golf, poor Sam

worked up an entirely one-sided quarrel with the butler, and asked him if he wanted to fight.

"I wish I could see more into your game," I said, when we met that night.

"Why?"

"Well, you are so off and on, hot and cold. You're mad enough when there's nobody looking; but the moment they send for a witness, you might give points to a dove."

"That's my low cunning. The insane are the greatest hypocrites alive. I'm done for in no time if they take me at that."

The offer of a few days' rest put him in a real temper, as threatening unnecessary delay. He now had an upset with the chief, on some frivolous pretext, of course, entirely unconnected with the real matter in hand; and gave it to him with a straightness that left nothing to be desired.

Then they wrote to his relatives.

One of these came—Colonel Dinningham, a good old fellow, but, I should say, rather soft. Then Sam began his wretched by-play again. He took the Colonel by the arm, trotted him all over the grounds, and sang the praises of the tutor and his family. The old chap was mystified, and it seemed a bit too deep for the others too. At any rate, they never thought of making an excuse for putting him away, or even of turning him out. I fancy they were unwilling to have a second affair of the same sort so soon after the first. It might get the place a bad name.

He wished them all anywhere for fools, at our next private conference, and afterward plunged into greater extravagancies than ever, by way of forcing the pace. He began to read all the advertisements in the papers—at any rate those relating to food and health—and professed to regard their authors with almost religious veneration as the witnesses of truth. There was nothing which he was not ready to believe in this line, or to do. He spent much of his leisure in leaping over a fence as a test of the efficacy of his diet. And, on days when the result seemed satisfactory, he asked us, as a particular favor, to address him as Sunny Sam. He changed his bill of fare every morning; and he may be said to have breakfasted on fads. When they offered him meat, he pushed it from him and wailed out a supplication for protein. He clamored for nuts at the most unseasonable hours; literally threw a dish of asparagus to the dogs, wallowed in raspberry juice and

mineral waters, and professed to regard his progress in the absorption of albumen as others regard their progress in virtue. When he wanted another slice of toast, he used the idiotic formula "pass the bread-stuffs." There was no limit to it. He ordered a monster weighing apparatus and a pocket tape and used them at every meal. You would find him at lunch in his *sol* aï chair, nibbling a banana, and waiting to leave off at the turn of the scale.

When anything went wrong with him—and of course something went wrong pretty well every day—he tried to cure himself with advertised medicines. His room became a sort of museum of these preparations. The walls were almost repapered with testimonials, and pinned up under headings that seemed to include all the ills in the heirship of flesh. Now and then he invited strange beings to his room, understood to be patentees, and offered them their own pills and draughts as light refreshments, not invariably, I thought, to their satisfaction. He had tabulated five and twenty prescriptions for dyspepsia, each warranted as the only way to salvation. The earnestness with which he discussed this conflict of testimony seemed to suggest the project of a new edition of that well-known publication "Some Difficulties of Belief."

It all went for nothing. The family were startled, no doubt, but, if only for the prudential reasons already mentioned, they made no sign of doing what he wanted. When I sought him as usual in his room, he seemed gloomy in the extreme.

"Hang 'em," he said. "What more will they have? I'm at the end of my tether."

"Just what I think."

"I'll have another go at 'em for all that. But I must change the bowling, or the tactics, at any rate."

"I really begin to fancy it's no go."

"That's not like you."

"What's the matter with it?"

"—To turn tail."

"No, I only mean——"

"You only mean you've forgotten a poor devil—your friend as well as mine—biting his nails off in that horrible hole. Ah, Eddicott, I tell you he worries me in my dreams. And, mark my words, if anything happens to him, worse will happen to us."

"My dear Sam, what are you driving at?"

"He'll do something to himself, if we keep him there much longer. And if we let

him be murdered—for that's what it's coming to—he'll *walk*."

"Banquo's ghost."

"You annoy me."

"You are certainly mad enough, in all reason."

"Well—why don't they play up to me?"

"It's funny," I said, "there was nothing the matter with poor Tom, and see where he is now! The bigger the crank, the worse the chance, one might almost say."

"Well, do say it, say it again," he said, brightening up as if struck with a sudden idea.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Never mind; say it again."

I did so.

"That'll do," and he snapped his fingers with huge satisfaction and danced about the room.

I felt really uneasy about him. "You're quite sure you haven't been carrying this thing on too long?"

"Perhaps so; but I shan't have to carry it on much longer. Good night."

"But really do explain; won't you?"

"Go away."

And I had to leave it so.

His behavior changed entirely in the course of the next few days. All the waywardness and violence vanished. He was hail fellow with anybody, courteous, and gentle to the last degree; hard working to a fault. The advertisements were swept into limbo, the authors of testimonials were sent about their business, and the study of their works was replaced by that of "The Critique of Pure Reason." He played his rubber with the rest of us, and altogether conducted himself with so much sweetness and light that a small dinner party was given to celebrate his recovery; and his relative the Colonel was asked.

It was a sultry evening and the windows of the dining-room were thrown open. As Sam and I strolled in from the lawn after the second bell, the table looked wonderfully pretty under the rose-colored shades. The Colonel was with us. Sam talked weather and noncommittal items from the evening paper in a way that seemed to put the old gentleman entirely at his ease.

We entered the drawing-room which also communicated with the lawn. As a mark of favor, Sam was asked to take down the hostess, and he smiled as though in grateful acknowledgment of the attention. Then,

without a word of warning, or the slightest change of countenance, he quietly took off his dress coat, and offered his shirt-sleeved arm to the old lady with a bow. She was too utterly upset to decline it; and still discussing the beauty of the evening with the easiest manner in the world, he handed her in.

It nearly wrecked the dinner at the start. The terrified woman could hardly mutter the responses; and the Colonel and the head of the house exchanged looks of consternation. It was impossible to pass it over in silence, yet the Major was evidently at a loss as to the right thing to say. At length he ventured on:

"Dinner first, Mr. Filby; billiards after, if you don't mind."

"Thanks; but I don't think I'll play to-night, it's so warm."

In all my life, I have never sat down to a more wretchedly uncomfortable meal. They were naturally unwilling, in the circumstances, to make a scene about it; but they were silent and embarrassed, as though hesitating between the impulse to pitch him out, with his coat after him, or to offer him the long-desired strait waistcoat in exchange. He alone seemed wholly unmoved. And as to conversation, I am bound to say I have rarely heard him in better form.

The courses succeeded each other in gloomy procession, as at an Egyptian banquet of the dead. He worked his way through them with perfect self-possession until it came to the third remove, when he rose with a bow to the whole company, and made his way to the door.

"Won't you finish your dinner?" gasped the Colonel.

"Thanks, I've had enough." And passing again into the drawing-room, he resumed his coat, and finally appeared on the lawn again in rapt observation of the moon.

"Aren't you playing it rather low down on us?" I said, when the wretched business was all over, and we had our usual meeting in his room. I was still in full sympathy with his purpose; but, I must say, I could not help feeling for the company too.

"I'm playing it according to the rules—the new ones. Ten to one they won't stand it a week longer; will that do?"

I threw up my window before turning in. The wicked uncle was showing the Colonel

to the gate. The dear old chap seemed much distressed.

"Give him one more chance," I heard him say. "It would be such a dreadful blow to his poor mother."

"Once more, then, for her sake, Colonel; but only one. I have my own family to think of."

There was a knock at my door. It was my poor chum. He seemed quite upset.

"Read that! You see there's no time to lose," and thrusting a bit of dirty paper through the chink, he went back to his room.

It bore just these words in lead pencil: "Look alive, Sam."

Our hostess held her weekly tea-party next day. There was the usual gang—the baronet's wife, the lord of the manor's daughter, and so on; myself, by accident, a drawing-room minstrel, you know the type, and a young fellow in orders who was so regular that we used to call him the curate in charge. The chatter was in full flow when, to our surprise, Sam dropped in.

He said very little at first, but bustled about with the muffin, and with an occasional sigh of weariness looked longingly toward the door.

"You are very silent," said the old lady in a rallying tone.

"I don't happen to have anything to say," he returned sweetly.

They exchanged meaning glances and shook their heads. Presently he took up a volume of "Half Hours with the Best Authors," and asked us if we would care to listen to a rational word. And, without waiting for an answer, he began to read some awful rigmarole from an old "Spectator" on the frivolity of modern fashionable conversation.

It was short and sharp work at last. The general practitioner called in the mad doctor—the one who had done Tom's business, and even the poor old Colonel was obliged to acquiesce, though not without a final effort. He removed Sam to a small farm belonging to the family, in the same quarter of the country as our place.

"There's not much hope, I fear," he said to me with tears in his eyes, "but my bailiff will be there to look after him, and the active employment may give the poor lad another chance."

It was no go. At the farm he went on more outrageously than ever. He began by

raising the wages of the agricultural laborers all round, and, what was worse, giving most to those who were able to do least. A ditcher, with a family of five, who had rubbed on for years at fifteen shillings and his firewood, the current wages of the county, was instantly raised to a pound, and his coals. At the same time, an old couple, almost bedridden, who lived mainly on a pittance from the parish, and scraps from the houses which they had to fetch in all weathers, were advanced to twenty-five shillings, and put under the care of a nurse provided by their employer. The milk allowance from the house was continued; but Sam actually carried it himself to save the old gaffer the toil of mounting the hill. This, by the way, made the ditcher extremely discontented. He began to shake his head over his master with the rest, and to declare that he ought to be put away. In fact he loudly expressed his readiness to "go into the box" against him, should anything of that sort be required.

The doctors, and a family lawyer who now had his finger in the pie, pressed Sam hard on this point. He was deaf to all argument, though always with the suavity which was the most exasperating thing about him.

"It will raise wages all over the county," they urged, dealing first with the ditcher's case.

"So much the better; that's just what I want to do."

"But it won't leave a penny of profit for the estate at the end of the year."

"Then we'd better give up farming and take to something else."

"The man was very well satisfied before."

"He'd no right to be, poor devil. I assure you I cut it as low as I possibly could. Did you ever happen to look at the soles of his children's shoes?"

"Tut, tut!" said the solicitor, but one of the doctor's gave him a warning look.

"The irreducible minimum, that's all I want for them. Why, even now, they get fresh meat only three times a week."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the solicitor, losing his temper again. "Where do *you* come in?"

"Only after the others, of course. But I've gone on getting board and lodging so far."

"Very good, very good, indeed," said the mad doctor, trying to pose him on the other case. "The ditcher can do his day's work

after all; but what about the two old derelicts who can't do a stroke, and who get five shillings more, not to speak of jelly and port wine from the house?"

"You see they want it more."

"They're so entirely useless."

"So entirely helpless, too, I do assure you."

"Do you call that paying people according to their services?"

"No; only paying them according to their wants."

"I give him up," said the Colonel, when this came to his ears. It was as good as done now. Each of the doctors saw him separately, and wrote his certificate, and the certificates were laid before a Justice of the Peace. All three were for detention; and in due time he was ready to be taken away.

The comedy of the transaction was exquisite. They thought they were fooling him when they persuaded him to accompany them in a carriage for a short drive. He knew he was fooling them when he assented to their proposal to a call on an old acquaintance and the carriage drew up at the door of the very asylum in which our friend was confined. Sam had expressed a wish for my company and I was accommodated with a seat on the box. After the quiet completion of the formalities in another room, he was handed over to the urbane proprietor of the establishment. They promised to call for him soon. He begged them not to hurry and we drove away. I had no opportunity of speaking to him, but he gave me a wink of triumph which I shall never forget. And when I got home I found a letter which he had somehow contrived to get posted, and this is how it ran:

"Dear Eddicott:

"Glory, I've done it at last! By the time you get this I shall be under the same roof with our poor chum, and hard at work on his case. We'll have him out in no time, and bring that old villain, the Major, to the stool of repentance. But burn this as soon as you have read it, and don't give me away by any premature disclosures.

"It was slow work at first, I must say, and I was feeling as tired of it as you were, but, after all, the farce has given me infinite delight.

"And now for my secret—the secret I couldn't confide to you for fear you should spoil the game. You remember that day

when I was so down in the dumps and you said something, without knowing it, which put me on the right tack. What you said was this, 'the bigger the fool, the worse the chance of getting into an asylum.' That was just it; I saw in a flash that I had all along been going in the wrong line in playing up to them with mere extravagance and absurdities. My outrageous tempers, all my wild waste of good money with the advertised foods and advertised medicines, wouldn't do the trick, though they might have proved any man as mad as a March hare. They were willing to make all sorts of excuses for me, so long as I merely behaved like a fool.

"Then came your wonderful tip that gave me the secret at last. And the secret is just this: If you want everybody to think you mad, you have only to live according to reason. The moment I saw this the thing was done. We're all so frightfully sympathetic to eccentricity, so horribly hostile to sense and truth. As soon as I began to be reasonable, they were ready to put me away. I removed a garment because I didn't want to wear superfluous clothing on a hot day. They shook their heads over me at once. I rose from table as soon as I had had enough, and left a dining-room with the atmosphere of a kitchen for the pure

air outside. I was madder than ever. But where was the madman? Choose between these silly people, stuffing themselves into indigestion, and the wise man with a care for his health. Was I less wise when I said nothing when I happened to have nothing to say? Why, the finest order in the world is founded on a rule of silence; and who was the sage who said he had sometimes repented of talking, never of holding his tongue? My treatment of my work people capped the climax, in fact, it has sent me to the madhouse at last. Yet, what is it but a touch of pure reason in human relations? You know the immortal maxim, the finest contribution of the ages to the science of life—'From each, according to his powers; to each, according to his needs.' It is a whole gospel of the higher life, yet you have only to act on it to find yourself in a madman's cell."

We very soon had Tom at liberty. Nothing could stand the array of facts which his friend collected and smuggled out, and which I got published in the papers.

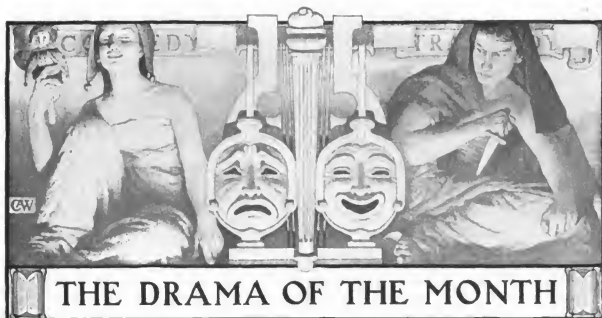
There is but one drawback; poor Sam himself, as I have already noted, remains there to this day. It is regarded as a hopeless case. I am publishing this as a last and, I am bound to add, a despairing effort to procure his release.

AFTER THE SONG

BY RICHARD KIRK

I AM the string the master snap—
I knew the mastery of the bow;
I thrilled with song. And now I know
That done with me
The great musician sets me free.

I am the string the master snap—
I thrill no more with living song.
I know his peace; for brief or long,
Or well or ill,
I yielded to the master's will.



BY JAMES HUNEKER

HAD Mr. Charles Frohman but selected the cast for Paul Hervieu's "The Labyrinth," that play would have been the most talked of production during a season which has seen launched such successes as "The Lion and the Mouse," "Man and Superman," "Peter Pan," and "The Duel." But fate willed it otherwise and thus it happened that Henri Lavedan's piece achieved fame at the Hudson Theater, not because of its merits alone, which are several, but also because Mr. Frohman, with his usual perspicacity, picked four admirable players to interpret it.

That the manager could have done better is a proposition that may not be controverted; everything mundane is susceptible of improvement. But the main thing is that this cast is adequate: Otis Skinner, Eben Plympton, Guy Standing and Fay Davis. I waited several weeks for the inevitable rawness of the machinery to wear away, and was rewarded by witnessing a smooth and life-like performance. It would be exaggeration to say that the American version of Lavedan's argumentative drama—the proportion is two-thirds argument and one-third drama—may be compared to the one at the Comédie-Française. Rather let us invert the proposition. Suppose the French players attempted to

set before a Parisian audience a play as distinctly American in its motives and characterization as Thomas' "Alabama." What would be the result? Would even the finished art of Le Bargy or Julia Bartet be capable of that strange trans-mogrification which gives at stroke a character and its racial coloring? I doubt it. Naturally the example selected is a difficult one, for it will be said, and justly, that the types shown by Lavedan are more universal than sectional, that the priest and doctor, duchess and bishop are more easily counterfeited than Mr. Thomas' personages. They may be seen in America as well as France. The answer to this is a qualified affirmative. The Frohman company is not as French as the Français, but it is more successful, all things being equal, in its mimicry, than would be the Paris players in a native American drama.

This is beginning with an apology, yet one by no means necessary. However, let us look at the work. I have seen some plays by Henri Lavedan scalding in their satire, many of them diabolically vulgar. Indeed, Lavedan was a master hand once at the *Comédie rose*, which title I need not tell you is the equivalent of the cynical, blackguardly piece written for the boulevards. But as he is now an Academician, wearing the palms of erudition and respectability, Lavedan has somewhat altered the pitch of his rather blatant pipes. Brains he had always—brains and the sixth sense



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN "THE GALLOPER."

of the theater. He selects more carefully his themes and has, for the time being, suppressed his talent for unseemly blague and wantonness. He has the same predilection for swinging the axe over social institutions, over a certain class, as has Brieux. But he has not the force of the author of "Les Bienfaiteurs." He is wittier. Of his art there is no mistake. "Le Prince d'Aurec" is not a great play but it is biting in wit if not fairly accurate in observation. "Catherine" which we saw here is mediocre. "Le Nouveau Jeu" is more entertaining. "Le Vieux Marcheur" proved rather "high" even for Paris; nor is "Le Marquis de Priola" a masterpiece. The irony of it; the brutality of it! Lavedan has not Hervieu's keen powers of observation, logic, normal imagination, above all his brother Academician's constructive ability. The mother wit he has, the shrewd Parisian faculty of hitting the bull's-eye with a single phrase. Let it be added that "The Duel" is a Lavedan disguised, possibly a Lavedan metamorphosed. Since Huysmans left the Rue de Babylon for Rome, the fancy has seized playwrights and men of letters for the moral problem before the footlights. Of course it is our old friend the Dumas triangle served up with ecclesiastical sauce.

The story is simple—to bareness; strictly speaking, it is not a plot, but a thesis attacked and defended by a doctor and a priest. This thesis is feminine. A duchess with a morphine-soaked husband has fallen in love with the doctor who handles the case. A manly fellow, his name a famous one, and he is of a lovable personality. He is an atheist. This would not prove such a serious bar to his suit with the lady, if she had not been a *dévôte*, and—Oh! the long, skinny arm of coincidence—a penitent (in silks and satins, be it understood) of a certain Abbé Daniel. The Abbé is the doctor's brother. They never were friends. In his youth the Abbé was a high, hot liver, an unbeliever. Converted, because, as he admits, he had touched the very mud of life in his debaucheries, he has become a saver of souls, the first aid to the spiritually wounded. His diocese in Grenville, overlooking Paris, is not a rich one. He suffers sublimated poverty—with the soothing accompaniment of pictures, books and antique marbles. The pagan lurks under the skin of the priest. Scratch him and you will discover the hedonist. Deep



GRACE GEORGE IN "THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD."



KATHERINE GREY AND MIJOL FERNANDEZ IN "THE REDSKIN."

sincerity dwells in his concern for the sinner—veiled and unknown to him in the twilight of the confessional—who relates her temptation, makes of him a hunter of souls. He hunts the soul of the Duchess through three acts, and though he is the victor, it is a pyrrhic victory. Pull baker, pull devil, as the old saying has it; priest and doctor, brother against brother, with a woman as a pawn in the game—this is Lavedan's "The Duel" in silhouette.

There is a classical balance to the piece, each act is subdivided into so many scenes. The exits and entrances are carefully plotted and foreseen by the spectator, and all element of surprise or shock eliminated. It would be a well-made drama if the drama had not been almost overlooked in the lust for speech-making. The four principals—the missionary-bishop is in the foreground for two acts and is also loquacious—argue, argue with grace, wit, logic, intelligence, and always attractively. The

meeting of the brothers, though without the interest of the unexpected, is very strong. That either of the two men would force their respective opinions down his opponent's throat would not be a likely occurrence in life. This episode at moments reminded me of a debating night at one of Count Albert de Mun's Socialistic Catholic Clubs in Paris with the discussion "Is there a God?" on the carpet. "You don't know life," says the scientific man. "You don't know men," says the priest. "Come to the hospital and I'll show you humanity," vociferates the doctor! "Come to the confessional and I'll show you its soul," asserts the ecclesiastic. All this is about a woman. The dramatist contrives to infuse other meanings between the lines that are disquieting. You don't doubt the doctor but you begin to have your misgivings as to the priest's purity of intention.

In the second act the Duchess calls on the Abbé. She has been trapped into giving her assent for an annation with the



DALLAS WELFORD AND ANNIE HUGHES IN "MR. HOPKINS."

doctor. A puff-ball in the summer air, a pendulum swayed by clockwork could neither be more irresponsible or more mechanical than this weak-willed woman. She is—the playwright's excuse—broken down in nerves and soul by the dance her vicious husband has led her. Some palliation for her motiveless character must be put forward, though it is hardly a valid one. The Duchess de Chailles got away from her creator and reveals herself against his will as a silly goose, a bigot, a creature of impulses, only half indulged in—a familiar figure in French fiction—the woman who is afraid. Charming, lovely to gaze upon, she is stuffed, nevertheless, with sawdust. A genuine woman would not have flirted with God and the devil at the same time. Yet she seems very meek, very much in earnest when she comes to the Abbé for succor. Enter wicked brother—Alas! too long, skinny arms of coincidence—who upbraids her. The Abbé is summoned on a sick call. He leaves the pair to fight out the problem. Though she has just thrown herself at the foot of the cross in a patibulary attitude—probably one eye on her pocket mirror—her volition weakens in the fusing

ardor of her lover's arguments. Luckily the Abbé returns. High time!—as Schopenhauer exclaimed when he finished the first act of "Die Walküre" and read Wagner's stage instruction—"quick curtain." The woman is sent away and the play begins. No more capping philosophic dialogue now. Two males are face to face. We feel the elemental passions, the passion for the woman's body and the passion for the soul of the woman. Borne down by the ferocious spiritual ambition of the priest, the doctor turns on him coward fashion and accuses him of a more than priestly interest in his penitent. It is a legitimate though somewhat stale dramatic device—in fiction its counterpart is legion. The curtain falls on this white-hot situation. It saves the play.

The third act cuts the knot by killing off the dissolute duke, thus enabling the lovers to wed. It is a labor-saving trick, dear to old-fashioned melodramatists. To see it employed by such a master as Lavedan is disconcerting. One thing he has achieved in this act—an atmosphere of dissimulation and self-deception that is admirable. The accusation of the doctor



HENSELY WOODRUFF AND LAURA HOPE CREWS IN "BROWN OF HARVARD."



A SCENE FROM RICHARD HARDING DAVIS' COMEDY "THE GALLIOT."

rankles. Both Abbé and Duchess are uncomfortable in each other's presence. Thanks to the suave wisdom of the bishop the ways are made plain and the brothers reconciled. One goes to the far East to wear, perhaps, the martyr's crown. The other wins the woman by marriage. Mayhap that is the Abbé's revenge! The ethical problem is far from being solved satisfactorily. I should suggest as a subtitle: "The Duel; or How to be Moral though Married."

The characterization, naturally enough, is more perceptible in the French performance. At the Paris theater the doctor, Duchess, Abbé and Bishop were individualized more highly than in the New York version. Otis Skinner, sterling actor, artist, and the possessor of a finely modulated voice, played the priest in the romantic key. He wore his robe with an air. The man of the world was apparent under his *soutane*. But he was compelling at both act ends; especially stirring was the fire of his speech in the battle with his brother which closes Act II. Guy Standing redeemed himself

for many sins thrust upon him by Mrs. Humphrey Ward and other "cerebral" playwrights, by his thoroughly straightforward interpretation of the lover. He was fervent and bellicose, passionate and always the man of breeding. Fay Davis, who once played "Iris" in London so as to please Mr. Pinero, was, no matter what may have been said of her lack of temperament after the first night of "The Duel," sufficiently high bred, and in sounding the essential shallowness of the Duchess' nature, she proved herself an artist. About her lurked, at times, traces of Ann Whitefield—Shaw is not so easily shaken off—and the dimples and the twinkle of her eye are, after all, part of Miss Davis' dramatic assets. As for the Duchess side, I can only plead that I never saw but two in my life; one was "made" in America a Yankee born; the other was as big as a barrel, red of visage, and wafted to her neighbors in the railway *coupé* a mingled odor of cognac, garlic and patchouli. So let us fancy Miss Davis as a credible woman of rank. She was very modish, if not violently amorous.



FRANCES STARR AND CHARLES RICHMOND IN DAVID GRAY'S SUCCESSFUL PLAY "GALLOPS."

But was this Duchess a being with red corpuscles in her veins?

Eben Plympton as Monseigneur Bolene was perfection. Not in Paris was the character better interpreted, with such silken subtlety, with such impressive earnestness, with such a world of tender pity and diplomacy. But one actor on the English-speaking stage could have rivaled Mr. Plympton in the part—William H. Thompson; and I can recall this same Plympton, a slender, young man playing Sebastian to the Viola of Adelaide Neilson.

Throwing off as it does so much matter for discussion, "The Duel" has been the most discussed play of the season. And in a season with "Mrs. Warren's Profession"! Lavedan has held the scales squarely in balance until the last act. Then, true cynic that he is, he could not forbear having his fling at the clergy. His priest vacillates. The Abbé doubts himself. This self-casuistry is soon dispelled by the firm admonishments of the bishop. But was this new motive not an obtrusion in the generally symmetrical scheme of things?



MIRIAM NESBIT AND LAWRENCE D'ORSAY IN "THE EMBASSY BALL."



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, THE AUTHOR OF "THE GALLOPER," AND RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, THE PRINCIPAL OF THE PLAY.

U of M



OTIS SKINNER AND FAY DAVIS IN "THE DUEL."



THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE, CHRISTIE MACDONALD AND BLANCHE DEYO IN "MEXICANA."



FRANCIS WILSON AND ELLEN MORTIMER IN "THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER."

MROU



LAWRENCE D'ORSAY AND MIRIAM NESBIT IN "THE EMBASSY BALL."



MARIE DRESSLER AND EDWARD CONNELLY IN THE WEBER TRAVESTY "THE SQUAW
MAN'S GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

MROU



EDWIN ARDEN AND BIJOU FERNANDEZ IN THE "ALL-INDIAN" DRAMA "THE REDSKIN."



MARGARET ANGLIN, THE CANADIAN ACTRESS WHO HAS SCORED A GREAT SUCCESS
IN "ZIRA," NOW TOURING THE COUNTRY.



COMIC OPERA SONGS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

MARCHING, marching, there's sure to be a march;
 A glittering chorus parading before us, with twinkling feet that arch.
 There's the nautical song of the ocean blue, and the various winds that blow;
 It tells of poor Jacky who's fond of his 'baccy, and winds up with a Yeo-heave-ho!
 Then the Love Song is a tender strain, addressed to the stars above;
 Whose Lydian Measures dilate on the pleasures of chronic, incurable love.
 There's the Topical Song, where again and again the singer asserts with-glee
 Of the train that he misses, or the girl that he kisses, "There's nothing in that for me!"
 Boom! Ta, ra, ra,—there's the trumpet-blare!
 We're all of us partial to melody martial and a military air.
 There's the Drinking Song with its clinking cup, and its rollicking, frolicking boys,
 All merrily laughing and cheerily quaffing in a sort of harmonious noise.
 Then the Girl Song is a tuneful lay, and goes with a swing and a swirl,
 It may be Bedelia, or Julia or Celia, but its all about just one girl.
 The Motor Song is a general mix of Bubbles and Goggles and Bluff,
 It's made up of hooting, choo-chooing and tooting, and the singers go "Puff! puff!
 puff!"

But the Coon Song
 Is a croon song,
 A Saturday afternoon song;
 When a little Pickaninny
 "Way down in Ole Virginny
 Is entreated to go to sleep.

Oh, the Coon Song
 Is a croon song,
 A Saturday afternoon song;
 When Louisiana Lou,
 And Susquehanna Sue
 Are persuaded not to weep.

FANTASIES

PHILOSOPHY IN RHYME

BY JULIEN JOSEPHSON

"GREAT Oaks from little Acorns grow," 'Tis said that Justice has no Eyes:
'Tis wondrous, I confess; Perhaps—but she has Ears;
Yet many is the Family Tree At least I've often noticed that
That Coin has reared from Less. When Money talks she hears.

HIS FAVORITE DIET



SPORTY MONK: Don't swallow the watch, you chump! Old "Uncle" Fox will give you enough on it to buy a keg of nails.

OUT-OF-DOOR NUMBER

JUNE 1906

PRICE 15 CENTS

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM
METROPOLITAN
MAGAZINE

UNIV. OF MICH.
SEP 13 1906



THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE COMPANY
25 217 WEST 20TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

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THE FISHING GIRL.

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THE METROPOLITAN
MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV

JUNE, 1906

NUMBER III

AMONG THE SAVAGE MOROS

BY MAJOR R. L. BULLARD, U. S. A.

The recent two days' battle between a band of six hundred outlaw Moros at Jolo, on the island of Sulu, and the American forces, under Major-General Wood, was reported by the latter from Manila as the most serious engagement in the Philippines since the close of the insurrection. Six hundred Moros were killed by the American troops; the losses of the latter were eighteen killed and fifty-two wounded. A sound understanding of the causes leading to this now famous engagement and a clear idea of Moro character can be had by a perusal of Major Bullard's article here published. He speaks with authority on the subject he has made his own after many years residence among the Moros of every grade. Some of the photographs reproduced are by the author, and others are published here through the courtesy of H. C. Rouse, Esq., of New York.



HOWEVER low in the scale of civilization, men and women may never fall below the range of our desire to see them and to know their ways. The savage Moros of the South Philippines are the most primitive and remote of American subjects, but to all who observe them they are persistently interesting, principally for their very differences from other peoples. To strangers, whether visitors of a day or dwellers still after months, they are the subjects of never-ending comment and discussion.

How they developed the characteristics, haughtiness, hornet-like temper and superior bravery, which distinguish the Moros from the other Filipinos, is still a matter of conjecture. No one has yet certainly traced their origin. Language and race lead us to class them with other Philippine

peoples, but these other characteristics are ever turning us back with a strong inclination to class them alone.

Genuine Moro tradition is scant, almost swallowed up in mythical lore and romantic tales, which, like their religion and little learning, are evidently of Arabian origin, of the type of Arabian Nights' tales, wondrous deeds of the daring of rajahs and sultans, their forefathers. From these it appears that at one time the Moros were greatly influenced by Arabians. This has imposed upon the Moros, who are plainly Malays, the belief that all are purely and straightly descended from seven Arabian cadis, one being the forefather of each of the seven tribes now found about Lake Lanao. To their simple faith there seems no inconsistency between this story and the evident fact that two of these tribes are very young, and even now, before the eyes of all, being built up by wanderers and free lances from the others.



MORO MARKET-PLACE

Through these seven Arabian *cadi* all the Moros refer themselves back as direct descendants of the Apostle of God, and beyond him in a short line, straight and wholly devoid of kinks and doubts, to "Adam, who, when he made his first pilgrimage to Mecca, put his children in a knot-hole in a forest tree for safe keeping!" Of this genesis and ancestry they are fond of boasting and are perfectly sure.

With them, however, family is not simply a matter of foolish pride. It is of real importance. We may at first smile at the scruffy fellow who upon his first introduction to us, tells us who were his father and mother, his uncles, aunts, cous-

ins, his wife, or wives, and her, or their, fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, and the families and relatives by marriage of all these; but we comprehend him when we come to know that with the Moros, family is the sole protection of the individual. Thievery and aggression are the prime characteristics of the Moro, and on the power and prestige of family he relies to save himself from loss by these crimes when committed by others against himself and from punishment for them when committed by him against others. If he should injure his neighbor, how shall he save himself from just vengeance! He turns to his family. If another rob or injure him, how shall he be avenged



ON THE RIO GRANDE,



AT SIASSI, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

of his enemy! He turns to his family. And so, ever ready to avenge his wrongs and especially to cover his wickedness, his family stands by him for good and all, his aid, protection, and succor.

No Moro of any rank can brook a supposition, much less an implication or insinuation, that there is any one higher than himself. This is a touchy peculiarity that leads him into many absurdities and follies. In a certain Moro village, public buildings were being erected by the United States Government. To the mind of a neighbor datto this seemed a grievous public implication of his own and his town's inferiority; whereupon, in the most ostentatious manner, he put his whole

people to work cutting and felling timbers and prepared to have the United States erect like public buildings in his own village, all with the idea of maintaining before the public, for a time, equal importance with his neighbor. His labor was lost, his timbers rotted, and his people became discontented. To "save his face," to maintain his public prestige, to be held—whether with or without reason—a man of influence, these are the strongest desires of the datto's heart. "You rule much" is the sweetest and surest flattery to his ear.

Of the mental abstractions, government and policy, as separate from persons, they have no conception. It is beyond them. Their datto alone stands for something.



SHOWING NATIVE CANOES.

The words of Louis XIV, "*L'Etat c'est moi*," may be repeated proudly by all Moro dattos to-day, and there are thousands of them, equal, sovereign, independent states, a dozen often within a radius of a mile. Rule, even in the same town, is as varied as there are dattos. "There are many dattos and all are different" is a matter of pride and boast, and among them it is a settled custom to work out separately the equation of every individual man. For an officer of the government, therefore, to represent government, or policy, or anything else than himself is not conceived by Moros. The officer must be observed, measured, and estimated for himself alone

without regard to what he represents. It is the personality, not the office, that appeals to them.

Among them there are countless magisterial names, but these are titles, not offices; and except the arbitrary, personal, whimsical authority of the datto, there is no government. As there is no government, so there is no public spirit in even the best Moros. A proposition to contribute to the common good is wholly rejected under all circumstances. It is not understood at all.

While not unproductive, they are not a numerous people. The normal frame of their mind is suspicion and distrust of each



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NATIVE MOROS SHOWING THEIR METHOD OF FIGHTING



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A FILIPINO BULL-FIGHT AT JOLO. MT. DAJO, IN THE DISTANCE, IS THE SCENE WHERE SIX HUNDRED MORONS WERE RECENTLY KILLED BY AMERICAN TROOPS.

other. Their hornet-like temper never permits a state of peace. Few fall in battle, but the hard conditions of continual enmity, strife, watchfulness and losses from ambushing and robbery effectually prevent industry, foresight and all other qualities and conditions that conduce to

prosperity and increase in numbers. Notwithstanding they have a written language and some knowledge of arts, this lack of order and government effectually proclaims them savages.

The incoherence of the people, the large number of small chiefs, illustrates their



TYPES OF NATIVE MOROS—A STREET IN JOLO.

haughty, impatient, and conceited independence. It means that few Moros are willing to follow another's lead. If they do not like their leader, they break away into separate dattoships. The freemen brook no domineering. They may lie and deceive, but they do not fawn or cringe or bootlick. Custom and modesty forbid them to speak their own names, but not their own praises. While you must ask his companion his name or read it in his letters, he will say of himself, "There are many dattos but there are no others like me. I am the highest. My ways are right." He really thinks so, because his standard of right is his own will and desire. "The datto never does wrong," the Moros assure you, as gravely and as seriously as the old English law declared, "The King can do no evil."

An inordinate military conceit is also

a dominant quality of the Moro. To him there is but one measure of defeat, to wit: annihilation. If beaten, he expects nothing less; if he meets less, he has saved the day, perhaps won a victory. Herein lies the dilemma of the American Government in dealing with them; to subdue Moros it is necessary almost to exterminate them.

They are all of one profession—arms. As children their first toys are wooden arms; their first instruction, the play of the sword and the spear. Whatever else as men they may be, priest, farmer, robber, pirate, merchant, lawyer, they are always, first, soldiers.

For a young man to lose his kris means to lose his right to marry, and it is the desire of all to die kris in hand. In fear of loss they sleep on these precious arms or with them tied to the body. For the same reason their

cannons are kept lashed to timbers in their houses. Firearms, indeed, are their main danger with civilized people. If they see the opportunity thereby to secure such arms, Moros can never resist the temptation to rob and murder. To get them they will risk all, lose all, and never whimper. To them without the best arms, death were preferable.

They are all thieves, or rather robbers. What they want, they reason, is right for them to have. To take it is a question not of conscience, therefore, but solely of policy. The Koran says that the thief's hand is to be cut off. They do not stand against this, but popular feeling here steps in and provides a test of innocence, a mere oath of the accused or his family, which is so easy and so simple, and which makes proof of guilt so hard, that in a country beset with thieves one never hears of a thief caught or of a hand cut off. Thievery is a part of them; the whole people condone it.

But to say, as has been said, that all Moros are liars is not true. "Lying is the vice of slaves," not of free men, and the Moros are and have been free; no man more so. They have not had to lie to masters because they have had no masters. Where not friendly, their hostility, wholly unlike the Filipinos, has been open and

independent, not cringing and secretive. Their aggressions, like the aggressions of all savages, are by stealth; but stealth, however exasperating, is not lying or treachery. Probably never was a people more circumspect in the use of their tongues about each other, because with them a loose tongue has bloody consequences.

It is true that truth-finding is a tedious process in all important matters; but considering Moro character, conditions, and politics, no more tedious than among other peoples. Always it is necessary to bear in mind that the most reliable and honorable Moro has some enemy upon whom he desires vengeance, or rich neighbor whom he desires to plunder. The world over allowances must be made for ignorance, ill-will, and self-interest. Making these allowances, the resultant of truth is found about the same with Moros as with other peoples.

Fines, wounds, and death are looked upon with equanimity; imprisonment, with horror. Mapait, a Moro arrested and brought to trial, convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for horse-stealing, thus writes me:—"Shoot my arms off so that I barely live and let me go." Two young men sentenced to imprisonment for slave-taking, on receiving sentence, and repeatedly since, have begged for death in-



MOROS—MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. MANY OF THESE PEOPLE IN THE PHOTOGRAPH WERE LATER KILLED BY AMERICAN TROOPS ON MT. DAJO, THE MOUNTAIN TO THE RIGHT IN THE DISTANCE

stead, and have tried to make the guards kill them. That freedom, however, which they so highly prize themselves, the Moros treat with utter contempt in those who fall under their power. They have scourged the whole Philippines in countless far-reaching slave-taking expeditions. Nor have these wholly ceased under American rule. Our army in the Philippines is still punishing them.

Between them, people of the same race,



A MORO DATTO OR LOCAL GOVERNOR.

country, religion, and characteristics so near related and so close together, there is no fellowship, no binding. Owing to their love of independence, their impatience under rule, their repeated and continuous aggressions against each other, it is rare indeed that even villages of the same tribe will unite upon any proposition either of war or peace. There is little brotherhood of religion, none of race or tribe. It is all lost in local enmities, jealousies, and aggressions. These almost wholly prevent the punishment of crime. The criminal has to run but per-

haps a rod to the next state line, into the open arms of the next datto, and be forever beyond the power of extradition and punishment. Indeed, it is only when a stronger catches a weaker in the very act that crime is ever punished. Dattos being always independent and generally unfriendly, never care to help each other execute justice. Such have been the conditions during all their known history, and a worse state of anarchy and injustice is hard to conceive. The Koran does not help them.

"No higher, no better for men than any of the others," say the railers against Christianity. "O, Lord, we thank Thee that our lots have been cast in a Christian land," pray devout Christians.

Do either of these really know how much they have denied or how much thanked? I think not. Let them come to live among the Mohammedan Moros. "An eye for an eye;" "A tooth for a tooth;" "A life for a life;" "As many slaves, as many concubines as thy strong right hand may take;" "O, true believers, fight for the religion of the Apostle"—these are the teachings that make and keep these Mohammedan people what they are. The wife of a friend of mine had the ill-luck to drop a loaded pistol, which was thereby discharged, wounding her own husband and killing a child nearby. "A life for a life" without qualification is the hard teaching of the Koran to the Moros, and the unlucky woman by flight alone saved the life of her own child from the vengeance of the dead one's family.

Before the days of steam the Moros' light seagoing boats of war and piracy, navigated equally well by oar or sail by men born upon the sea and loving it as their homes, easily eluded the heavier craft of the Spaniards and neighboring peoples. Moro history was then a story of war making, slave taking, and swift descents by sea upon the island coasts far to the south, west and north of Mindanao. In those days the Moros traveled, and they undoubtedly saw more and knew more than now, since Spain, England, and America have limited them to the land. A little of letters came to them from Arabia with the narrow learning of the Koran and the influence of the *cadi* who taught them Mohammedanism.

Literature, however, does not go beyond the Koran, a little letter-writing in affairs of great importance between dattos, certain



TYPICAL MORO BOAT.

little calendars for forecasting the weather, and tables for telling the fortunes of love, business, travel and war. From the former may be certainly known what the weather will be for each and every day of the year, and from the latter everything else of serious consequence, at least sufficiently for Moro guidance and satisfaction. On these the thoughtful regulate all their serious enterprises. There is, besides, an unwritten folklore full of incongruities, of oddities of thought and view, stories of war and love, adventures and high deeds of heroic Moros of ancient times, and these are treasures of romance and even of wisdom.

Tropical waters are phosphorescent. "Shall I tell you whence come the lights of the Moro seas?" said the story-teller.

"Long ago, before men lived here, the Rajah Indrapatra, a high and valiant Moro, fought with a giant who dwelt in the land and devoured all men who came. The giant seized the rajah's kris. Then the prince seeing that the giant would overwhelm him, by a mighty effort snatched his kris from the hand of the giant with a great jerk backward, so that the rajah's magic golden ring flew from his finger far over the land to the sea and fell into the waters thereof. And the giant being slain, the rajah came to the sea to find the ring, for

it was very beautiful; but, though he drew forth many bright colored shells and saw the golden flashes of his ring in the moving waters, he caught not the ring itself, but it stayed in the sea; and to this day when men cross these seas and look into the waters they, too, see the flash of the rajah's ring, and when they look more, it breaks into two, ten, fifty, hundreds and thousands of golden lights." Chaplain C. C. Bate-

man, of the United States Army,

long among the Moros, has published some of these pleasing tales.

Song and music are far less developed. The musical instruments are the *Agum*, the usual tom-tom of the savage, and the *Malinto*, a gamut of brazen or copper tom-toms, for better sounding set upon a light-frame of bamboo splits, and on gala occasions played upon quite daintily by young ladies of marriageable estate. Moro maidens do not sing. That belongs to the "Master of Song," a soldier; because, while it may be of love, song seems more often to be of war, and the master is in full panoply of battle. Covered with brilliant and flashing colors, krisred, plumed, and helmeted, accompanying his song with exercises of mimic war, he invariably raises



A NATIVE MORO BAND.



MORO NATIVES IN THE STREETS OF SASSI—

his hearers to enthusiastic excitement. There is sentiment, too, in his words, as in this "Warrior's Farewell:"

*"Nothing can stay me, my love when I rise,
Said Inandingandalan.
Voluntary, give me leave,
For true I go
To fight men thick as grass on yonder hill;
You will weep when you see my helmet
cleft."*

As Christians we are accustomed to think with indignation of Mohammedan views and treatment of women. Though there is still enough among Moros to justify our indignation, yet, here, at least, it seems a fact that Mohammedan teaching and tenets with regard to women are more theory than practice. Miss Moro comes suddenly to womanhood at thirteen or fourteen, her physical far outstripping her mental development in a climate which favors the one



A GROUP OF NATIVE MORO BOYS—



THE SMOKE IN THE BACKGROUND IS CAUSED BY A FIRE-CRACKER SALUTE.

and stunts the other. Her costume is a little pair of trousers and a meal-baggy garment, called the *matung*, open at both ends, hung over the shoulders and around the body, dropping to the knees, leaving brown arms and legs bare. In all respects except its color, which is often brilliant and variegated, it is miserably ineffective and requires the constant attention of at least one hand to retain possession of it at all. She dresses her hair in a knot forward and a little to one

side of her head, which gives her a little bit of a rakish, tough look that is not bad. As she approaches the marriageable age of thirteen, she dons bright colored armlets and keeps her nether lip and her finger-tips daintily painted red. She is plainly on the market now, for these signs, simple as they are, are yet quite striking. If pretty, she may, and often does, at once become the object of interstate difficulties. Her suitor must pay for her; knives and kris to her



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE MAIN STREET OF NASSAU.



NATIVE GIRLS OF GUAM.

mother, and money and slaves and ponies and carabaos to her father, so large a price often that he can only pay by instalments; and time always fetches its complications in love-affairs. A more able suitor often tempts the father with another offer, better or prompter payments, or even cash. How

can the anxious parent tell for sure that the first suitor, who has paid but half his instalments, can ever come to time with the balance due. That is a question and, a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush, he starts another courtship on the instalment plan with the last comer, forgetting to return



FÊTE DAY IN A FILIPINO VILLAGE.



FILIPINO NATIVE HOUSES.

the first suitor's paid-up instalments. The happy love-making ends in a triangular war. War ends all treaty obligations and the maiden, mayhap, in the end goes to still another suitor. Or, perhaps she may, though this is rare, develop a liking of her own and take to the woods with the man of her choice for a little time at least until brought back to duty. Or, the payments and the courtship and marriage being happily concluded, the affair may take another turn. The young lady may not care for the winner. Still less does her father care, now that all instalments have been paid; so, quietly encouraged by her paternal adviser, she declines to go with her husband. War, war, war, and other like courtships perhaps. Thus she may be the cause of much concern, robbery, reprisals and some blood-letting, and, though she may be a chattel, she can at least console herself with the thought that

she is of some consequence and has made things lively. After marriage, nay, even at that very time, she must make up her mind to divide her husband's affections with another, perhaps a number of others. "Come to my house to-morrow and see me marry two wives at one time," said my friend, Datto Asum.

After marriage the Moro girl ceases to attract attention. She comes into the humdrum life of the wife of a savage, providing the bulk of the family support, cooking and weaving, and bearing children who die of



A MORO WAR BARGE MANNED BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS.



MORO BOYS IN NATIVE BOATS

their parents' ignorance. She is her husband's property, yet proportionately to their states of advancement, not more so than her white sister, and she, equally with the latter, knows how to make her husband fetch home silk thread, perfume, face powder, penknives, etc. Her husband may send her away in divorce at his will, not out into the "cold world," because the Moro world is not cold to the divorced woman. She loses no standing, nor is she therein wholly without

resource. If a wife leave him, by custom, a Moro husband must don a woman's skirt for a few days, and it is no uncommon thing thus to see the husband made the butt of the jeers and ridicule of his neighbors.

In point of difficulty in dealing with Moros, after their religious differences from us and their incomprehensible mental processes, comes the multiplicity of independence among them, the difficulty of distinguishing the territory, the town and the



EVERY NATIVE MORO BOY IS



DIVING FOR PENNIES AT SEASIDE.

people of one datto from those of another, or separating the friendly from the unfriendly. There are often many sovereign independent states in a single square mile, and all differing in their conduct. To separate, to distinguish each according to its conduct, requires great patience and discrimination if officers of the American Government are to deal with them. The shrewd Moros have sometimes seen and taken advantage of this. Thus, to avoid punish-

ment for their thievery and ill-doing, the large town of Bacayauan has been gerrymandered out of existence, one part after another of it fetching forth a new name of its own, proving that it had never been any part of the bad town of Bacayauan, and keeping up this process until the last square inch had passed into other and innocent jurisdictions and Bacayauan was no more.

After the mobility of steam navigation, within the last fifty years, had driven the



A BORN SWIMMER, FEARLESS AND STRONG.



A NATIVE MORO CARRIAGE.

Moro from the seas, he became a landsman, but he did not like it. In consequence of his many enmities and jealousies and the insecurity of life and property among his own people, he has likewise been forced to become a home-stayer, but he has not for that reason become a home-lover or a home-improver. His home, indeed, is most unat-



ONE OF DATTO PIANG'S SONS.

tractive, a family graveyard, a place of death, his defence, not a place of ease, or comfort, or rest. It is a fortification against even his nearest neighbor. His house is a poor one, poor even for the tropics. His premises are filthy and disease-infected; family and slaves, dogs, chickens, goats, ponies, and carabaos live together for mutual safety. For security against thieves and enemies he sleeps with his head against the door of his strong box, his arms by his side, his chickens on the roof, his valuable household goods, ponies, and carabaos tied to the timbers of his house, or even to his body. One would think to find him thus a nervous wreck, but not so, though as already noted his temper flashes unreasonably and without warning.

Of Oriental conservatism yet observant of new things and ready to learn; not ill-humored but hostile to strangers; savage and holding human life of little value, but not cruel; brave, yet a thief; of the same religion and blood as his neighbors, yet without brotherhood with them and ever ready to fight against them with strangers; poor as a beggar yet haughty and overbearing; asserting ever his own trustworthiness, yet putting little faith in his friend, of whom he exacts the most binding oath in even trivial matters of trust; fond of company, yet breaking up into the smallest groups, the Moro is a being of many contradictions and inconsistencies. Loving trade and maintaining many markets, he has none of the trust of his fellows necessary to trade, but looks at an effort to borrow, or a request for credit, in no other light than a manifest attempt to rob. Spanish missionaries, who

at the time of American occupation had begun to try to take hold upon them, spoke always ill of them and had little faith in their possibilities; but it is well to remember that the zeal and devotion of these good men spent itself and turned to disappointment before the stubborn Mohammedanism of



JUNGLE DRESS OF THE MOROS.

the Moros. We may not, as many thoughtless and impatient people do, expect of them, as savages, the progressiveness, faith, and



AN OLD MORO SLAVE.

honor of civilized men, but we know that any man or race of men that will work is not beyond hope of redemption, and the Moros, be they what they will, are still a race not wholly averse to work. Savages they are indeed to-day; industrials they may as a people become to-morrow.



ON THE RIO GRANDE, MINDANAO.



Photograph by Alice Boughton.

"DROPPING ROSES FROM HER HAND
CAME DEAR SUMMER DOWN THE LAND."

—The Word of Summer.

THE WORD OF SUMMER

BY ELSA BARKER

DROPPING roses from her hand
Came dear Summer down the land,
 With her hair a tawny banner
By the breezes fanned.

And she looked and laughed at me,
Where I sat all mournfully
 Counting over my lost labors,
Near a cypress tree.

And she said "Oh, why repine?
All these patient works of mine—
 Leaves and flowers and fragrant apples
I must soon resign.

Not one blossom will remain!
But do I, like thee, complain?
 Nay, I pause and rest a season,
Then begin again."



Drawn by Ira D. Cassidy.

"I STRUCK A LIGHT. POOR FELLOW! HIS HIP UNDOUBTEDLY WAS BROKEN."

—"Alkali Dust."

ALKALI DUST

BY CHARLES M. HORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY IRA D. CASSIDY



IT was a black, moonless night—a night that creates fear in the heart. I stood for a moment, listening for a sign of life. Not even the soft sigh of the wind greeted my ear.

The heaven, a great, impenetrable dome, seemed within touch of my hand. I removed my hat and swished it through the air. The noise fell as a relief to my ears. I took a step forward, and the sand grated beneath me. Another step; then another. Welcome was the sound. Again I stood motionless, my head bared; and again the oppressive silence. The darkness seemed to creep upon me—to close about me in suffocating folds. I clinched my fists and strode rapidly forward—one, two, three steps. Again I listened; not a movement was heard. I was alone on the plain; alone in the great world—the last being to go before my Maker, to shrink, cowering—

“Hullo, stranger! Any tobacco? I guess I’m hurt. Unhorsed this morning; the mare handed me one before she left. Been crawling all day for shade. Strike a match, will you? God, but it’s a night!”

Strange; but without a cringe, I stopped and turned. The rapid beating of my heart slumped to normal, and I put forth a careful foot in the direction of the voice. It fell short. I advanced the other; there was a constrained groan.

“Careful, friend—my hip. Oh, it’s all right! Why in blazes don’t you strike that match? Got any?”

I struck a light. Poor fellow! His hip undoubtedly was broken. It lay stretched away from his body, and he was on his back. A leg of his trousers had been torn away and the limb lay exposed. His

track, made in crawling through the dust, stood out clearly and stretched away beyond the circling glow of light. Almost instantly the match failed, and I struck another.

“You got it right, friend! Which way were you headed? I believe that leg ought to be around where it belongs; don’t you?” I didn’t like the drawn face, nor the clots of saliva at the corners of his open, parched mouth. My heart went out to the fellow.

“Go ahead, son. I tried it this morning—lost my nerve. Any drink?”

To my regret, I had none. But immediately I kneeled and, removing my belt, laced the limp member to its mate. Then I arose, thrust my hands deep in my pockets, and stood wondering whether I dare venture the question poised on my lips. At length it fell.

“Your name, old chap?”

But the manner of his reply closed that channel of conversation. Indeed, I was at fault—I should have followed his reserve. But the stare, as I had caught his eyes in the light, clung to me. I didn’t feel right over it.

I rolled a coat and placed it beneath his head. Then I stepped away.

Now came again the tense quiet of the night, its blackness, its oppressiveness—I shook it off. Back East I had a home. Back there somewhere in that country he too had a home. There was no mistaking the well-shaped head, the nose of refinement, the Eastern tongue—ever its owp.

I liked the fellow. I only hoped he would talk. Again I turned to him.

“Boston, New York, or Philadelphia?” I ventured; and I felt his head turn toward me—his eyes pierce the night to engage mine. The reply came in a voice hard and dry.

“Boston, son—and a woman.”

Instinct, perhaps it was; but I knew it. Delicacy, Western delicacy, withholds one from pointing that way. What but woman sends man from Life to—loneliness and thoughts that sting you back of the eyes—a pain that wheels you right about and sends you striding from it!

"Single?" I asked, for several reasons.

"See here, Sammy—that isn't it, perhaps, but it'll do. Sammy, were you ever so loved by a girl that you had to leave her, had to quit the country because you loved her, had to cut deliberately all communication, had to close her from your memory, to—to see no one who looked like her, to blank from your life the whole image—her smile, her eyes, her hair, her music, her—her soul? Damn it, her very soul! Did you, Sammy? Think what that means!"

The abrupt change unnerved me. But it had started me thinking, thinking over a whole chain of events in my life—thinking out there on the plain in the black stillness of night. I couldn't see the man—didn't want to. I desired to be alone. The girl in my life—

"Son, this strap—ease it a trifle—please."

I kneeled beside him and rewound the belt. It was not unwelcome, this interruption to my thoughts; the whole subject always left me sick at heart. Still that indefinable longing to be alone! I turned away.

"Where to?" he broke in. "Can't you sit here and talk? You're a decent chap—blamed decent. Sit down!"

I wheeled and sat beside him. Then I wondered what the dawn would bring. It was apparent that we should remain here till daybreak. Then something must be done; what, I was unable to collect my thoughts to determine.

"Sam"—he was tender, this fellow—"what brought you to this ungodly country? Wait—you needn't tell me. I'll let you know why I'm here. And I can't say why I do either, Sammy. There seems to be something within impelling me on. It's true!" And he reached out a hand to know that I was close beside him.

"Back there to-night, Sammy, under this same great dome—perhaps to-night she too is gazing straight at it—there is a pair of eyes looking a love that was mine—a love that I need. Back there to-night lives one who is happy . . . one who is happy. Though I can't, Sammy—I can't

believe it! She—she—" He dropped to his back. Again he was on his elbow. "Back there she is, the cause of all my lone plays, all my listless wanderings, the—the—" He stopped. Then he began, rapidly, "Back there is one who caused my first mind-agony, my first heart-rending, my—my present indecency. There, back there, she is, the one who sent spinning my little world; the one who sent me from all that is dear, all that makes life worth living, all that keeps a man to his mother's teachings! And where? Why to this? And you know what this is—I've seen your kind before." There was silence. Soon he broke it. "Come, Sammy, loosen up. I need it. I want to know of others who suffer because of them—but not to know they suffer so hard." The man dropped to his back and was still. I sat, my knees drawn up and my head resting between, listening to his heavy, irregular breathing.

I didn't answer him right away—I couldn't. Slowly, reluctantly, my thoughts slipped back to a little suburban town "back there," where the streets ran up evenly from a main thoroughfare, lined with elms and maples, the houses regular and pretty. And before I could shut it out, shut out that last scene, it came tumbling upon me in my helplessness. She stood before me, as I beheld her that last night, brown from the sun of a summer spent in the mountains. We talked—as we had before she went away, but I knew something was wrong. And as I approached the subject of our plans for the winter—December was to have seen us wedded—her head fell in silence. Do you know what it means—is there anything so clutches your heart in a grip of steel, burning steel, as the knowledge that you have lost? Perhaps you know and can understand. There was left to me one thing. I loved the girl—would always love her. To make her happy, ever my one desire, was still left to me. I believe I kissed her as I left the porch. Later I closed my practice and set out—a knight-errant. I learned the particulars, he was out West—that was all I knew—somewhere out West. I would bring him back.

Two years I slipped from camp to town, from town to camp. And now here to-night, under a black, cheerless sky, was I reviewing it all. For a moment I thought



Drawn by Ira D. Cassidy.

A WHINNY FROM MY HORSE AROUSED ME.

I would tell him—our cases were parallel—yet, were they?

Sleep might overtake him—perhaps it had already! Then dawn and a way out.

"Let's have it, Sammy?"

I recoiled—he had been so still!

"Let you have it, my friend—why? You've enough—without mine." I evaded him. Our natures were different. Then a thought struck me. "How came you to leave, friend, in the light of the fact that you loved and were loved in return? Never a happier combination!" And I sat close beside him.

"Listen!" He spoke deliberately, spoke as though each word was a piece torn from his heart. "Listen! When a girl is engaged, when she hesitates to inform you because she dreads the unhappiness to follow, and when finally she is compelled to tell you! God, but it was hard! That's all, Sammy—that's all!"

I saw the first rays of dawn break over

the range, and creep farther and farther down the valley, throwing a pale pink over the landscape, sending shadows slinking off into the light. A whinny from my horse aroused me. I arose, and turned to the man sleeping at my feet. I gazed long and earnestly.

A second whinny disturbed me and I wheeled. Far above two great buzzards circling round and round, faded into the haze. From a neighboring sand-hill a jack-rabbit appeared, paused a quivering moment, then scurried away. The morning light grew brighter. A third whinny and the horse now slowly wended his way toward me. And again I turned to the man at my feet. His hair had fallen away from a broad, clear forehead, his face in calm repose was not that of a man but a boy. And as I gazed, the faintest smile began to play about his lips. I wondered if he knew—if he knew that his troubles were almost ended. Mine? But what of mine!



TO PHILLIDA IN TOWN

ONE smile from you and the paved highways fling

Their ugliness aside, the stone streets spring

From out their winter's thrall and stretch full blossoming

In summer sunshine. Hark! the glad birds sing

On trees whose tender boughs feel spring's first bourgeoning.



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A REGULAR.

A BUNCH OF BUCKSKINS

BY OWEN WISTER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



HERE, in his "Bunch of Buckskins," Mr. Remington has performed another miracle, and the Frontier glows before us once more in living flesh and blood. There is but one regret to feel concerning the achievement: How few of those who are to look upon these portrayals will know the full marvels of their truth! There is, to be sure, pleasure enough to be got from them without realizing how closely they touch life; you cannot see a horse galloping at the pace which Mr. Remington has set his cavalry horse without a thrill in your blood. Nor can you, I fervently hope, gaze upon the sneaking meanness of the half-breed, the gentleman-mongrel begotten of red blood and white,

without understanding his nature to the bottom, and rejoicing in Mr. Remington's dramatic power. In fine, you will scarcely be able to help getting all sorts of edification from the various people in the "Bunch of Buckskins." The horses alone, with no rider sitting upon them, would breathe with enough personality to fill a lively and miscellaneous stable. And if you are a draughtsman, I am bold enough to believe that you will find much to excite your technical admiration. If you happen to paint, I will not be so bold as to say what your technical thoughts may be. Being myself ignorant of this art, I will dare to say that these splashes of barbaric splendor surpass in power anything that I have seen.

You must kindly abet my efforts to introduce you to the "Bunch of Buckskins" by feigning that you need an introduction. We



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CAVALRY OFFICER.

must not confess to each other the patent truth that whatever Mr. Remington may choose to do requires no introduction from me, or indeed from anybody else. Yet here is something that is perhaps of interest. When these eight personages of Mr. Remington's arrived by express, although no descriptive names or labels of any sort were affixed to them, one glance as I took them out of the parcel sufficed to reveal to me who

they were; one glance, and age, race, virtues, misdoings and epoch—all these things were plain. Mr. Remington did not have to print anything below his Old Ramon; all the facts about Old Ramon (save his names and employment) stare you in the face; I could have spotted the individual through a field-glass. Two hot races at least in him are mixed—and by the mixing spoiled. I cannot tell you by what precise magic Mr.



J. H. Remington

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AN OLD-TIME TRAPPER.

Remington has done this, by what touch of his wand he has struck into being a creature of double evil so apparent. I only know that, having passed the time of day with such half-breeds long enough to be familiar with what I may call their symptoms, I recognize all the symptoms in Mr. Remington's successful mongrel. Old Ramon may have scouted for the military; but this led him to no trail to the angels. His face, of course, is

the keynote of the composition; and, starting with that, the whole thing blends in one consistent harmony of worthlessness. Look at his low-minded hat. You will think I am fanciful: but you shall change your mind at once. Compare this hat with the hat of the solemn and dreamy old trapper or with the one worn by the Arizona cowboy. None of them, it may be conceded at once, are hats that you would term genteel; yet while the



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AN ARIZONA COWBOY.



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A NORTH-WEST HALF-BREED.



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OLD RANON, A MEXICAN HALF-BREED.



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A WAR CHIEF.



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A BLACKFOOT BRAVE.

hat of the cowboy goes with a man who, if you happen to annoy him, might abruptly shoot you, he would not shoot you in the back. With all the lawless courage and brutality of the Arizona cowboy there is nothing about him cringing or oblique; and his hat is exactly like him. If you will now look at the somewhat decayed edifice which crowns the head of the trapper, poverty you will see in it, and many storms of rain and snow; and if you were to beat it against a rock, it is likely that the alkali dust would fly from it like flour from a sack. Yet with all these humble qualities, this hat is not

dishonest. Once again the inevitable hand of art has wrought the man and his clothes of one consistent piece. Returning to our Old Ramon, pray consider his hat once again before we leave it. I will not go so far as to assert that, if placed on the head of a shiftless haymaker it would not be in keeping with that context: juxtaposition has a deal to do with the meaning of all objects in this world. But I can positively say that this Mexican's hat could not possibly be worn by either the trapper or the Arizona cowboy without glaring inconsistency. This harmony of just detail makes itself evident

all over Old Ramon. Look at his contemptible saddle blanket, look at the rope binding the splintered stock of his rifle; and then see in his smaller saddle-blanket the touch of the Indian. I suspect his good horse (which is the only respectable thing about him) to have been stolen. Look at the poor trapper's horse. "Poor but honest" is written all over this equestrian group. That horse was never stolen. The trapper traded him for a few skins; he is worth about \$12, and the trapper was cheated when he bought him. Notice how he has rubbed his tail. That is because he has lampers and it itches. In the trapper's long-barrelled rifle we have a perfect instance of the significance of context in the import of any single detail. You will notice that his stock, too, has had to be spliced. He cannot afford a modern weapon. Now the difference between the rope-mended stock of Old Ramon's rifle and that of the trapper's is that the half-breed has not been able to steal a better gun, while the trapper has not been able to buy one.

Thus we might go on through each picture of the eight. There is, indeed, not one that fails in what every characterization of the first rank should always be, namely both an individual and a type. I cannot

deny myself one ardent exclamation of delight over Mr. Remington's army packer. Mule and man, they are simply astonishing. A volume could be written about the army packer without doing much more to record him than this picture of Mr. Remington's.

Let me again say (for it cannot be said too often) that all first-rate character-drawing must create an individual at the same moment that it suggests a type. It is in this that Mr. Remington, when at his best, so signally succeeds. His work in this should set the pace for any man in our country who is trying, by means either of pictures or of words, to present his fellow Americans in imaginative art. So many writers, so many painters, achieve only the type; but that is not doing much more than the photographic camera can do. Almost anybody with observation can make you see a railroad car conductor, or a policeman, by telling you something that very possibly you could have told them. So when Mr. Remington draws you a half-breed or an Arizona cowboy, he not only makes a generalization, but creates a personality. And so here is greeting to his "Bunch of Buckskins," and may he go on picturing our history for the coming generations.



MISFORTUNE

BY ARTHUR POWELL

THE blast which, passing, leaves me life unmaimed
 I have no right to call an evil thing;
 If it has taken somewhat, that it claimed
 Was grossness; there is left the eagle-wing!

We styled it grossness. Shall we say—a veil
 That, snatched away, reveals the Holy Grail?



THE WHALE WAS LITERALLY HAULED DOWN.

A TIGER OF THE SEA

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



THE angler held a polished vibrant nobiwood rod with a grip of iron, but the line dangled listlessly in the wind. It had come whizzing at him with the coils of a snake a second before, and his face had perceptibly whitened beneath the coat of tan that one takes on along the Kuroshiwo in California.

"Did you see it, Jack?" he asked the boatman and gaffer who had jerked the lever of the little launch and was sending her inshore at the top of her speed.

"Did I, sir? I think I did. You're the first gentleman ever played a killer."

"I don't know about playing," replied the angler; "I only hooked him and he went into the air."

"Yes, sir," answered the gaffer; "but he was hooked all right, and it was the old one that ran under the line."

"Did you see that fin, sir? Five foot, if an inch, and the light lavender half circle on its back?"

"Suppose I had caught it, and I think I could have played it; it was not over six feet in length, not longer than a big tuna."

"Why, the dam would have bitten the launch in two; she could do it, sir. She was thirty feet long and had teeth like spikes."

The angler laughed.

The boatmen around the channel islands of Southern California have a pronounced respect for the "killer"—the small-toothed whale that frequents these waters the year round. The angler had been trolling with a small sardine for the amber fish, and a school of killers or orcas had quietly come up, the infant of the school had seized the bait, been hooked and sprang into the air, showing its entire length. As the tail knife-like dorsal fins of the old whales pierced the water everywhere, showing that they were

excited, the boatman stood not on the order of going, but immediately put in toward shore. Not that he was a coward, far from it; he knew the possible danger when a young whale had been attacked and the adult animal can find the cause. The adult gray whale has been known to follow a boat so far inshore that she beached herself in frantic endeavors to reach the human despoiler and many a lonely grave in the sands of Lower California might have had as its epitaph, "Killed by a revengeful whale."

Few animals known to man possess the savage and murderous nature of the small whale-like animals known as killers or orcas. They pass under various names as black fish, killer, orca, kill fish, sea tiger, and deserve all the titles. The shark may be a man-eater; is a sodden blood-lustful brute, a scavenger of the seas, a midnight prowler seeking devious paths to accomplish its ends; but the killer charges the largest of all animals, the whale, and the story of its life is one of relentless carnage.

"Whole kingdoms jell

*To sate the lust of power; more horrid still
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast, 'One murder made a villain,
Millions, a hero.' "*

Lines which might well apply to the orca in its raids upon the animal life.

For a number of years the writer has watched the movements of a school of orcas in the Santa Catalina Channel, one of which was hooked by an angler in the manner described. They are present the entire year presumably, but are more common in the summer months, sailing up and down, having a rendezvous off what is known as the tuna fishing grounds, a range of five or six miles in extent, from Long Point on the island of Santa Catalina to the sea lion rookery on the south end. The reason for this is obvious, as the savory tuna is a tid-bit, a *bonne bouche* for the orca, and doubtless the greatest of all fishes often falls a victim to its rapacity. Then, too, the sulphur-bottom whale frequents the Santa Catalina Channel, numbers being seen at every crossing, as well as the gray whale, each of which is at times a victim to the fury and rapacity of these smaller but toothed cannibal whales.

Such an attack was witnessed several years ago off the Bay of Avalon. The channel was as smooth as a disk of steel and of

that blue that seems a reflection of the sky. Suddenly not far from the rocky cliffs of the islands a large whalebone whale shot into the air, flung itself out of the water, returning with a mighty crash, so near a boat that the occupant saw the details of what was apparently a tragedy. As the monster rose, clinging to its head were seen several black and white creatures, which appeared to be fastened to it, and the leap of the whale to shake them off. The whale evidently sounded and came out of the water a moment later like a catapult, swinging its tail about and around with relentless fury, striking blows that would have wrecked a large vessel at contact.

The whale, which was sixty or more feet in length, was attacked by these hounds of the sea, the orca or killer; they had seized it by its huge lips and were clinging with all the ferocity of a pack of bulldogs. In vain did the giant swing its deadly tail. The nimble foes leaped over it, avoiding it with ease, directing their attacks at its most vulnerable point—the throat, lips, and tongue.

Impelled by the fascination of this duel of sea monsters, the observers drew nearer and watched what was in all probability one of the most remarkable sea fights ever witnessed by man at so close a range. They were so near that the blood of the whale changed the water about them from turquoise blue to ecardine; and the waves created by the leaping and rushing of the ponderous body made their boat rise and fall, as though on a heavy sea. The orcas tore the wide lid-like lips of the whale, biting great pieces from the tongue, and crazed with the lust for blood, rent the huge creature until it seemed completely cowed, lying on the surface, making ineffective swings from right to left, rising, then sounding in a fury of indecision and fright.

For nearly half an hour this combat continued, then the whale, apparently exhausted, was literally hauled down and disappeared. The following day the orcas were sailing up and down the channel as though nothing had happened.

As they leaped into the air when attacking the whale, an excellent opportunity was afforded the spectators to observe their beauties, as this tiger of the sea is a most striking and attractive animal. They appeared to be twenty or twenty-five feet in length, the skin a polished jet-black marble-like surface, devoid of the slightest parasite,



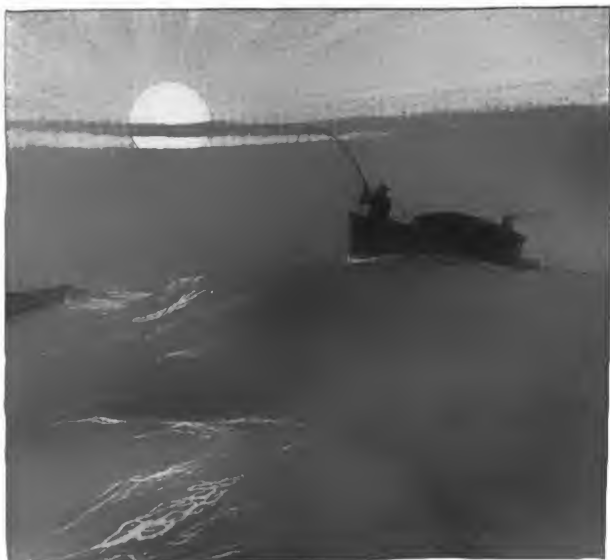
THE SEA TIGER SPRANG INTO

smooth and glistening in the sunlight; black above, pure white beneath, a contrast so sharp that when leaping in midair and the ventral surface turned toward the observers, they appeared like white whales, while from the opposite side the spectators would have seen a figure of inky blackness. Rising from the smooth back was an enormous dorsal fin that stood out like a great cleaver cutting the waters, a totem by which the orca could be recognized from far away. Beneath the eye was a clear oblong white or lavender spot appearing like a huge grotesque organ of vision; and as though to emphasize its oddity, the orca had a vivid pronounced crescent-shaped saddle of creamy maroon color just in front of the tail fin and partly encircling it.

I have frequently seen this in contrast with the velvet black of the back, as the big killer swam slowly along with dignified pace

always at the surface, its big dorsal like a lateen sail cutting the air. Generally the animals move in a line four or five in succession, the fins resembling diminutive black sails conspicuous and menacing. Such a school is a family party, a very large male, several females possibly, and two or three young.

These schools may be seen in summer off the island of Santa Catalina, rarely coming in nearer than half a mile, slowly parading up and down in the lee of the island mountains. I have made various attempts to photograph these animals, but with poor success. But once I had favorable conditions and was nearly on top of them, when one of the party became demoralized at their size and we had to turn back. On another occasion I followed them in a heavy launch and succeeded in reaching a point just over the tail of one; but the big creature did not



THE AIR SHOWING ITS ENTIRE LENGTH.

come up, at least within a reasonable distance, but for some minutes I looked down upon the animal as the boat's bow cut through the boiling water occasioned by the working of the screw-like tail just beneath me.

Once I observed the leap of a sixty or seventy foot whale in these waters, undoubtedly to avoid its enemies, the orcas. The giant rose slowly and deliberately out of the water until it appeared to stand on its tail on the surface—an absorbing spectacle—then gradually sank into the sea. In attempts to photograph a large whale I followed so closely that the prow of the boat appeared to be directly over the tail that was working like a large propeller forcing the tons of flesh along.

There are two orcas well known in the Pacific: *Orca ater*, with its saddle of maroon, and *Orca rectipenna*. The latter is

the largest and cannot be mistaken, as its dorsal fin is as remarkable in its way as the upper lobe of the tail of the thresher shark. It is often six or seven feet in length, tall, slender, and rigid except at the very top, which occasionally falls over in the air. The long-finned orca claims the northern regions as its hunting grounds, while the maroon saddle variety is found in warmer latitudes off Southern California, though this is by no means a hard or fast rule. In the North Atlantic is found the *Orca gladiator*, a fierce and relentless creature, and Eschricht is authority for the statement that this animal, or a specimen twenty feet in length, was seen to kill and eat thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals, the animals being taken from the stomach after capture.

The long-finned orca is a fury in every sense. It roams the seas, enters bays, follows up rivers and preys upon animal life of

all kinds, from whales of the largest size to salmon. It has been known to swim near to rocks in hope of snatching seals or sea lions from their rookeries, and is at times successful.

Some years ago a whaler in the Northwest had killed a large whale, and had the animal alongside, when it was attacked by a school of orcas. They doubtless were half-starved and crazed by the scent of blood that extended away a long distance, probably followed it up like hounds, immediately attacking the whale. The men with spades and lances cut and slashed at them, inflicting terrible blows; yet, despite this, the orcas literally tore the whale from the ropes and carried it off.

The orcas are very clever and intelligent, a fact illustrated in their method of capturing their prey. They know that the breeding season of the seals in the Northwest is a propitious time for feasting, and assemble promptly and play havoc with both young and old. They even attack animals as large and well armed as the walrus, and show their cunning by swimming far under the ice floes, coming up near the walrus herd, butting through the ice with tremendous force, and in the confusion seizing the young which have been lying on the backs of their mothers in fancied security. The jaw of the huge man-eater shark, with its many rows of serrated teeth, is a menace, but it does not compare to that of the orca. The head of the latter is extremely powerful, and the heavy jaws are provided with great tusk-like ivory teeth, well devised to crush and tear the largest of animals, its method of attack well justifying the title the tiger of the sea.

The capture of so vigorous an animal as the orca or killer as a sport would hardly appeal to one familiar with its ways. Off the channel island of Southern California, where the maroon saddled killer, as described, is common, it has never attacked any one, and except on very rare occasions displaying a disagreeable officiousness, demonstrated by following up boats, once chasing a small boat nearly to the rocks, doubtless in curiosity, possibly thinking it was some kind of a whale like itself. But the dignified procession of orcas on certain warm days was so attractive and inviting to certain landmen that they determined to take one, or at least to make the attempt. The party provided themselves with a heavy

shark line five or six hundred feet long, a heavy hook constructed for the purpose, and to the extreme end of the line fastened an iron-bound box. The hook was baited with a thirty-pound amber fish and floated in the pathway of the killers, some ten miles out in the channel. After several days of waiting, a long line of killers came swimming along, and by rare good fortune ran foul of the amber fish and took it. The line was held until it came taut, then four of the fishermen pulled; and that they hooked the huge creature was evident, as it leaped into the air and swung itself so violently that it dropped partly on its side, lashing the water for a few seconds, then sounding. During this brief struggle, the remainder of the school appeared to be intensely excited, darting about as though in search of the cause of attack, then sounding. In a few seconds the line was jerked overboard and the launch plunged ahead, her bow deep in the water, the men going aft to lighten her. The killer towed them four or five miles, then finding it impossible to move the animal or haul it in, or the launch over it, they cast off the line and box. The killer had now reached the deep part of the channel, given by the fishermen as "no bottom," and apparently appreciating this fact, the killer sounded and carried the large white box out of sight. That it exploded under pressure was probable, as it did not come up, at least, was not found, and the big game anglers, who had hooked one of the largest of sea animals capable of being hooked after the fashion of fishes, returned to shore, convinced that a "killer" could not be stopped, at least in this manner.

Killers have been harpooned on the California coast, but the oil taken does not justify the danger of the chase. It is not difficult in summer to creep upon them. A large whaleboat was put within ten feet of an orca, the harpooner successfully tossing his weapon into it just back of the saddle. Into the air went the vicious and powerful tail of the orca, just missing the boat, fanning the atmosphere a few seconds, then disappearing with a force and speed that was ominous. The "starn all" of the whalers was shouted at the second of impact, and the double ender shot backward, as the harpoon's thud sounded. Like a snake the coil of rope leaped into the air, and the old whalers stared at the rapidity of the movement. It appeared like a nebulous cloud, a



BUTTING THROUGH THE ICE WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE.

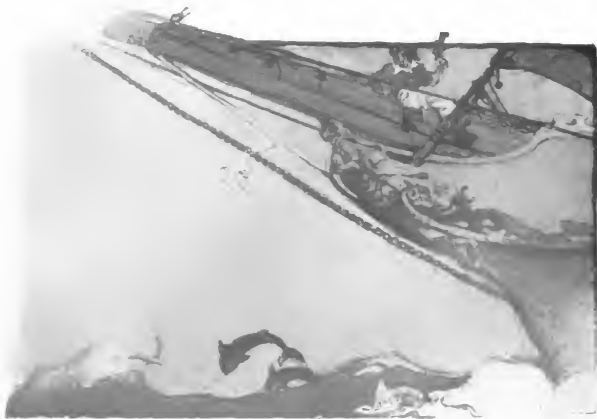
phantasm of indistinct snake-like coils poised for a strike.

This killer evidently assumed a position twenty or thirty feet below the surface, and for some time ran like a racer, coming slowly to the surface to breathe, then to drop and renew the rush from this unseen and terrible enemy that was clinging to its very vitals and could not be shaken off. The killer finally carried them into a heavy sea where the pace was so fierce and uncompromising that they took everything as it came. No rising over seas here, they hit them strong and full, cut and bored through them, the spray caught by the wind beating against their faces and like specters of the sea rising from the crests of waves to beat them back. The fishermen laid back on the line and hauled, one dropping off to bail now and then, but despite every effort they could not gain a foot. For some time this sea tiger ran madly through the seas—now on the surface, where the tail fin cut the water like a knife, then plunging down, as though with the demoniac idea of carrying the unseen enemy with it; but being an air breather, it was forced to the surface to

plunge again and again into the heart of the Kuroshiwo.

The sea rising under the strong west wind, the channel was filled with white caps. The orca seemed to gain strength with the contact, and sped on and on until the patience and endurance of the men was about exhausted. The open sea was before them, still no one said cut away, though it was evident that if the orca was killed, it could not be towed in through such a sea to port, ten miles distant. What could be done? They gave a mighty haul on the steel wire-like rope; the loud chanty was swept away from their lips by the wind, then without warning the tension of the wire relaxed, the game rushed savagely to one side, came up into the air, as though in fear, and fell, a slack line telling of the finish.

Whether the orca had been killed or carried off by a huge shark, or whether a companion had cut the lines was never known; but many were the views and opinions as the boat fell away before the strong west wind and ran down the channel for the little bay, now hull down, seemingly on the edge of the world.



GUNNING AND FISHING IN NEW YORK CITY

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE



BEING an Englishman who had spent six days housed up on an ocean liner, he arrived in New York City with a desire to kill something. Indeed, he had brought rods, guns and game-bags for just that purpose.

Perhaps he was a trifle disappointed to learn that Virginia deer were no longer to be found on Broadway, and that duck shooting was considered poor on Fifth Avenue. He was told that in certain jungle districts he might "see the elephant" and "buck the tiger," but that the sort of game he could bring home in a bag was thought to be extinct in the metropolis.

Being an Englishman, he was not discouraged. He crossed over into the borough of Queens, next morning, all alone, and put his traps into a boat, somewhere in that misty mid-region that lies between Jamaica and Coney Island. That night he came in late, tired—and triumphant. From his game-bag he dumped ducks of several kinds, a rabbit, two quails, a gray squirrel and a teeter snipe. From his fish basket he emptied speckled trout, pickerel, and salt-water fishes of various kinds. He had rarely enjoyed such a day of "killing things." When his friends got so they could speak they asked him if he had also met the "elephant" and the "tiger," and why they were not in his bag. But this, of course, was lost on the Englishman. He merely observed that there was really very good sport in the metropolitan districts if one but knew where to find it. It was believed that he had taken the fresh-water fish from somebody's preserves. It was quite certain that he had killed out of season. No matter—he was leaving for the West next morning. He was quite contented and happy, while his

friends, who had lived on Manhattan Island all their lives, had learned something about the Greater City.

Without knowing the exact itinerary of our English visitor on that day of his happy hunting, it may be of interest to speculate somewhat upon the course he may have pursued, and to point out one or two other localities within the corporate city limits from which he also might not have returned empty handed.

He probably began his journey with the Long Island ferry at Thirty-fourth Street. Whether he took the train or trolley car on the other side is not known, but in either case it is more than likely that he crossed the Flushing meadows, and realized that those wide reaches of salt marsh lay within the land of his desire.

He doubtless took advice at Flushing and went on toward Jamaica. If he took the Jamaica car, it is possible that he got off at Kissena Brook, and with the luck that accompanies such expeditions took one or two trout without leaving the bridge. They were not large trout, but there were the genuine wild, Long Island trout, said to be the most perfect of the *genus fontinalis*. From Kissena Lake, showing through the trees just below the bridge, he could have taken his pickerel, if he had good luck, and it is conceded that luck was a necessary qualification on this particular day.

By and by, when the sport lagged a little, a car came along and he pursued his pleasant way. Perhaps he got off a mile or two farther on to pick up a pair of quails that he heard calling to each other in a hay field. He may have shot the rabbit there, too, though I am more inclined to believe that he got the cotton-tail in the woods beyond Jamaica and the squirrel not far from the same locality. He could have added a trout or two, as well, for a fine brook with-

out a name crosses the tracks beyond the car stables. Then he came to a road house, where he rested and had something cool and refreshing while he waited on the stage that leaves every hour for Idlewild, a sportsman's resort on Jamaica Bay.

It must have been at Idlewild that he chartered the boat and began his real career of luxury and destruction. Here was a sportsman's paradise indeed. The tide was just coming in, the day was warm and still, with rain in the air, and the sun filtering through a mottled sky. It was a day when fish swim high and ducks fly low—when shore birds call to one another from amid the sedge. Long reaches of water lay everywhere, with arms and inlets that wound back into the meadows where the tall salt grass made perfect ambushade. No sport in the metropolitan districts? Why it fairly kept him busy! With his rod set, he could reel in a two-pound weak-fish one minute and bring down a black duck the next. There was nothing better than this, even at home. No wonder he came in late that night, and no wonder he came in full handed. He had selected an ideal day, and he had by great good luck stumbled upon the ideal locality. There is no better salt-water fishing in the proper season and at the right moment than may be found in Jamaica Bay, and there is no better haunt for water fowl.

Yet the metropolitan game preserves are not confined to this locality. Had our friend stopped in the Flushing meadows, he might have had fairly good luck in bringing down black duck, brant and "old wives," and perhaps a red head or a mallard. Had he taken a boat in Flushing Creek and fished out toward the sound, he would, with his luck, have filled his basket with black fish, flounders and striped bass. Had it been later in the season, he could easily have brought back a hundred young blue fish, known as snappers, and had it been earlier or still later, he could have returned loaded with tomcods.

Following along a fresh-water creek, our English cousin might have picked up a muskrat, or in a wooded place he would perhaps have shot a 'possum slinking away amid the undergrowth. It is unlikely that he would have discovered any raccoons, though this animal is a native of Long Island, and only a short time ago, according to Dan Beard, who, being more of a naturalist than a sportsman, is regarded as fairly

reliable, one was killed within the Greater New York limits.

Had our sportsman journeyed into the borough of the Bronx instead of Queens he would have fared hardly so well. He would have found a beautiful country, whose accessibility and ease of settlement has resulted in a corresponding scarcity of game. Nevertheless, lower Westchester is not without its sport, and with gray and red squirrels, cotton-tail rabbits, trout from the Bronx River and some salt-water fish from the Hudson or the Sound, he would have made a fairly good showing. There is fox hunting, too, in Westchester, though farther up the county.

But it is on Staten Island, I believe, that our Englishman would have felt most at home. He would have caught little in the way of trout or other fresh-water fish, and beyond a cotton-tail or so, his bag might have shown a scarcity of game. These things would not have mattered if he had brought with him a card of introduction to the Country Club on Dongan Hills. Here a pack of sixty English foxhounds would have made his heart glad, and he would have joined in the hunt that twice a week during spring and fall begins with an eagerly devoured hunting breakfast, followed by a chase of the red fox that leads the horsemen a wild and merry race across the hills and downs, over field and through thicket, to end at last with the captured brush, and a mighty hunting supper at the close of day. This would have been sport worth while—this would have been "home" indeed.

As a matter of fact, it is not very generally known that wild trout may be taken and wild game killed within the corporate limits of New York City. Certainly I have found but few that seemed to know that foxes, and not always foxes bred for the purpose, but the genuine wild reynard, are chased on Staten Island. The city limits are very extended. A good slice is taken off of Westchester county at the north—the whole of one end of Long Island, at the east, while Staten Island entire is included at the south. There are wooded districts within these boundaries—brushy hills and swampy thickets—some of them well-nigh inaccessible. There are fresh-water streams and lakes, and there are vast areas of salt water: also, there are wide wet meadows or marshlands where the waters of ocean and bay and sound swept long ago, and where salt

creeks and inlets still make and ebb with the tide. Such haunts as these are ideal, and the creatures that have held them against three centuries of civilization are not to be easily driven away.

It is not my purpose to compile a sportsman's calendar, or to indicate any number of exact localities in Greater New York where any particular kind of fish or game may be found. For one thing, sportsmen are expected to know the calendar pretty well themselves, while as for localities I have never been able to give or to obtain any exact addresses, outside the markets, where fish and game are quite certain to be at home.

In a general way, the metropolitan sporting season may be said to open with flounder fishing. The flounder is not a handsome fish. He is flat and shapeless—his color is not inviting, and his eyes are put on wrong. There was a mistake made in setting his mouth, too, but it is too late to correct these things now, and the flounder comes early and may be caught from the Manhattan docks, from both shores of Long Island Sound, from boats in the lower bay, from almost anywhere, in fact, where salt water ebbs and flows. He is the beginning of the fisherman's year, and with the first days of sun, the fever gets into the fisherman's blood, and he begins to rake out his tackle and to multiply his record of the season before. Sport levels all ranks. The East and North River docks show a motley collection, ranging from the well-dressed man of business, down through several types of workmen, to the ragged but happy street boy and the soiled and indigent incapable who has hobbled out for an hour's forgetfulness and a touch of sun.

Tomcods and striped bass follow the flounder for salt-water fishing. Trolling for striped bass on Long Island Sound is a noble sport, and even the catching of tomcods is a diversion not to be despised. In the fresh-water streams of Long Island, the trout season begins with the last days of March. It is proper for the suburban New Yorker who lives anywhere in the neighborhood of Flushing, or Jamaica, or Little Neck, to have a whip at the streams on these days, or at the latest on the first day of April, whether the weather be cold or hot, wet or dry. If he catches one trout on this first day's sport, he is happy. If he catches two he is exalted. If by any chance he should lure a third from the chill waters of

the overflowing streams, he forgets that he is cold and wet and hungry, and he does not walk home, but drifts there in a golden cloud, and during all the rest of the season magnifies and multiplies those three little fishes until the miracle of the loaves and fishes seems a rather poor performance.

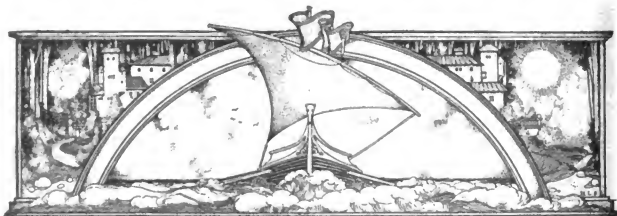
Meantime there has been some shooting. The season is open on waterfowl up to the end of April, and in and about Jamaica Bay black duck, wood duck and "old wives," with an occasional wild goose and even swan have been brought down by industrious sportsmen. Cotton-tails have been pursued across the snow, and though the early part of the year is not open season on cotton-tails, the law provides for their being hunted by landowner's permission, which is not difficult to obtain, for farmers have no love for the bunnies, who sometimes do serious damage to their early vegetables. In the Bronx and upon Staten Island there has been duck and rabbit shooting also, but on a smaller scale. An occasional mink, and even an otter, have been killed along the Bronx River, 'possums have been brought in by night hunters, and the red fox and the anise seed bag have been pursued by the more aristocratic of the suburban sportsmen. There is another hunting season in the autumn, with ducks, snipe, plover, rail and small game to be had for the shooting, and with a repetition of the fox chasing over the Dongan Hills.

Summer is the close season on game, but it is high tide in all sorts and manners of salt-water fishing. About Manhattan Island, and along the water front of Brooklyn, the docks and slips are frequented by a motley crowd of anglers. Soldiers fish from the piers and bulkheads of Governor's Island, while the shores of Staten Island and Long Island Sound are so popular that the proprietors of fishing boats and bait plants thrive sufficiently during a season to enable them to live comfortably, not to say luxuriously, during the remainder of the year.

Steamboats of considerable size make daily excursions to the lower bay, carrying crowds of fishermen to the teeming waters inside the Hook, and if one may judge from the hilarity and musical demonstration of the home-returning parties, it is certain that they have had a happy if not a profitable time, and that their catch has been sufficient unto the day.

I must not fail to make especial mention of the weak-fishing. The weak-fish, also known as the sea-trout and squeeteague, comes in June, and is plentiful within metropolitan limits. In Jamaica Bay, when the tide is coming in, I have taken two and three pound weak-fish as rapidly as I could cast and reel. The run is not likely to last more than an hour at a time, but that hour is sufficiently exciting, and the fisherman is ready to rest and count his catch when it is over. Snapper fishing, too, in August, is rapid work. On a good day I have taken two and sometimes three at a pull about as rapidly as I could run the machinery. I must not forget the oysters and clams that abound along the shores of Greater New York. Little Neck Bay is the original home of the celebrated Little Neck clams, while the fame of New York oysters is world-wide. Then there are the soft clams. What a joy to put on a bathing suit and spend the day swimming and digging soft clams, alternately, and there is nothing in the world quite so good as the steamed soft clam, served with drawn butter sauce. Neither must I forget the crab. Far be it from me to neglect that clumsy old duffer, who, crusty though he be, has afforded so much innocent amusement to old and young. No specially made five or seven ounce rod is needed for crab fishing; no skill that comes of long practise. A string,

a tough piece of meat and a landing net are the implements required, and any water that is salt and shallow and quiet, and perhaps a bit weedy, will do for a place. The crab is there and he will bite. Not only that, but he will hang on until you have had plenty of time to get him in the net. The solid German with his family who have put in a day of crab fishing are the pictures of happiness in the evening, for their day has been full of the joy of pursuit and their basket is filled and heavy with the crust and claws of capture. Now blessings light on him who first invented this same crab—also the perch, the porgy and the fluke, and the sinuous and elusive eel. In the metropolitan game preserves the trout and the red fox may become extinct, but the portly porgy, the unprepossessing flounder, and the crusty and combative crab will give joy for a thousand years to come. Our game preserves are not the best, of course. Our species are not always the choicest, nor in numbers the most abundant. Many of us stray farther afield for our sport, but having counted the cost and the returns of many a reputed wood and stream and compared them with those within the confines of the Greater City, it is my conviction that while one may not always fare so well here as did our lucky Englishman, he may easily go farther and fare worse.



WHERE "SPECKLED BEAUTIES" ARE

BY LOUIS RHEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

*"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows;
Where oxlips and the nodding violet blows."*



KNOW a brook, within an hour's ride of a great city, where I can wade and cast the fairy-fly and see the trout dart from silvery ripples, seemingly conscious that I am there, to place their golden bodies in my fern-lined creel. How well the poet knew, how intimate with nature and the longings that are called forth in the lines, "When tulips bloom in Union Square!" What angler is there who, sauntering past those tulips, sees the light, fresh-green budding trees, the lively sparrows busy making love or fighting for a mate, but unconsciously finds his thoughts at once transported to such favored spots. The feeling is so strong one cannot put it away; one has to pack up tackle and bag and be off.

As the train approaches my destination, I get out my rod from its case. The flies are tied on the cast, ready to put together the moment we reach the station, where the agent well knows the habits of his visitor, and carries off the bag to be called for by my farmer host, while I trudge off up-stream, to fish down right to the farm where I board with the homely but kindly occupants. I am the ever welcome harbinger of spring. No son could be welcomed after a long absence with more genuine pleasure than I am. Now the long winter of tiresome loneliness is over. This old timbered farm, after two hundred battles with the winter storms, stands firm on a slope just above the brook which runs

under a bridge that has been the scene of many a fishing tug-of-war.

The house, with its low moss-grown gables, is protected and shaded by three giant willows and a towering locust tree, planted there when the house was built.

On my arrival the sweet-faced old wife is the first to take my creel and proudly show my skill. Her care in placing the "speckled beauties" on the old willow pattern dish doubly repays for all those drawbacks one bears without a murmur—fearful and wonderful feather beds in which a merciful providence saves one from being smothered; chairs with legs sadly cracked or one or more of them missing; doors that will neither open wide nor shut tight, and a host of useless things that we expect otherwise but never get at a country farm, to say nothing of the terrible dishes cooked for my special benefit and by pretence enjoyed. I accept them all, and never think of complaining, for these sons and daughters of the soil "don't keep boarders." I am their city guest and friend who, on leaving, finds it difficult to repay them for all the inconveniences made by his presence in the regular routine of their farm duties. Despite their protests, he knows full well, down in his heart, the money is most acceptable, and really needed.

It is a source of undying wonder to them how I can eat trout for breakfast, lunch and supper four consecutive days in the week. I could not unless cooked my own way. One of the important items provided in my bag is a glass jar of prepared bacon.



"HE COMES TO MY NET IN THE PINK OF CONDITION."

Experience of farm bacon has taught me a lesson, so I take it along, and every new place I go I make a point of overseeing the first cooking of my trout. It is a weakness, no doubt, but to cook trout badly is a crime. I will not permit it; and with many apologies and polite excuses I manage to have my way. Try it, brother anglers, and take note of the following: After cleaning

the trout, dry them with a towel, dip them in beaten eggs and powdered crumbs, wrap the fish in a blanket of three pieces of bacon which can be fastened with small skewers, drop them slowly in bubbling hot fat made of part butter and lard. Watch them change a lovely brown color. Then turn them over 'til both sides are well done. Place them in a dish garnished

with fresh.y picked watercress, and they are ready to be eaten with plain bread and butter and a good cup of coffee.

But I have cooked my fish before their capture. The little stream only twenty-five feet wide is but a stretch of half a mile of good fishing. As I creep near a deep pool where I hope to land a brace of trout, I disturb a pair of kingfishers loudly screeching their displeasure at being deprived of their fishing. I see a fish rising and prepare to make a long cast, but I have not enough line out, so I creep nearer till I manage to place my flies—a silver doctor, coachman and black gnat—right over their noses. At once they go and I run up to test my skill and strength of tackle. He is more wiry than I at first imagined, for he goes down and fastens the line to a sunken log which I am not aware of; but I hold tight and wade across to the upper end of the pool, and, sure enough, I get him off, taking good care to keep him after that. In a little while he gradually gives in and willingly comes to my net in the pink of condition. He weighs just a pound, possibly the largest fish I shall get, at least on this trip down.

In fly-fishing never be in a hurry. Take plenty of time to look about; watch what flies are on the wing and use the best imitation you have. There are many things on the river bank to be seen by sharp eyes—sometimes a mink, or a muskrat. Then there are many spring flowers just peeping from their beds, the trilliums, violets, and the starting ferns just pushing forth their twisted spikes, the dogwood overhead, and the pussy willows lining the brook, while the air is full of lively notes of song-birds on their way northward, or perhaps to stay through the summer. And so I wade along, casting as I go, with varying success on coming to a sudden turn which forms another grand pool that I know will add a brace to my creel. But as I turn the bend I see a darkey planted on a big rock holding a pole and a line at the end of which is a bunch of worms big enough to choke the largest trout foolish enough to take it. I know that the brook

is as free to him as to me, and that through such as he the brook is fished clean a fortnight from the opening of the season. These worm-pluggers with tireless industry, with all their lack of angling skill, manage to get all the fish within the law. But the trout are not in the humor for his bait. I see a rise close by him, and cast my flies at his very feet, to be taken in a flash, and repeated time and again. Still the darkey plunks away without success. Why did I not tell him to fish with a single worm only? For the plain reason that I knew him to be a native who, not having the sense of reasonable limit to his catch, makes my chances, already slim, slimmer still. I leave him there, and soon catch a glimpse of the farm. My creel begins to sag, but the best sport of all is at the bridge. The water falling over rocks makes a deep, shady pool. I can see the trout lie quiet under the pussy willows, but they dash like lightning up-stream at the motion of my rod.

I let them remain for another trip and try where a little spring of cool water joins the stream. They are not rising here, so I must coax them up. This is one of the few places where the angler sees his quarry and can be still close enough to cast without being seen. And I cast, dry-fly fashion, through the air two or three times, and like a feathery snowflake the black gnat touches the surface and floats but a second. I can see a couple dart upwards. The foremost takes the lure. Now for my finest skill—to creel him without disturbing the others. I lead him off struggling with might and main to reach those willow roots, but I turn him off down toward deep water, keeping a taut line and soon reel him in. Again and again I go back till my basket has an even six brace of as pretty fish as ever angler caught.

Happy fisherman with a full creel, tired and hungry, I am but a step from the farm. I take off my waders, wash my fish and then, seated on the weather-worn arm-chair at the corner of the porch, get out my pipe and smoke, and watch the golden sun go down and the evening shadows creep gently on.



"THE CLIFFS" ABOUT THE PARK ROW BUILDING.



MODERN CLIFF-DWELLERS

BY EARL MAYO

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



THOSE learned gentlemen who spend much time and valuable effort in the attempt to trace the history and habits of the vanished people who once inhabited the lofty and almost inaccessible cliffs of the great southwest really have no need to go so far afield for their researches. Right in the busiest part of Manhattan they can find modern cliff-dwellers whose lives are passed among surroundings as picturesque and interesting as those that attended the vanished and long-forgotten Aztec civilization. These metropolitan cliff-dwellers are very much

alive, and by so much the more interesting than those whom the profound scholars with handles to their names are wont to study.

The evolution of the up-to-date cliff-dweller is one of the most curious developments of twentieth-century progress. It has come about through the peculiar conditions which have brought the great modern skyscraper into existence. Since nowhere else are so many of these giant structures crowded into the same space as in lower New York it is natural enough that nowhere else are the cliff-dwellers to be found in such numbers. For the benefit of the before-mentioned scholars who always want to know the habits and



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"THREE HUNDRED FEET LOWER DOWN THE CITY IS SWELTERING IN STORED-UP HEAT."

characteristics of every newly discovered species it may be said that most of the modern cliff-dwellers represent the *genus janitoris*.

ductors of the comic columns have selected the caretakers of Harlem flats for their figure of lordly and despotic janitor? It is an astonishing error of judgment on



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A DOWN-TOWN JANITOR'S VIEW.

The New York janitor has long been one of the prominent features of metropolitan life. To him the joke-makers owe a debt of gratitude and the patient residents of the city a debt of quite another sort on which it is not necessary to dwell. The point to which I wish to call attention is this: How is it that the mournful con-

their part and aptly illustrates the truth that the career of professional humorist is incompatible with an exact philosophical judgment.

The Harlem janitor is a poor and petty despot compared to the exalted members of his profession who hold sway in the domain of great office buildings below

Fourteenth Street. The flat house Cerberus exercises authority over only a few families at the most, and his immediate subjects are mostly abject servant maids and scared

his fellows occupy the choicest residential spots in all the metropolis. They never need to worry lest the street-cars run over the children or burglars rifle their closets



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"THE CLIFFS" ABOUT CITY HALL PARK.

housewives. He lives in the basement, and his throne of authority is usually no higher than the front doorstep.

The janitor or superintendent (often he wears the more resounding title) in charge of one of the downtown office buildings is the real castled baron of Manhattan. Under him are the occupants of hundreds of offices, men who direct great affairs of the city and country. He and

or flower-pots tumble from above on their unprepared heads. In fact the only citizens of New York who have solved, or have had solved for them, the problem of how to live comfortably are these caretakers of the big buildings in the lower city. They are the modern cliff-dwellers, while their less fortunate but more discussed uptown brethren may be said to be representatives of the cave-dwelling period.



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"THE CLIFFS" ABOUT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The janitor is usually the only permanent inhabitant of a building that shelters during business hours perhaps a thousand persons. All day long the hallways resound with the tramp of many feet, the elevators rush up and down with loads of human freight, and the click of hundreds of busy typewriters comes from hundreds of offices. But all this activity is transient. By six o'clock the offices are empty, the typewriters stilled, the elevators at rest, and the hallways deserted. In all the long corridors flanked by gilt-lettered doors there remains only the janitor—as truly as Alexander Selkirk, the monarch of all he surveys.

When his subjects have disappeared with the possible exception of a few stragglers, he too proceeds to his home. To reach it he need not hang desperately to a strap while elbowing humanity rips the buttons off his coat, nor cling to the tail-board of a Broadway car bristling with desperate passengers ready to commit homicide in the effort to get home in time for dinner. He ascends calmly and undisturbed to the topmost public floor of his domain. Then opening an inconspicuous door, he climbs a short flight of steps and stands before his own door.

If he is not too hungry he is likely to pause here to look about him. The scene is one to appeal strongly to an imaginative or even to a commonplace mind.* Spread out before him is a panorama such as no other spot in the world can afford. On either hand are the glinting waters of North and East rivers joining at the Battery, which seems from this elevated perch almost beneath one's feet. Up from the bay comes the cool and grateful breath of old ocean. Over the distant Jersey hills the red summer sun is nodding good-night to the city. The rush of elevated trains, the clang of trolley bells, and the rattle of express wagons and belated trucks come from twenty stories below in a subdued and not unpleasant monotone.

Three hundred feet lower down the city is sweltering in the stored-up heat that radiates from stone walls and asphalt pavements, but up here is a delicious coolness

which only the impossible combination of a hill-top close to the seashore could give. Not the most multiplied millionaire can purchase such an outlook in all the greater city as is the portion of the occupants of these eerie homes.

There are scores of these pleasant little residences in the lower part of the city and some further up town. In fact their number coincides almost exactly with the number of skyscrapers, for they are a feature of almost every tall building in Manhattan. For the most part they are separate structures from the great stone and iron edifices on which they rest, not necessarily of the same material or architectural design. One cannot describe them better than to say that they are dainty little cottages, usually one story or a story and a half in height, set upon the roofs quite as they might be on the street level. Though usually of diminutive size they are like the cottages which one may often see in suburban towns or country villages.

Life on a roof may not appeal to the reader as particularly attractive. It suggests a limited range of activity, with possibilities of disaster if one ventures off one's doorstep in an unguarded moment. But it must be borne in mind that these homes are on no ordinary roofs. They are as level as a floor, as broad as a small farm, and are guarded by heavy copings or iron fences around the edges. They have all the attractions of a desirable summer resort, all the conveniences of the city, and all the seclusion and safety of a rural retreat.

These up-to-date cliff-dwellers are by no means forced to put up with cramped quarters. Though their houses are small, they contain plenty of room for a family of ordinary size. As for the space which he has available for his use the roof-dweller is at an advantage as compared with the average city resident, or even with the exceptionally favored one who has a whole house at his disposal. The great skyscrapers have a surface space of many thousand square feet, and as their aerial inhabitants are not compelled to divide this space with any other occupants, they have half an acre, more or less, for door-yards, playgrounds, and gardens.

These wide expanses offer tempting opportunities for the housewife who is fond of pretty garden flower-beds or the

* Lest these remarks should give offense to the Janitors' Union, the author desires to say that he has found the members of their profession to be almost invariably men of sentiment and poetic imagination. As he expects to continue to reside in New York he would not for the world be understood as referring to any janitor as a commonplace mortal.



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EAST SIDE "CLIFFS,"

man who indulges a liking for small gardening. One may see very pretty and artistically arranged groups of outdoor blossoms or clusters of climbing vines or beds of early lettuce on some of these roofs. There is bright sunshine all day long in pleasant weather, and the facilities for growing flowers or vegetables under glass are of the best. One consolation to the roof gardener is that his neighbor's dogs or chickens can never break in and overrun his choicest plots to their great havoc.

The children of the roofs have play-

grounds that their less fortunate fellows lower down may well envy them. The great height might make a child who was unaccustomed to it afraid, but this feeling soon wears off, and the little ones scamper about as much at ease and less in danger than they would be in the street below.

The tops of some of the big skyscrapers are almost broad enough to accommodate a game of baseball, although it cannot be said that this form of sport is greatly in favor among the younger generation of roof-dwellers. But for hide-and-seek and tag and a score of other games dear to the

childish heart the opportunities afforded by the chimneys and pipes and columns of the broad roof could not be excelled. It is odd to see little girls giving their doll parties here in mid-air above the busiest part of the busiest city in the world. Some of the roofs have hammocks and swings and croquet grounds and all the other equipment of a thorough outdoor playground.

To the older folks too the roof offers as many seductive attractions as it does to the children. The women have tea there out of doors, unmindful of the hubbub that prevails below them in Broadway. The men smoke their evening pipes and chat with visiting friends in calm seclusion when the pulsing life of the city streets has calmed to silence and the moon is hanging high above the Brooklyn Bridge. A deserted village is hardly more quiet than lower Manhattan in the evening and night

hours, and the roof-dwellers are far less likely to have their slumbers disturbed than are the residents of uptown streets and avenues.

Not all the dwellers of New York's cloud-kissing heights are janitors and superintendents of big buildings. There are a number of cases where other citizens have learned the advantages of these lofty dwelling-places and have adopted them as their homes. The great square tower of the Produce Exchange houses several families; a number of well-known New Yorkers have found the Madison Square Garden tower a pleasant abiding-place, and in various spots about the city others have set up their Lares and Penates on the roofs—fifteen or twenty stories above the street. This up-to-date adaptation of the chief characteristic of a prehistoric civilization adds one more to the many unique features of metropolitan life.



MOON AT THE FOOT OF THE BROAD STREET "CLIFFS."



"THE LORD OF THE MARSH."

.....

THE LORD OF THE MARSH

BY HERBERT R. SASS

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH



DAY was breaking over the Stono marshes. Above the purple wall of woods to the east every star had vanished, and the pale light of a waning October moon had been replaced by a deeper and more certain radiance slowly pushing its way in all directions across the sky. Overhead, and farther to the west, star after star, as the yellow glow spread outward across the heavens, flickered once more, then faded into invisibility. Little by little the world grew brighter. Now the wide belt of marsh between river and forest showed green instead of blackish-gray and the tiny waves of the sluggish stream glistened golden instead of silver. By the time that the laggard sun in person had cleared the jagged sky-line of the pine-woods it was broad day on the lower Stono, and all man's world save only man himself was up and stirring.

With the passing of the night there was an end of that awesome silence which gives a moonlit landscape half its weirdness. Afar off, somewhere in the deep forest beyond the marsh, rang a hearty, jovial shout—the call of a pileated woodpecker, awake and hungry for a breakfast. From the same woodlands floated the liquid notes of many mocking-birds—clear and distinct in the crisp autumn air, yet mellowed and softened by the magic influence that renders all things more perfect in the early morning. Somewhere in the marsh, close to the river margin, a clapper rail laughed loudly, his cracked voice breaking in harshly upon the low melody of the distant songsters; and, in quick succession, another and another answered him until the flats fairly echoed with their clamoring. Here and there tiny marsh-wrens darted

a little way above the green expanse, to bubble a few short bars of song before sinking down again amid the waving blades. High overhead a pair of clean-cut ospreys swept southward on their narrow wings, bound for their fishing waters on the broad lower reaches of the river. A kingfisher, spick and span in his uniform of blue and white, left his perch on a tall stake to fall like a small thunderbolt into the stream; then, because the wary mullet had noted his approach in time, flew back to his watch-tower with a loud cackling expressive of disgust. No longer was the marsh a desert waste. With the coming of the day it had sprung suddenly to life; and now, everywhere over its mighty imperturbable face, the ruthless war of nature had broken out afresh.

From his sleeping place in some melancholy cypress swamp in the dark forests west of the Stono, a great blue heron swept with slow, measured wing-beats over the wide plain of marsh that lies on either side of the winding river. He came on steadily, flying rather low, his slender neck bent and doubled in snakelike folds, his long beak pointing straight forward, his legs trailing like a rudder. Clapper rails, sunning themselves in the more open spaces, started fearfully as his great shadow slid swiftly over them. Tiny plovers, hunting busily along the margins of narrow serpentine waterways, crouched low as he loomed above them, dreading the lightning rush of the great marsh-hawk. Always, however, the heron passed calmly on; and always the smaller denizens of the marsh, when, after a momentary fright, they recognized the long, straight beak and folded neck, resumed their various businesses with unabated diligence. Only once did the heron swerve aside. On a sun-bleached stake a hundred yards ahead

sat a king-bird searching with keen eyes the surrounding air for insects and ready incidentally to pick a fight with anything from an eagle to a wren. To him the great heron gave a wide berth, for he knew the truculent temper of the little bully and feared him as a man fears a hornet. Otherwise he held a straight course, having for the most part level marsh beneath him, though, now and again, crossing some wide bend of the sinuous river. Presently, when the deepening roar of the surf on the Kiawah beach to the south bespoke the nearness of the ocean, his strong pinions ceased their action and, with dangling legs, he slanted gradually downward. Awkwardly, with a flutter of wings and a craning of his slender neck, he alighted in the shallow water close to the river shore.

The heron was a strange and noble bird to look at as he stood two inches deep in the muddy marginal water, motionless as a figure cut from bronze. From the base of his dark-blue crown two tapering black feathers nearly a foot in length drooped gracefully toward his gray shoulders; and over his slaty breast and ash-blue back was spread like a veil a delicate fringe of slender snow-white plumes. There was nothing in his coloring to match the brilliancy of the flamingo or the roseate tints of the spoonbill, yet a discriminating eye would have held him handsomer than either; for about his straight lance-like beak there was nothing awkward, and his whole bearing as he stood erect was stately without a trace of ungainliness. Fully four and a half feet to the top of his crested head, he was surely the largest specimen of his kind that the Carolina marshes had seen in many years; and, indeed—although, of course, he himself was unconscious of the fact—his great size had many times in his life compelled the admiration of men who were little given to wondering at bird or beast. Rice planters far up the Cooper and the Wando marveled occasionally at the immense "blue crane" that stalked about their fields hunting mice. From Combahee River as far north as Winyah Bay, the oystermen who ply the marsh-creeks and sounds behind the narrow sea islands gazed at him often from the decks of their clumsy sloops and wondered at his wide spread of wing, though probably each time they took him for a different bird. More than one rail-hunter, astounded

at his huge bulk, had blazed at him with small shot as he passed well overhead. But the craft that comes with years and the inherited wisdom of his ancestors, acquired by centuries of experience, had kept him safe from man; and never, during all his seven years of life on the Carolina coast, had a bullet torn his flesh or even ruffled a feather of his breast.

On this October morning, an observer, glancing casually at the heron as he stood in the shallows of the Stono, would in all probability have believed the bird asleep. Only twice in the space of some two hours did he move out of his tracks to a position a few feet nearer shore; for the tide was rising and the water mounted higher about his slim, strong legs. For many successive minutes he stood absolutely motionless save now and then for the gentle swaying of his long black plumes when a flaw of wind swept across the broad river. Yet the heron was not dozing. The small round eyes on either side of the narrow head drawn close down above the shoulders were keen and alert as those of a hawk. Nor, in fact, was he even idle. Now and again, sometimes twice in the space of five minutes, sometimes not once in half an hour, the bent neck straightened like a spring and the long, yellow beak darted deep into the water. Once or twice it came up empty, but usually it held firmly between its two needle-pointed mandibles a dripping mullet three or four inches in length. This the heron manipulated skilfully, so that the head of the little fish pointed inward, for otherwise the fin-spines would cause it to stick in his gullet; then, with a great writhing of his lengthy neck, he swallowed the dainty morsel. A moment more and he was again a motionless statue, searching the surrounding shallows with bright, unblinking eyes for the approach of another victim.

The sun had mounted high and the air above the green flats shimmered and danced in the heat when the heron spread his great wings again. This time his flight was a short one. Speeding swiftly across the intervening marsh, he arrived presently at a low, swampy island clothed with a thick, semi-tropical jungle of scrub-oak, pine and palm. Into this jungle he slanted down from above and came to rest in a dead live-oak overhanging a small fresh-water pond near the center of the

island. Here the scenery was inexpressibly wild. Since the red man had given place to the white, no human being had looked upon this little lake encircled by dense, impenetrable forest. Dark brakes of tasselled canes and tall, slender reeds obscured its margin, and its wine-colored surface was half-choked with slippery water-growths, coated with thick green slime and swarming with minute forms of life too small for the naked eye. Above the pool the air was alive with mosquitoes, and scores of voracious dragon-flies darted to and fro among them, or rested with extended wings on the tips of the stiff, sparse blades of water-grass. On a half-sunken log near the center of the pond a dark-colored snake of graceful build lay apparently asleep; and close to the rim where the reeds straggled down to the slimy water lurked a short, thick-bodied moccasin, submerged save for the small blunt-nose head. Over all brooded an oppressive stillness, unbroken by the song of a bird or the splash of a leaping fish; and, as though to add the last touch of gloom to the silent pond, three grim black vultures perched motionless upon the broken branch of a white-bleaching pine.

The great heron was not alone in the dead live-oak by the edge of the pool. On other branches of the spreading tree stood two others of his kind. A moment after alighting he had uttered a loud, hoarse call, more like the roar of some wild beast than the voice of a bird, and each of the others had answered in similar fashion. Save for this gruff greeting, however, the three paid no attention to one another and disturbed the silence of the surroundings with no more raucous sounds. They were not garrulous birds; and, besides, they had come to the pond with a purpose that would not be furthered by noise or movement. Now and again a glittering dragon-fly would pause in front of one of the tall, impassive figures, peering curiously with its queer compound eyes; and like a lightning flash the javelin-beak would shoot forward, seldom to miss its strike. So for many hours the three perched in the shade above the stagnant pool and took toll of the foolish gauze-winged creatures that came to stare at them.

Among the wader tribe—and, indeed, among most of the lower animals—there remains, after the breeding season is

passed, a single business in life—the procuring of food. For this business there are no regular periods set aside; all day, from dawn to sunset, there proceeds one long, intermittent meal. So the heron, when he had caught his fill of dragon-flies, turned tail upon the pond and sought a new hunting-ground. Twenty minutes later he settled slowly down into an old millet field overrun with grass and weeds and proceeded with infinite care to stalk the timid meadow mice that scurried here and there along their hidden runways.

Some twenty-five miles to the northeast of Stono River, on a low bluff facing the waters of Bull Yard Sound, stood one of those fine old plantation houses of antebellum age that are scattered here and there throughout the Carolina low-country. On either side and to the rear massive live-oaks, centuries older than the house itself, shaded the surrounding area; while in front of the high piazza, with its tall white pillars, stretched a wide green lawn cleared of all trees that would intercept the view. Down the middle of the lawn a narrow path led to the edge of the steep bluff where a series of steps, fashioned out of rough-hewn logs, dropped down to a little landing which extended some forty feet into the water. In front lay the broad sound and, beyond the sound, a vast area of marshland. Beyond this again, purple and hazy in the distance, one saw the forest on the barrier-island that shuts off Bull Yard from the ocean.

Two men, accompanied by a handsome black and white setter, who had come around the corner of the house and followed the path across the lawn, paused at the top of the bluff as a little girl of twelve or thirteen summers shouted to them from the piazza. She waved her hand, and tripping lightly down the piazza steps, ran swiftly along the path, her loose yellow hair streaming in the wind. After her, squealing and yelping at being left behind, scurried pell-mell four furry little black and white puppies apparently not over two months old.

Dropping the oars which he had been carrying, the older of the men caught the little girl up into his arms as she arrived breathless, and kissed her.

"Popper," she gasped, pulling playfully

at his heavy black beard, "you ain't a-goin' to take Bess with you, are you? Me an' the puppies was jus' goin' to play hide-an'-seek with her."

"Yes, honey," he answered. "We've got to take her this time. You know old Nick isn't trained to fetch marsh-hens; and, besides, see how much Bess wants to go. Why, she's barking at us to tell us to come on."

"Oh, popper! I misses her so much. Nick's so lazy, he ain't any fun at all." She hesitated, a pout of disappointment on her brown face; then, brightening suddenly: "My, what a big Po' Jo!" she exclaimed, pointing up at a huge heron that was passing slowly over, high in the air.

Her father gazed at the great bird for a moment, then turned to his male companion.

"Duncan," he said, "there's a specimen you ought to have in your collection. I reckon that's the biggest blue crane in South Carolina. I've been seeing him off and on for the last four or five years, and I always recognize him the minute I see him."

The other, a short, clean-shaven man with a shotgun slanting across his shoulder, nodded emphatically.

"He is surely a splendid specimen and I'd love to have his skin. But, my dear fellow, how often have I told you they are herons—not cranes, but great blue herons?"

His companion smiled. "You call him a heron, I call him a crane and the darkies call him Po' Jo," he remarked. "What's in a name, anyway? Well, good-by, honey." He kissed his daughter again and placed her on her feet. "We'll be back before supper and then you can play with Bess all you want. We'll bring you some marsh-hens—begging Mr. Duncan's pardon, clapper-rails—for breakfast."

He picked up his oars and followed Duncan down the rough steps to the landing where the impatient setter already awaited them.

"Take care of Bess," the little girl called to him from the top of the bluff. She watched them take their seats with the dog in a square-headed, flat-bottomed punt; then, whistling to the puppies, raced back across the lawn to the house.

The afternoon was well advanced when the great heron in the neglected field near

the Stono wearied of mouse-hunting. Mounting high in the air, he pointed his long beak northeast and for more than an hour and a half flew steadily in that direction. He passed over miles of dark swamp-forest, over wide areas of cleared, cultivated land, and still wider stretches of unreclaimed salt-marsh, braided with narrow, winding waterways. Once he saw beneath him the roofs and steeples of a populous city; and twice he crossed over rivers even broader than the broad Stono. Always as he flew he could see the ocean away to the right; and he shaped his course parallel to the long white line of surf. Finally, passing over a plantation house, with a green lawn in front, on which stood a little cluster of dogs and people, he came upon the spacious expanse of Bull Yard Sound, encircled on three sides by vast marshes. Crossing the sound, he sloped gradually downward toward the marsh and alighted on the muddy bank of a small, meandering creek. Wading a little way into the water, he took his stand in the shallows, his bright eyes keenly alert for unwary mullet.

The queer, faint call of a chuck-will's-widow somewhere in the distant woods announced the approach of evening, when round the wide bend, some fifty yards below the motionless heron, glided a narrow, square-headed punt. On the forward-thwart sat a small, clean-shaven man in a brown shooting jacket and corduroy trousers, a shotgun resting across his knees. Behind him crouched a black and white setter, her eager eyes fixed on the projecting muzzle of the weapon, her whole silky-haired body tense with excitement. In the stern, a second man, big and black-bearded, plied a short paddle skilfully. In front of him, on the bottom boards, piled together in a tumbled heap, some sixteen rail bespoke the steady aim of the sportsman in the bow.

Swiftly and almost noiselessly, holding close to the inner shore, the punt swung with the tide around the sweeping bend, still hidden from the heron by a little peninsula of marsh. The paddle, dipping now and again into the deep, smoothly flowing water, made no splash or ripple audible to human ear. Yet the heron suddenly drew himself erect. A moment he listened, stiff in his tracks, the slim neck craned out to its fullest length; then

turning, he ran forward a few steps and, spreading his wide wings, rose into the air. The sportsman in the punt jerked his gun to his shoulder, yet hesitated. It was not his practise to shoot herons, but here was a noble specimen for his collection.

"Shoot, Duncan!" exclaimed his companion. "That's the big crane that passed over us on the lawn."

It was a long chance with small shot designed for rail; the first barrel only cut a feather from the heron's wing. But through the smoke of the second, almost simultaneous discharge, they saw the great bird, one broad pinion flapping wildly, the other dangling useless, drop heavily into the marsh some forty yards from the shore of the creek.

Almost instantly the setter was in the water, striking vigorously for the shore. Splashing noisily through the shallows, she raced a short distance along the muddy bank, then plunged into the marsh. As she wormed snakelike among the close-growing blades or, where the growth was lower, progressed by short labored bounds, always her black nose was sniffing, sniffing like a rabbit's, searching the air for a scent. Suddenly a tainted breath swept across her nostrils, and she turned sharply to the right. A little while longer and she came upon the spot where the heron had fallen. She paused but a moment to take note of a few spots of blood on the marsh-blades, all bent awry where the great bird had threshed about with his uninjured wing; then, panting with excitement, dashed on, easily following the fresh trail.

At last, on the farther edge of a little patch of drier ground where the marsh grass was low and sparse, the chase had its ending. Yonder was the quarry standing at bay against the dark green wall of higher growth, the bright eyes wild with terror, the tall crest-feathers erect and stiff, the twelve-inch spear drawn far back ready to strike. At the sight, the dog slacked her pace. She had run the game to earth; now she must carry it in triumph to her master waiting for her back yonder in the punt. Yet this giant bird in front of her, overtopping her by a good two feet, was game of a new kind, and she knew instinctively that here was a dangerous task. A cur would have halted in his tracks and yelped for assistance; but the setter, well

trained and courageous, would not shrink her duty. Slowly, with head outstretched and tail rigid, she crossed the intervening space toward the motionless heron. Three paces in front of him she paused. Drawing her tense body together for a spring, she suddenly launched herself forward, but her hind feet slipped on the treacherous mud and she landed not upon the heron, but close in front of him. Quick as a flash, the long beak shot forward; and, even in that supreme moment of terror, the aim was deadly. The needle point struck the setter full in one of her large brown eyes and penetrated deep into the brain.

She had lain there, pitifully still, in the black pluff mud for perhaps twenty minutes, when the two men came upon the body. Her master, grim and silent, bore her in his arms back to the punt and laid her gently between the thwarts. Only once on the way home did he speak, and there was a hoarseness in his voice that caused Duncan to raise his eyebrows.

"Poor Bess!" he said, fondling the long black ears, "you were a good dog, and your little missus told me to take good care of you."

That night, a little yellow-haired girl in the big plantation house back of Bull Yard was face to face with her first sorrow.

To the little girl, sobbing far into the night over the body of her dead companion, came no thought of pity for the other actor in this tragic episode of the relentless feud that is between the power of man and the wild creatures that do not own his sway. In her mind the heron was the murderer of Bess—poor Bess whose puppies would whine for their mother in vain—who never again would play at hide-and-seek with her mistress among the giant oaks about the house. Yet, of the two, the heron was deserving of the greater sympathy. Wounded by foes that he had never injured, he had struck for his life, and, for the time, had conquered; but fate had been far more merciful had the setter's leap borne him to the ground. One of the broad wings that never before had failed him hung shattered and helpless by his side; and, among the wild creatures, a broken limb, in nearly every instance, means death—death, quick and merciful, perhaps, at the hands of some enemy, but

more probably slow and gradual, heralded by hours or even days of torture. Wise men tell us that the lower animals, less intricately constructed than man, cannot suffer as we sometimes suffer; yet who can gauge the agony that was crowded into the last two days and nights of the wounded heron's life? His very size and strength were a misfortune; a smaller, weaker bird would have succumbed more quickly, would have been spared at least a few of those final weary hours that dragged by as slowly as so many long weeks.

Yet, at the eleventh hour, fate relented. Dawn of the third day found the heron back in the little space of open marsh where he had done battle with the dog. Wild with the agony of his mangled limb, he had traveled on and on through the marsh, but always unconsciously tending a little to one side; and, by a strange coincidence, when at last his strength failed and the throbbing pain grew mercifully duller as the end drew near, it was close to the scene of the setter's death that he had halted for the last time. Swaying unsteadily for a moment, trying in vain to brace itself on legs that quivered with weakness, the tall form sank slowly down, and the head, unable to support the heavy beak, wavered lower and lower, until, at length, it rested close above the shoulders. The end was surely near. Another hour, perhaps, and the pain would be over.

But fortune, suddenly grown kind, spared him that hour. Even as the great heron sank slowly to the ground, Death, sudden and merciful, was pressing hard upon his trail; and presently, at the very spot where the stricken bird had emerged from the denser growth, appeared a supple, slender-bodied mink. As yet he did not see his quarry, and he came on rapidly with

short, quick bounds of his lithe, narrow body, his nose close to the mud, drinking in the strong scent. A moment more and he would come upon the heron from behind. But instinct, which is lower than reason and yet saves where reason is powerless, was still alive in the dying frame, and the heron slowly turned his trembling head. Instantly he saw the danger, and with a new strength born of terror, he raised himself once more upon tottering legs and faced around to meet it.

The mink, his sharp eyes caught by the first spasmodic movement, halted. Ordinarily he would never have ventured to attack so dangerous a foe, but reason or instinct—who can say which?—had told him that the heron, whose trail he had picked up back yonder in the marsh, was in evil plight; and it was not through curiosity that he had followed up the scent.

Approaching a little nearer, he ran rapidly around the wounded bird, seeking to get behind him; but always he found the formidable beak pointing fairly toward him, wavering weakly, yet ready to strike; and his cunning marked its wavering. Suddenly he arched his slim brown back and sprang close in front of the heron, yet beyond his reach. Again he leaped, this time to the side, then, quick as lightning, darted in. Once the long spear struck, heavily, unsteadily, yet had it gone home, with force enough to kill. But the wily mink, dodging easily aside, was past the feeble guard, and a moment later the last throb of pain was gone out of the beautiful ash-blue body, lying breast downward in the mud, with one broad wing outspread. motionless save for the gentle swaying of the long plume feathers in the light breeze that blew from the sea across the waking marsh.



AT THE RIPPLING OF THE CORN

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM PAGE CARTER

SWEETHEART Lulu! Listen, listen!	Sweetheart Lulu! Over yonder
You remember that June morn,	Is the spot, still all aglow
How we met along the cornfield	With the colors of the sunset,
You so shy and I forlorn,	Which as ever blend, and oh!
And the blushes, oh, the hushes—	There your own heart lit my lone
At the rippling of the corn.	heart

With its love-beams long ago.

Sweetheart Lulu! You remember	
How we lingered over there,	Long ago—no, Sweetheart Lulu!
Till the shadows of the evening	Not so long when we can bear
Stayed around us rich and rare,	Hand in hand the tide of tears—
How they glimmered, how they	Ebb-tide, flow-tide, time and care,
shimmered,	So the sorrow of each morrow
Shimmered, glimmered in your hair.	Shall not tinge your golden hair.

Oh, the gold hair, Sweetheart Lulu!	Sweetheart Lulu! Sit beside me,
Oh, the June-day scented air	Listen to the rippling corn,
Oh, the roses, roses, roses,	See the sun-floss down the mead-
How they tumbled at my care,	ows,
How they rumpled, how they crum-	Floss of eve, not floss of morn,
pled,	And the eve-time is the weave-time—
Crumpled, rumpled in your hair.	Sweet time, floss time of the corn.

ON THE BRINK OF THE FALLS

BY WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE movable boom that stretched across the river from shore to shore, and that had followed the rear of the drive all the way from the head-waters of the Iroquois, lay motionless, tied fast to a tree at either end. Below it, a field of brown logs, jammed tightly in a sharp bend of the stream, rested a little while in its long journey to Lake Superior. Above, everything was clear except for three rafts, each carrying a big white canvas tent, which lay moored to the bank. It was half-past two in the afternoon, and McLain's driving crew had finished their second luncheon, and were taking things easily for a few minutes before going back to the battle of the peavey and the pike-pole and the saw-log. The spring sun was bright and warm, and the river flowed quietly between the ranks of pine and cedar and spruce and balsam and hemlock.

In front of the cook-tent Polly McLain sat on a box of dried apples, and at her feet, moored to the edge of the raft, lay her own light canoe, in which she had just come down from "McLain's place" to see how the drive was going. Polly was eighteen and was very good to look at. Her father sat beside her on a chest of tea—a grizzled, blue-eyed man of moderate stature and stocky build, whose every move and pose proclaimed him a thorough woodsman—and on her other hand stood a tall and decidedly good-looking young river-driver, with wavy black hair, dark eyes, and a brown mustache that was a thing for a schoolgirl to dream of. He was telling a story, and the look on Polly's face as she listened indicated that it was one intended to call forth admiration for his own per-

sonal prowess, and that to all outward appearance it was having the desired effect. There was one other person on the raft, a man who sat on the woodpile beside the tent, silently smoking his pipe.

"You're quite a river-driver, Barney," said McLain when the story was finished. "Think you could birl Tommy Anderson off a log?"

"Guess I could try," said Barney, and he laughed, perhaps a trifle nervously.

The man on the woodpile did not stir nor look up, but for just a moment the light of battle gleamed in his gray eyes. In form and bearing he was not unlike McLain, but he was a younger man, and a homelier. His hair and mustache were too sandy to be ornamental, and his face was too round and was burned to a fiery red by sun and wind. Yet it was a strong face and a good one.

"How's that, Tommy?" asked McLain. "Can Barney beat you birling?"

"I don't know," said the man on the woodpile, but his voice sounded as if he did know but didn't intend to say—perhaps, also, as if he knew that talking was not his strong point.

Two or three of the men had heard, and word went round the rafts that Tommy and Barney were to have a birling match. The crew woke up. Not a man but knew that Polly McLain had been Tommy's best and only girl all winter till Barney Taylor came in the spring and cut him out. Some of them thought Barney couldn't have done it if Tommy had held on and fought, but Tommy—nobody quite knew why—had abandoned the field. Opinion was divided as to whether it was because he was sore at something Polly had done, or whether he really thought he hadn't any chance against Barney's good looks and ready tongue.



"A FIELD OF BROWN LOGS, JAMMED TIGHTLY IN A SHARP BEND OF THE STREAM."

"Suppose Tommy can do him up?" asked Shorty.

"Sure," said Velveteens. "Tommy's a better man than Barney is, any day."

No one disputed him.

"Seems to me if I was McLain I'd let Barney go over the tote-road," said another man. "He's blown in his whole stake every spring for the last five years, and

Tommy's got money in the bank and a thousand dollars insurance in the Macca-bees."

"Maybe that's what McLain's doing," some one suggested.

A grin went round the group, and Velveteens put the finishing touch to the discussion.

"Maybe Polly's put him up to it," he

said. "Let's go and see the fun," and they all trooped forward toward the boom.

"Get out there on the logs," McLain was saying, "and let's see which is the best man."

Between the raft and the boom there stretched a few feet of open water—enough to make a very long jump for most men, though not for a good river-driver. Barney cleared it easily, and Tommy started to follow. And then came the thing that was not on the program—if program there really was. Tommy was not to do up Barney Taylor that day. Instead he was to go in debt to him. As he sprang from the edge of the raft he had to glance back and make sure that Polly was watching him, and that backward glance cost him his aim. Instead of landing lightly and surely on the boom he went feet first into the river, clean under and out of sight.

There was a general rush, for everybody knew that Tommy, like many another first-class river-driver, could not swim, and that the current was almost certain to carry him under the logs before he came up. McLain fished for him with a pike-pole, and two or three of the best swimmers plunged in after him, but came up again empty-handed. The water of the Iroquois is about the color of strong tea, and a very little way below the surface it is as dark as a pocket. Polly had not said a word, but her face had gone as white as the cook-tent behind her. Several minutes went by, and then Barney, peering down between the logs three or four rods from the boom, caught sight of his blue cotton shirt, and pulled him out, unconscious and more dead than alive. It took much rolling and pummeling to bring him to, and when at last he had caught his breath and found his tongue he sat up and cursed, long and deeply and fervently.

McLain turned to his daughter.

"Polly," he said, "I guess it's time you were going home."

And Polly stepped into her canoe and paddled away up the river.

One morning three or four days later the foreman stood at the top of a high, steep bank, looking down into a narrow wooded gorge. Fifty feet below him the river leaped out over a rocky ledge and dropped another fifty feet sheer down, landing in a whirlpool where bits of broken rainbow were gleaming in the mist, and where, now and then, the wind picked up

flecks of foam and sent them circling about like a flock of little white birds. To the left one looked straight up a half-mile of tumbling rapids, and in the middle of the channel, extending nearly its whole length, was the biggest center jam that he and his crew had ever had to tackle—a long, narrow pile of logs, thrown together like jackstraws in the wildest confusion and resting solidly on the bottom, with the brown water flashing past on either side. Most of the men were already at work on its lower end, only a few rods from the brink, laboriously picking it to pieces with their peaveys and letting the loosened logs go over the falls. Farther up were Tommy, Barney, Shorty and Velvetens. McLain watched them rather anxiously. There was a bare possibility that at any moment the whole pile might start down the river and take the crew with it. So far, however, it seemed more likely that it would all have to be picked out a stick at a time. On the lip of the ledge, where the current ran most swiftly, the water spread out so thin that it was not more than a foot in depth, and all the larger logs grounded as they neared the brink, and then went bumping and rolling and grinding along in a smother of spray till they pitched over into the whirlpool. Now and then a big fellow would catch on the very edge and stay there till another struck it from behind and pushed it off, and once a huge, hollow timber hung for several minutes with half its length out in the air, while the water rushed through it and spurted from its outer end as from a gigantic faucet. The solid earth trembled under the foreman's feet when at last it slowly up-ended like a monster saw and plunged out of sight in the boiling pool below. But the trembling did not seem to disturb McLain. For eight long months he had been working to get these logs out of the woods "by the slack-water at the river head," and the look of anxiety on his face changed to quiet satisfaction as one after another in quick succession took the leap and went speeding away on the last stage of its journey. The job was almost done. Suddenly a commotion arose among the men on the jam, and he glanced up-stream, caught his breath, looked again, stared for a moment with all his eyes, and then gave a great cry and dashed away up the river, going through the underbrush like a scared

deer. A canoe, apparently at the mercy of the current, was drifting into the head of the rapids. It was too far away for him to distinguish a face, but the only person on board was dressed in bright pink, and there was only one pink dress for sixty miles up and down the Iroquois.

The four men on the upper end of the jam thrust out their pike-poles frantically as Polly went by, pale and scared-looking and gripping the gunwales with both hands, a broken paddle lying on the bottom in front of her, but Tommy was the only one who reached her, and the steel tip of his pole just grazed the side of the canoe and dropped into the water before she could get hold of it. Before they could try again she was gone, and for a moment three of them stood staring stupidly after her, Tommy's face whiter than it had been for twenty-odd years. But there was one man of the four who seemed to know just what to do. Quick as a flash Barney had rolled a log into the water, mounted it, planted his pike-pole against the jam, and with a mighty shove had sent himself far out into the rapids. The current caught him, and away he went. Like a circus-rider erect on a bareback horse, the log bucking and rolling and twisting under him and doing its best to throw him off, he dashed down the narrow water-way between the log-jam and the wooded shore. Polly was well ahead of him, but he was poling like mad, and in the course of a hundred yards he overtook her and stepped into the canoe. And then before he could do anything more than catch her up in his arms, they struck a rock, and both of them were in the river.

At first he tried to swim, but he could do nothing against that rushing current, and he gave it up almost immediately. If they were saved at all it must be in some other way. Swiftly, but quietly and unresistingly, they went down the rapids, her bright dress and his red shirt making a brilliant spot of color in the dark water, till they touched another rock over which the river was boiling and foaming. Then Barney's right arm shot out and caught at the stone, and for a minute or two he thought that his fingers would be torn to pieces and that the whole limb would be pulled out by the roots. It seemed as if the river was alive and was tugging at him and Polly with the strength of a thousand horses to tear them away and pitch them over the falls. But Barney

held on. For those few minutes he was a hero, whether he had ever been one before or not, and little by little he worked himself and the girl up on top of the rock, so that they were only partly in the water. He was feeling the bottom with his feet, searching for the best footing within reach, and presently he rose, very slowly and cautiously, and stood there holding Polly in his arms. The water came barely to his knees, and the rock served to break the current somewhat, so that he did not feel its full force. As long as they stayed where they were, they were comparatively safe. But to stay there very long was impossible, and between them and the river bank the bottom was slippery, and the rapids, though shallow, were running their very swiftest. Very carefully Barney put out one foot and felt the stones as if thinking of wading ashore, then drew it back and shook his head. He dared not try it.

McLain had returned and was standing in the edge of the river, shouting at the top of his voice, when a log came flying down the rapids with a man on it, and Tommy Anderson made a leap and landed close beside him.

"Where's the rope for the jam-dog?" he cried.

"There," said McLain, pointing toward a flat rock beside the brink, and Tommy snatched it up and dashed away up-stream.

"Come along," he shouted, and McLain, puzzled but ready to grasp at any straw that offered, hurried after him.

Tommy had tied the end of the rope around his waist as he ran, and now he was rolling a stranded log into the water.

"You pay out the line," he said.

"It's old and rotten," the foreman warned him. "I don't know whether it'll hold or not."

"I guess it'll hold two people," said Tommy. "It'll have to."

"It'll have to hold three," said McLain, but Tommy did not answer.

The log was in the water and was almost floating free when he glanced again at the rope around his waist.

"That won't do," he said, and he untied it and took the end between his teeth. A moment later he was afloat in the rapids again, flying toward the falls and poling frantically to get out to Barney's rock before the current swept him past it. McLain paid out the rope and hurried after him



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"THE WOODS BY THE SLACK-WATER AT THE RIVER HEAD."

as fast as he could, stumbling along in the edge of the water, over the rocks and under the overhanging trees.

"He'll never make it," he had said to himself as Tommy pushed out into the stream, and for a moment it looked as if he was right. If the rope had been longer, so that the start could have been made from farther up, the chances would have been better. But Tommy was making the fight of his life, and he not only reached

the rock, but passed out around it, handing the end of the rope to Polly as he went by. And then McLain understood why he had taken it in his teeth, ready to let go instantly, and a sob rose in the foreman's throat as he took a turn around the trunk of a cedar. In all probability Tommy had given his own life to save the other two. But it was the only way, McLain could see that. If he had held onto the rope, or if it had been fast to his body, it would have

knocked Barney and Polly over into the water, and that would have been the end of them. Even a hold on the life-line could hardly have saved them then. As it was, Barney was still on his feet, and in another minute they were ashore; but as they turned back toward the river and looked across the rapids they saw Tommy, on the very brink of the falls, literally dancing with death.

He had hardly passed the rock when his log struck bottom, swung around sidewise, and began to roll. And as the log began to roll, Tommy began to birl, and he birlled for his very life. Faster and faster and faster, with the spray flying around his feet and legs, and the log grinding and bumping closer and closer to the verge. There are good watermen on the Iroquois drive, but no one in McLain's crew had ever seen such stunts as Tommy did that morning. Long before one could tell it his log was gone, but before it pitched over another had come within reach, and then another, and another, and another, and Tommy took them in turn, leaping from stick to stick, and actually running up the river on the hurrying timber faster than it could carry him down, so that by the time half a dozen had passed him, he was farther from the danger instead of nearer it. The crew had grasped the situation and were tearing the logs out of the jam and sending them down in a steady stream, so close together that a squirrel could have jumped from one to another, and Tommy, cool and steady as if he were on the sorting-jack instead of the edge of a cataract, never faltering, never hesitating, never making a mistake or a misstep, trol death's treadmill, and slowly—very slowly—worked his way back toward safety. But suddenly Polly gave a cry and caught her father by the arm. There had come a break in the procession of logs. All the loosest ones on the lower end of the jam had been turned adrift, and there was a little delay while the peaveys tore frantically at the tangled mass of timber. It was not half a minute before they were coming again, faster than ever, but in those twenty seconds Tommy was swept clear back to the brink, and as the last log went over he stepped off into the river.

For a moment he stood there, his spiked shoes planted on the rock, and the water swirling about him half-way between his ankles and his knees, and as he waited he glanced toward the shore and saw Barney lay his hand on Polly's shoulder, saw her shake him off and step closer to her father, and then saw her lift her own hand and wave it to him, Tommy Anderson! Suddenly a small section of the pile melted away, and for a few seconds the water in front of him was almost hidden by the brown logs. As they came flying toward him Tommy jumped for the nearest one, as a man caught in front of a train might jump for the pilot of the engine, and the onlookers watched him breathlessly. If he hit that log just right, and kept his feet, there was still a chance for him. If he didn't it would be all over in a twinkling. Tommy did hit it just exactly right, but it was coming as if it had been shot out of a cannon, and he stumbled, bent forward till those on shore thought that he had fallen, struck out wildly with both arms, made a desperate leap toward the second log, and fairly flew across the rolling, tumbling timbers to the jam.

A few minutes later he walked straight up to Polly, where she stood leaning on her father's arm, and in his face there was a stern questioning that was not to be misunderstood nor put aside. Polly held out her hand.

"O, Tommy!" she said, "I—I—" and she broke down and cried, hiding her face in McLain's coat.

All the sternness in Tommy's face melted into helpless distress and tenderness, and something interesting would certainly have happened if McLain had not interfered rather hastily.

"Come along, Tommy," he said, as he picked her up in his arms and started toward the head of the rapids. "You and I'll just put this girl in my canoe and take her home to her mother. She's all broke up."

But they had not gone far when Polly lifted her head from his shoulder and looked back.

"Thank you, Barney," she called. "Good-by."

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY WOMAN

BY A CHINESE GENTLEMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Great interest has been aroused throughout the country by the publication in THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE last month of an article by "A Chinese Gentleman," entitled "Are Americans Intelligent?" The severity of the author's criticisms and at the same time the irrefutable justness of them, the calm dissection of our national follies and social brutalities, have started a keen discussion on all sides as to the purpose of the astute Oriental and the ultimate end to be achieved by him. His air of superiority and finality on all subjects has been found by many readers quite objectionable. Others find him merely amusing. No one doubts his absolute sincerity. Speculation as to the author's identity is inevitable, but for both social and political reasons his anonymity must be preserved, for a time at least. Because the "Chinese gentleman's" views are always interesting, space will be given them in several forthcoming issues.*



If any one thing were needed to convince me of the benignity of Chinese philosophy and the fact that our complacency is well poised, it would be my experience with American ladies of fashion. I am never taken seriously, yet I have been able to condone this greatest slight that can be put upon a gentleman of perfect education, since I have discovered that the American woman cannot help it. She has not the intellectual grasp even to conceive the beauties of the Oriental mind and its depth. In short, the average American woman is not remarkable for her mental powers. There is a class of women with small brain power that spend their lives aping men, and begging other women to join them in a revolt and demand all the rights of men. But these are the exception; the mass of women merely laugh at them. The average woman, when it comes to the real discussion of weighty questions which men enjoy, are mere children.

This is not readily discovered, and I venture the statement that the average American woman will succeed in impressing upon the average Chinaman that she is an intellectual phenomenon, when at heart she knows she has the mind of a child.

"How," you will ask, "do they accomplish this?" By a kind of manner; but prin-

cipally by what the Americans call "putting up a bluff." You recall in one of our wars of history a Tartar general had but two hundred men and ten camels. He knew that the enemy was watching him, so he ordered his force to march out one gate of the city and in another, forming a complete line and never breaking it. When they reached the interior they changed costume and armor, and the enemy who was witnessing the passing of this vast army counted in the course of a day tens of thousands of soldiers—counting, of course, the same men over and over; and seeing that the case was hopeless, having but five thousand men himself, he retreated and left to the field the general with his two hundred men. This act of strategy was a "bluff," and the general was a "bluffer," and as it took place in the reign of a dynasty eight hundred and fifty years before the whites discovered America, I might claim *en passant* that China produced the first "bluffer," while the "bluff" is not an American institution.

The American men resent any reflection upon the mentality of their women, which is strange when they all recognize the truth. I have met several American women supposed to be leaders of thought and action, women who wish to vote, fight, and do everything—but bear children; but these latter are not really women, they are freaks, "sports" who by some strange pass have been given the nature of a man, without his function.

They are framed like men, strong of voice, heavy of limb, flat of chest, short of hair. Such a woman to whom I was presented in the salon of a famous senator's wife in Washington said to me, "Thank heaven the time is coming when child-bearing will not be considered the sole and most important function of woman. Woman has been ground down too long," she continued, "and when that time comes what will you do?" looking me fiercely in the eye.

I have not posed as a wit in America, but my reply made me famous in Washington, as I said, "Why, we will have to see Professor Haeckel,* when that time comes, madam."

This is the woman's rights type, fortunately rare, yet they are respected. Such women speak at meetings, write exhaustive papers on profound subjects only treated in cyclopedias, and live in an atmosphere of self-adulation and contemptuous pity for the heathen Chinamen and the rest of mankind.

I was surprised to learn that such women ever married, but there are cases. You will remember in the study of spiders the female is large, while the male is often very small and insignificant and frequently is eaten by the female. Some of these husbands of the woman's rights party which I have met in many ways reminded me of these male spiders. They seemed reversed; the woman would cut her hair short to be manly, while the husband would let his hair grow long to be womanly. Can you conceive a more singular people? Yet such a man thought it very strange that I should wear a "pigtail," and asked me the origin of the custom. I told him that we got it from General George Washington.

I have mentioned this exceptional type of woman that I may make the average American society woman shine by contrast. The latter lacks mental grasp and is really but a child in all that makes up the mentality of the Orient, but she has a charm of manner, a beauty of person, that forces me to forget all else.

I had heard from the missionaries in China that America was the land where all men and women were equal, where there were no classes, and where the people were governed by themselves. Imagine my sur-

prise on entering American society to find this a complete myth. A charming woman, not over twenty, the daughter of a high official, taught me that things are not what they seem in America.

When I told her what I had heard, she laughed. "Oh, those awful missionaries; so they have told the poor heathen that? Well, anything is good enough for the pagans." And then she told me what I saw to be true, that there were the same social classes in America that obtained in England, and that America was at heart an aristocracy of the most pronounced type, with the classes as far apart as the poles. They all claimed to be equals, but I am sure they never had the opportunity to put their claim to the test.

Let me paint you a picture of American society. I was invited to an evening reception which demanded what the Americans term *full dress*. The men were in black: a "cut-away" coat, white waistcoat, cut low to display an expanse of starched bosom, and on the wrist was bound a "cuff" as stiff as the bosom, while the neck was held in place by a band or "collar," equally unyielding, uncompromising and uncomfortable.

I was introduced first to a young lady whose costume would have attracted the attention of Buddha himself. We are familiar with the devout missionary, often thin, and not over beautiful, but this girl was a Hebe. You know I am no longer a child. I have seen the world, yet I could not look upon this American woman without feeling the blood in my face. The missionaries come to China to teach the heathen Chinese, yet I have never seen a Chinese woman of the lowest class expose herself as did this young girl to at least three hundred men. You will say that she was an outcast, but there is where you would misjudge a beautiful and pure girl who sat by her mother's side. She was innocent of guile, and was only the victim of a Christian custom which permits a woman of fashion to literally appear half-naked before the public at a reception. I may create a wrong impression, and I wish to be just to these women, so you shall judge for yourself.

She wore a rich robe of lace, in the French fashion, but the garment was so limited in front and behind that the effect was that of a beautiful lotus flower in bloom. Her shoulders were perfect in shape and contour and completely exposed, and so low that at least

* Haeckel is supposed to be an advocate of spontaneous generation.

a third of the bosom was displayed, and the corsage was so formed or designed as to display coming maternal charms to the best advantage. Her beautiful arms were completely bare, and it was a mystery to my heathen soul how the dress was kept or held in place. I fully expected to see it drop any minute and leave the young lady nude to the waist.

As I approached and looked down at her I was filled with confusion, and hastened to sit beside her that I might not be overwhelmed with mortification; but as I sat she stood up, and I saw to my horror that her dress was at least six inches lower behind than in front. I have said that her mother sat beside her, and the only difference was that the elder woman made the greatest display of charms only seen in *heathen* China in the nursery.

This girl was charming; how could she be otherwise, for she was modest, virtuous, and a type of the young women of fashion in America, the women in the best society. I have seen at the opera and at great balls of state hundreds of such costumes.

How can such a display of charms be reconciled with the teachings of Christianity as taught by the women missionaries to the heathen Chinese? I became convinced that the missionaries had turned their backs on the most promising field for reform.

I spoke to an American friend about it, but he laughed. "You will become so hardened to it that you will not notice it," he said; but, shades of Mohammed, there are things in life that never pale on the Oriental mind in the least! "What do you look at a woman's neck for if you consider the *exposé* improper?" asked my friend.

"Is it not intended that I should look?" I replied.

"Yes, very possibly; yet if a young lady should see or suspect that you were looking at her display of neck, I assure you she would have grounds for feeling insulted. It would be a gross solecism to be caught at so ill-bred a trick."

I give you this conversation to illustrate the absolute ambiguity of American methods. Was there ever such a contradictory condition under the sun?

The Americans may see nothing in this display that is wrong, but that young men can see and still be blind I do not believe. I see much that I like among the Americans, but when I try to picture my modest little

sister at home garbed in this bare and naked fashion, I believe I would rather see her dead than to think of her as an arouser of passions, however innocent. Still I am only a Chinaman; we are behind the age.

What think you of sitting with such a person and have her criticise the Chinese women because they bind their feet? "Does your father's wife bind her feet?" asked my fair interlocutrix.

"Yes," I replied.

"Horrible," she said, with a delicious shiver. "You do need missionaries, my dear Count."

"Not half so badly as you do in America," I said. "Our women may bind their feet, but you Americans compress the waist and deform the entire body, I am told."

She merely raised her graceful eyebrows, and that was a danger signal.

I had ventured on a subject that was *taboo*, yet she wore a metal cage or frame known as a "corset." This affair compressed all the vital organs and pushed them out of place, but it made her waist look small and her hips large and she was satisfied. I had this from a female dressmaker of Washington, who permitted me to examine her stock of corsets, and she suggested that one would be a good thing for me. She took in my weak points at a glance. She assured me that many American gentlemen of fashion wore them; but I could not prove this and I suspect that she was joking with me. In America no position is so exalted that it will protect one from the joke. It is here that the equality crops out, and in an offensive and disagreeable fashion.

The young woman whom I have mentioned associates with a group or set of people all in her same station of life. She never met a tradesman of any kind and certain professions were barred absolutely. Thus a doctor of medicine or a lawyer, a professor in a great university, an architect, an artist, a sculptor, an officer of the army or navy, a clergyman, a senator, a congressman (of standing) she might meet as equals, providing they were men of the highest position, culture and refinement; but a dentist, a retail merchant of any kind, a school-teacher, a clerk, a musician, a salesman or men in similar classes of trade she would never meet or know anything about. In a word, your young American society girl of the best class is an aristocrat. She has her family traced back to William the Conqueror, who

appears to be a popular ancestor just now in America. She accepts the coat-of-arms of the English Smiths, if her name is Smith, or she may use her own crest handed down in the family. She is beautiful, cultivated, highly educated in the American sense, has a strong moral tone, is patriotic to a degree, and nowhere in the world, except in China, can you find a more charming creature. In the morning you see her riding in the park, possibly with a gentleman and a servant, or alone, as may suit her fancy. She returns in time to dress for luncheon, and at four begins a round of "calls," which can be compared to our official visit, only it is generally a call in theory only.

This is a singular illustration of the vagaries of the American mind which has no philosophical explanation for nine-tenths of its doings or customs. She has a calling substitute called a *carte de visite*. It is really a sort of social information bureau, as it conveys to the recipient the name of the caller, her address and the day on which she is to be found in her own house beyond question. If I should call on Monday when her "card" read "Thursday" she would send down word by the maid, who would report to the door-keeper, generally a negro, that she was "not at home." You will remember how the missionaries impressed upon us that "truth" was the corner-stone of Christianity. But I digress.

Now these "calling cards" could be mailed or sent by a servant just as well, for the visiting lady does not go in. She rides up to the house in state, the footman opens the door, receives a card, delivers it to the servant, and they proceed to the next house on the list which the driver carries. Now the curious part of this ceremony is that the party called upon does not know that the lady called in person, and there is consequently no objection to the caller putting herself to the trouble, but it is the "fashion."

I have spent much time in studying these strange customs of the Americans, but one knows what to expect when you ask them "Why?" They do not know "why" themselves. The universal reply is, "It is the fashion." Who but children would be led by a phantom like this? But mark the vain complacency of the Americans. They look upon us and our customs, deep-seated and founded on the study of our sages for centuries, as something to laugh at, and yet a sane young woman with twenty servants at

her command will devote hours doing the work of the postman, delivering cards.

Let us follow this charming American. She may return at six in time to dress for dinner, appearing as a divinity, but half-naked, as I have described. I disgraced myself at a formal dinner not long ago. I was given a seat beside the young married daughter of a famous officer. She suddenly turned to me, reaching over, displaying such an acreage of neck and charms that I became confused, knowing that I should not look, yet feeling the impossibility of resisting it, and I deluged my robe with mock-turtle soup.

At this dinner, which was my second, I was very nervous. I must tell you that there is an etiquette for each dish and each tool, as cutting-knives for meat, scooping vessels or spoons, and so forth. There were ten or twelve of these objects at my plate which I took for insignia of various kinds; they were, however, designed for the various kinds of food, and it was a great error to take up the wrong one at the wrong time.

I must have shown in my face my dilemma, for the lady at my right, the least embarrassing to look upon and the most beautiful, looked at me a moment, then laughed and said, "I know what you are thinking about."

"I shall be charmed to have you tell me," I replied, trying to look at her eyes.

"You are wondering which end of the row of knives and things to begin on."

"You are an Oriental seeress," I answered, "a reader of the mind."

"We have a game in America," she said, "called 'follow the leader.' I will teach it to you." So I did as she did, picked up the various articles one by one, but it was an ordeal. First there was a trident of silver; you used this to spear raw shellfish. Then came a scoop of silver, perfectly rounded, for soup; and there was an etiquette for each dish which must have required a college course to master.

Thus the oyster must not be cut, or maltreated; it must be swallowed entire, no matter how large; and when I saw six of these huge objects and knew that the etiquette of the oyster course demanded that they be swallowed alive, I was stricken with remorse. I regretted that I had ever left China. However, the oyster is so adapted by nature that it facilitates its own demise. When I tell you that one of these molluscs

was six inches long and nearly three wide, you will appreciate my valor.

I had prepared myself in a measure for these trials. I had borrowed several profound literary works; one was entitled "Don't," others, "The Fashionable Diner Out," "Guide for Good Society," and "What's What?" All contained information on social etiquette, yet there were many things not in the books. Thus it was a gross solecism to put the soup spoon in the mouth; you had to put it to the lips, and pour the soup down the throat without a "sucking sound."

To depart from any of these rules would condemn a person at once, and I saw that it would be impossible for any untrained person to steal into society in America; their "table manners" would denounce them at once.

Then came the fish, with its etiquette. To have touched the salmon with one of

the many silver knives would have ruined the reputation of a guest at once. The silver fork was used and nothing else, and so on through many courses. Then there was the general etiquette of the table. You must not lean your arms on the table, only the wrist. You must entertain the ladies on either side of you. You must not talk about the viands, nor must your conversation be so heavy as to interfere with good digestion, which the English poet says waits on appetite. Small talk, gossip, stories, wit is the mode, and I may say that never did I hear a *double entendre* at an American table where ladies were.

Respect for woman is an American attribute. I do not think that it is on account of the innocence of the women, but rather that the men have a profound regard for their mothers, and this regard is bestowed on all her sex.

I think I like this trait in the Americans.

THE PAGAN SOUL

BY THEodosia GARRISON

You who were born for laughter and the bright
Gold sun of morning and white fire of night,

Whose voice is tuned to that delicious speech

The dryads use when calling each to each
Across keen mornings when the Spring is new
And high, white clouds drift bird-like in the blue;

You who were born for music and for mirth—

A mad, glad soul sent jubilant to earth—

What strange fate set you a bewildered thing

Prisoned in this dim House of Suffering,
Placed in the midst of those grown sadly wise,
With that mute, frightened wonder in your eyes?

How still you sit what time there rings without
Echoes of distant merriment and shout!

How still you sit what time the wind elate

Calls at your casement for his glad-heart mate,
And the red moon comes flaming up the sky
Like a great torch to set strange revels by!

O child, we humans knowing whence 'tis sent
Bring certain wisdom to sore punishment;

We ease the anguish as we weigh the loss.

But you, oh, sweet my pagan, to this cross,
Wondering, wildered, fettered foot and hand,
Why are you bound who may not understand?

THE JUSTICE OF THE GODS

BY LIEUTENANT HUGH M. KELLY, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



HAVEY was gross and heavy and slow in his drill and that is one of the reasons that he could not get along with his first sergeant, Jim Macky, who, as his company commander boasted, was the best first sergeant in the outfit, quick as a wink and sharp as tacks. Havey was not what you would call a bad soldier, by any means, as his slowness possessed the quality of steadiness to a great degree. He could do his drill with the precision of an automaton, both in close and open order, and he kept his kit in good shape. Still, he was slow of speech, and in anything that required initiative he was painfully lacking.

Havey was of Scotch descent and undoubtedly inherited many of his characteristics from that race. He was not an old man, and as he was the butt of a good deal of rough joking on account of his slowness, his natural taciturnity had become accentuated until his quietness bordered on absolute silence. This gained him the reputation with his company commander, Lieutenant McNeal, of being sullen, and the non-commissioned officers of the company, while they could not say anything specific against him, did not like him and were eternally on the lookout to "cinch" him. There was nothing to bear out the accusation of sullenness except his unnatural quietness. When spoken to or given orders, he was perfectly respectful and obeyed them to the best of his ability, according to his lights. Havey would make blunders, however, and these caused him to be the recipient of unmerciful "kidding." Consequently, Havey got quieter and quieter. The truth is that deep down in his sluggish nature there was an

extreme sensitiveness. He realized that he was dull and rebelled against the unfairness of fate in thrusting him into the world to do battle so poorly equipped.

Havey had started wrong. When he had first joined the company he had tried to make friends, and as failure after failure rewarded his efforts, he had gradually retired into himself and became the silent man he was. Here, again, he knew that his dulness was the cause of his failure. Who would be the friend of the butt of the company who had the unenvied reputation of having no more "savy" than a wooden post? One bunkie to whom he could have poured out his troubles would have acted as a safety-valve; but there was none such, and in the bitterness of his spirit he set his teeth on his tongue and was silent. His intentions were good, his heart was right, he knew; but what was the use when no one was aware of it but himself.

Ever since he had joined as a rookie, he had done his very best as he saw it, and the only thing it had gained him was repeated roasts from officers of all grades before the whole company. He knew he was slow; but it was not his fault, and men did not seem to realize how it hurt to have it ground into one's brain. Looking at things through hopeless eyes and seeing nothing but blankness before him, it is not to be wondered at that the iron entered his soul. When this same iron enters the soul in the "islands" where the temperature is habitually near the hundred mark, it is bad, very bad, and unless relief comes in some form, things are bound to happen.

First sergeant, Jim Macky, was just as opposite from Havey in nature, character and brain fibre as it would be possible for one man to be to another. He was very popular with the men, which is generally detrimental to a first sergeant's efficiency,



"SITTING ON HIS BOX-LOCKER HE WIPED OFF THE COSMOLINE AND OILED THE BREECH BOLT."

but which in his case acted just to the contrary. He had the reputation of being the best set up, best drilled man in the first battalion, and he had more friends than he knew what to do with. His face was open and frank, and as time passed McNeal trusted him more and more with the affairs of the company. On Macky's recommendation the quartermaster sergeant was allowed to make purchases for the mess from the company fund, and very little check was kept on such things. The first sergeant's word was taken for the exact truth at all times, and when a non-com was to be made, the lieutenant always consulted him and the man he recommended generally got the warrant. When cases for discipline came up in the company, the charges were put in if Macky said he had investigated them and they were correct. In fact, McNeal, who was a most excellent officer, trusted everything to his first sergeant and boasted that he had discovered a paragon. He bragged about his ability to read character; said he could tell an honest man by his eye, and facts in this case seemed to bear him out.

It is easy to see the immeasurable difference that lay between Havey and the first sergeant, and it is not to be wondered at that they had little in common. When the former had first come to the company, he had looked from the distance at the sergeant as a man of other clay to be approached as one would approach a being from another world. He worked hard to please his deity and would have gone to any extreme for a word of praise. This he rarely got, and as he grew older in experience as a soldier, he realized that his idol was a brazen image and just "the same as other men are."

Havey learned by accident what only one or two of Macky's kindred spirits in the company knew: that the latter was a fraud of the first water and simply had every one fooled to a standstill. He learned to despise the man who lied so smoothly as to avoid detection. He knew that the first sergeant left the barracks at night and went down town; that he missed calls and the next day reported that he had failed to catch the last car and had been forced to stay away all night. This happened, of course, before the regiment left the States. Havey knew that such a tale would have cost him a three-dollar

"blind," while Macky was simply told: "All right, sergeant, accidents will happen." The private was one of the few men who knew the sergeant for what he was, and he was not liked by the latter any the more for it.

Of course, realizing that Havey knew he was hoodwinking his officer, Macky was a little worried thereby, although he was positive that his position was too firmly fixed in McNeal's mind to be shaken by any tale that Havey could tell, even if the latter had the temerity to accuse his first sergeant of irregularities. If his breaches of discipline had been notorious in the company, the sergeant might have been really bothered, but he was careful that only a few of his intimates should be aware of them, and as they took part themselves they would not be in a position to give evidence. Feeling that he was secure in McNeal's regard, the latter being the only officer with the organization, Macky rubbed it into Havey every chance that he got, in the hope of driving him out of the company by transfer or desertion. However, Havey's Scotch sticking power was like the everlasting rocks and he refused to budge.

Emboldened by the passive non-resistance shown by the private, Macky's persecution took on new force. The first sergeant manipulated the guard roster so that Havey did about a third more guard than was his share. Havey did the dirty work around the company, when there was any, and Havey got "kitchen police" a day sooner than was his turn. The soldier saw what was going on, of course, but none of the company noticed, as it was done too scientifically. He decided that he would never appeal to McNeal, as his faith in the existence of justice was shaken to the foundation. He himself was an injustice embodied and personified. He had never experienced justice since he was thrust into the world a foundling, and it was a late day to beg for it now.

Havey's nerve was being shaken, though, and the bitterness in him began to rise and look out through his gray eyes. Sometimes even Macky, whose courage had been proven, felt a shiver when he glanced furtively at the man he was persecuting and noticed the growing depth of the line from the nose to the corner of the mouth, and saw the grim set of the heavy chin beneath.

He wondered whether or not he was toying with a latent volcano.

The time passed, and when Macky was discovered one day by Havey disposing of rations to a Chinese merchant, the sergeant decided that it was indeed time to get him out of the company. On trumped-up charges for various small offences, Macky had already accumulated five previous convictions before Summary Court against Havey, and division orders required that the next charges should go before G. C. M. Thereupon he set about to make the private commit some breach of discipline that would put him in a position to get a "bobtail," which is short for dishonorable discharge. The fates seemed in Havey's favor and he must have scented trouble in the air, for his conduct was perfection itself and no amount of nagging could get an insubordinate word out of him. Some of the previous convictions would be outlawed by time shortly, and Macky knew that it behooved him to act quickly. Havey soon got next to what was up and it gave him grim pleasure to balk the sergeant in his purpose by being absolutely model in his conduct. The continued ill treatment was telling on him, however, and he felt that he was losing his grip and that some day he would answer back and get into trouble. Consequently, when he heard one day that the sergeant had accused him of "trying to dig through to Kansas" at Zapote Bridge, he lost control of himself.

Havey was a primitive man, he reasoned in a primitive manner, and his blood cried out for a primitive revenge; consequently, nothing could satisfy him but that he must get his hands at his superior's throat or stamp his face into the mud. He reveled in the thought, and all the months of injustice that he had endured rose up before him. He would beat Macky's handsome face into a jelly and he laughed, as he strode through the town in search of the sergeant, at the vision of two black eyes and a broken nose. He did not care what happened afterward. To smash Macky in his lying mouth and knock his teeth down his throat would be worth at least a year on Malahi Island.

At this time the insurrection was practically over and the first battalion of the 50th Infantry was stationed at Irriga in the South Camarines. Small detachments were still making hikes into the mountains

after ladrones and a man was lost now and then; but there was no fighting to speak of. It was while threading his way through the hot streets down to McShean's saloon on the main plaza, where he expected to find the sergeant, that Havey first met Pesita Ramano.

Pesita was a Spanish mestizo and in spite of her native blood was apparently of pure Castilian stock. She wore the native dress, however, and the low-draped just waist displayed a neck and shoulders that would have been the everlasting envy of any Newport damsel. Only generations of burden-bearing ancestors can give the wonderful and graceful poise of the head that characterizes the native women of the Philippines. Beauties are seldom found among the mestizos; but when one is found she is a joy forever. This girl possessed the coal-black eyes and olive skin of her Spanish forebears, and did not spoil the effect of her hair by drawing it back from the forehead as most of the native women do, but wore it low and fluffy with a refreshing lack of the painfully ubiquitous coconut-oil.

Havey was not a ladies' man; he would probably have passed on and never noticed the girl had it not been ordained otherwise. As she tripped along with a basket of rice under each arm and another on her head, she made a pretty picture; but the soldier's blood was jumping through his head and his mind was set on other things. When the girl neared him, however, she suffered a small accident that often happens to the native women: one of her slippers was jerked from her foot by a stone. Now, this was nothing in itself, as the Filipino women attend all the dances in these little sandals, and when they lose one, as they sometimes do, continue the dance and pick the slipper up on the next round, never missing a step; but this time when Pesita slipped her foot back into the chinella and started off again, it was fast between two stones and refused to move. Here was a pretty howdy-do. Her arms were full and she could not help herself, so she looked around for aid. It was nearly noon and the blazing street was deserted by all but herself and the soldier with the dark, angry face whom she saw approaching. The girl made the best of a bad bargain and called out to Havey in halting, broken English:

"Ah, soldado, you help me? Me no can do este," and she nodded her head at the shoe.

Havey halted and gradually his thoughts came back to the present. He looked at the girl and then at the shoe, then at the girl's eyes, and drawing a quick breath, stooped and placed the slipper on the brown foot. Then he got up and looked at her again and was undone. Clearly love at first sight is not governed by blood, race or "previous condition of servitude."

Pesita smiled brilliantly at the man and said:

"Gracias, me like you, vamoose by me poco distancia."

Havey thought of his half-tasted revenge, then looked in the girl's eyes once more and decided that the bloody sergeant could wait.

"Si, señora," and taking one of her baskets they went off together.

Havey took the girl to her little nipa home on the outskirts, and going in sat in the refreshing shade of the banana trees in the rear and watched her pound rice in the rude mortar. They talked together merrily, and as womanlike she wanted to do most of it, she appreciated his comparative quiet and flattering attention. When the soldier returned to the quarters, his head was in a whirl and his ears were treasuring an admonition to come back "*pronto*" after retreat.

Havey's conduct at the mess that evening was unaccountable to the members of the company. He said a few words of his own volition and actually laughed once or twice—the first time he had been seen to do so for months. Instead of becoming furious when joked about the alleged incident at Zepote Bridge, he joined in the general snigger and remarked that if he had tried to dig through to Kansas, "there were others." Macky, who had heard that Havey was looking for him and who expected to be attacked on sight, was completely nonplussed.

Havey's actions during the weeks that followed were no less peculiar.

The weight of the universe seemed to have been lifted from his shoulders and a new interest in life looked out from his eyes. He seemed actually to enjoy his drill and the rest of his work he performed as though it were a pleasure. The kidding and joshing that used to make him silent

and gloomy now affected him as little as water affects a duck. As for Macky, he ignored him as though he did not exist.

The bitterness that formerly accumulated and welled up in him, he could now pour out into the ears of some one who was sure to listen patiently and sympathetically. The God that he had cursed in his heart and hated now seemed a very good God, and it was a joy to be alive. Pesita loved him and that was surely enough happiness for one man. There is no accounting for taste, and the girl could not have told why she cared for the heavy, silent man. Possibly it was his gentleness and the way he laid his heart bare to her. However, she was no moralist or psychologist and never attempted to analyze the whys and wherefores. All she knew was that she loved the soldier, that he loved her and that she was very happy.

Havey gave her everything that his limited pay would allow, and in return she gave him herself and no question of right or wrong entered their Eden to worry them. It was his pleasure to give her little presents as surprises, to dress her prettily, and his money, which was wealth untold to her, and her natural taste combined produced a charming effect. Her little nipa shack, where she had lived alone since the cholera took her parents, was fitted up with luxuries that she had never known before, and when Havey lounged there after his duties for the day were over, listening to Pesita's little guitar, he felt that after all he may have done the world an injustice; that there was something worth living for, and his happiness would crowd up into his throat and choke him.

Havey had no confidence in his good fortune, though. He felt at times that fate was simply playing with him as a cat toys with a mouse, and for the little happiness he had tasted the gods would collect a toll of tears. The gloom that had dogged his footsteps since he was a child was responsible for this unnatural frame of mind; but as weeks and months passed and nothing happened to disturb the even tenor of his restful existence, he began to think that maybe he had been forgotten.

The fact that Havey had a girl and a pretty one was not unknown to the members of the company; but they failed to connect this fact with the change in his character, for while still, comparatively, a very quiet

man, he was not the gloomy one he formerly was, and to the joking he received he simply returned a quiet smile. Macky had never seen Havey's much-talked-of girl and had never paid any attention to the affair. For some time he had let up on the private as he realized that there was some force stronger than he working against him in Havey's mind; but the beginning of the end was at hand.

One evening after retreat, while wending his way across the plaza with the battalion sergeant-major and the post quartermaster-sergeant, Macky ran full onto Havey and Pesita, whom he had never seen before.

"My! Ain't she a queen?" he remarked. "Who is she?"

"That's Havey's girl that you've heard 'em kiddin' 'im about. Funny, too, that that woodenhead should cop out such a peach," the sergeant-major replied.

"Well," said Macky, "if that dead one can win himself a happy home like that, there ought to be a chance for a handsome hombre like me. How about it?" And he slapped the quartermaster-sergeant on the back.

"Take my advice and keep away. That Havey guards her like a gold mine and I believe that he loves the girl on the level, and when a quiet fellow like him gets that way he's a bad business to fool with," and the trio walked on. The incident was soon forgotten by all save Macky; but on his mind the pretty mestizo's black eyes and shapely ankles were deeply impressed.

The first sergeant lost no time; but the next day he found out where Pesita lived and, on a plea of looking for Havey, walked around to see her. A few moments later Havey came in, and when he saw Macky sitting there a chill like death entered his heart. The snake had found his little Eden.

From that time on Macky haunted the place and Pesita let him come. She knew in her heart that there was only one man she loved; but like all women it pleased her to have admirers, and the handsome sergeant was no mean catch. Besides, it was such fun to make her big Americano lover jealous.

As for Havey, the earth seemed sinking away under his feet. The overwhelming sense of his inferiority as compared with his rival swept over him and bowed him down. What right had this man to dog

him so? Were not half the women in the town at his feet? Had he not all that a man could ask for—friends, a position of trust and honor, and the good-will of his fellowmen? Why should he enter Havey's little corner of the earth and try to steal his one ewe lamb? Was this the justice and wisdom of the All Seeing Eye that the chaplain was so fond of dinning into their ears on Sunday? If this was a sample of that justice he had had enough of it during his life and was willing that his share be visited on someone else. Let the All Seeing Eye ignore him and he would take care of himself. He had finally reached the conclusion that the only justice to be had was that gained by the mailed fist, so let those in the high places look to themselves.

Macky had started to cut Havey out more in a spirit of jest than anything else; but this view of the matter was soon ended. In a week he became absolutely infatuated with the girl, and when he found that he could make no impression on her, he was at first surprised and then chagrined. Pesita would walk with him and talk with him, but any attempt at affection was ignored or brushed aside. He tried to win her with presents and with his larger pay, he could get her things that she had never hoped for in her wildest dreams. These she would accept and then laughingly display them to Havey, little knowing the agony it caused him when he realized that he could never hope to give her anything that would compare with them.

Havey had gradually dropped back now into his old ways and rarely spoke a word to any one. The men had joked him at first about the prospect of having "his time beat," little knowing how painfully real and serious it was to him; but when one day he had turned without a word and laid Burney, the company artificer, cold with one blow of his big fist, they decided that the game was not worth the candle and let him alone.

Both Havey and Macky had passed the joking stage long ago, and when they met their eyes locked and each realized the deadly challenge in the glance of the other. They, at least, knew that it was now a matter of life and death between them, and woe be to the outsider that attempted to make merry at the expense of either.

Pesita, seeing the gloom that had dropped

on her lover, tried to cheer him up by little endearments and much affectionate acting; but she was enjoying herself and could not bear to send the handsome sergeant away for good and all. If she had had any doubts of herself she would have done so, but knowing that she was absolutely indifferent to Macky, where was the harm in having a little fun? No man can account for a woman's heart, and wonders never cease. This girl cared not a whit for the brilliant sergeant, but clung to the dull, slow-witted private who had come into her commonplace life to be her hero.

The hot weather was just coming on; with it the cholera, and a nameless terror entered Havey's soul at the thought of what it might bring to him. It struck the town like a devastating cyclone and the second day two hundred natives were down. They died anywhere and everywhere—on the streets, in the corners of the walls—and McNeal, coming down the steps from his quarters, found a dead woman and her child lying across his path at the bottom.

The breath of the plague was in the air. In the day the sky was black with the smoke where they were burning the bodies, and at night it was red with the reflection of the flames. Neither in the hours of darkness was there sleep for the weary, for the bells in the churches clanged and rolled, and the cholera procession crawled up and down the streets with their illuminated crosses and weird, nerve-racking chants. Lethargy fell upon the natives and they were willing to sit and let the death that none could avoid come and strike them down. The burial parties could not make way with the dead fast enough and they sometimes lay in the sun for two days, food for the flies and ants, polluting the air with the pestilence.

The most rigid cholera order was published among the troops, and woe be to him who was caught violating it. In spite of the vigilance of the surgeons and officers, the disease struck the battalion and the men began to go down. One of the companies lost as many as fourteen in a week and the others in proportion. Strange to relate, not a man had been taken in McNeal's company, and he prided himself and boasted that this was the result of his and Macky's stringent discipline.

At the big brigade hospital, that had formerly been a convent, the corps men

were working night and day, and the rattle of the ambulances bringing in the stricken soldiers was never ceasing. The lights burned brightly there through the night, and death hovered over the place with grim presence. The cholera dead receive no military honors, but in the hours of the night are hustled away in escort wagons to be shoved into their cubby holes at the St. Francis church on the outskirts of the town. At six o'clock in the evening a man is well and strong; at ten-thirty he is lying gasping on an iron bunk in a tent in the hospital yard; at eleven o'clock he is dead, and by five the next morning he is in his last resting-place awaiting the "great reveille;" such is the course of the black cholera.

The hospital corps men were dropping with exhaustion and it finally became necessary to detail men from each company to assist them in their work. This was a "daily duty" detail and it was made every morning. The devil had gotten into Sergeant Macky's heart and Havey did nearly a half more of this duty than was his share. What was more possible than that the latter, working where death was in the air, should be taken by the plague and gotten out of the way? The private would not protest, though he could easily have proven the injustice that was being done him by the duty roster. The day for that was over, and the fight was now between himself and Macky, man to man.

Havey broke the cholera order daily by seeing Pesita at every possible time. Fear for her was a living horror, and the thought of what his existence would be without her chilled his very soul. He took care of her to the best of his ability and put into practical use what he learned from his work in the hospital. He saw that she boiled all the water that she drank; that she used few vegetables and little fruit, and that she scalded what she did use. Besides this, he brought chloride of lime from the hospital and made her keep the house and its surroundings well disinfected. Native like, she believed more in a candle that had been blessed by the padre than in all his precautions, and it required his constance vigilance to make her follow his instructions. Macky also saw the girl constantly; but both of the men were careful not to be there at the same time, as each knew that the slightest

cause would send them at each other's throats.

While the sickness was sore in the land, the ladrones in the mountains, taking advantage of it, redoubled their activities, and it was constantly necessary to send detachments out after them. Whenever a detail of this kind was made, Macky was careful to see that Havey went. Might not a big Remington ball settle the whole thing for good? Whenever they found the enemy and it was necessary to send forward scouts to reconnoiter and find the lay of the land, Havey was sent, and the private noticed that on three different occasions balls—Krag balls, too—snipped close to his head. One of them went through his hat and another took a long ribbon out of his shirt from waist to shoulder. At such times he would tremble and turn cold with rage, and only the training that had been ground into him kept him from rushing back and braining the sergeant with his rifle.

Great God! Was this going to be forced upon him? Would he have to wet his hands with the blood of a fellow soldier and superior officer to protect his own life?

The day after the return of one of these detachments, the chaplain was swinging along the dusty street toward the headquarters building when he was stopped by a tired-looking soldier who saluted and stood at "attention."

"Well, my man, what is it?" the chaplain asked.

"Sir, I have the first sergeant's permission to speak to the chaplain."

"Well, what is it?"

"Sir, I want to ask the chaplain a question. It is about something in the Bible."

"Well, private, it is part of my duty to know about the Bible as it is yours to know how to shoot. What is it you want to ask me?"

"It is about King David and Uriah. If Uriah had a known that the king was sending him out to get him killed, would it 'er been wrong for him to go back and kill the king like a dog?"

This was a poser and the chaplain had to acknowledge it to himself. He rubbed his fingers over his stubby chin and up and down his big jaw; but the only solution that came to him was Sir Roger de Coverley's remark that "there was much to be said on both sides."

"My man, that is a pretty hard question to answer on such short notice. It is very wrong to kill a man at any time."

"Ain't it just as wrong, sir, to send a man out to have some one else kill him?"

"But you must remember that it was Uriah's duty as a soldier to do as he was told."

"Yes, sir; that's so; but it seems pretty hard lines to have to take the chances of gettin' killed by niggers and bein' shot in the back at the same time," and Havey moved off, forgetting, in his abstraction, to salute.

"Now, I wonder what on earth he is talking about," the chaplain thought; but he soon forgot the whole matter.

All this time Macky was cursing his luck and raging inwardly. Would nothing kill this man? He seemed endowed with the proverbial nine lives. The strain was beginning to tell on them both. Their faces were paling and hard lines were coming about their eyes and mouths. They both realized that something was bound to happen, as their endurance was reaching its limit.

Then Macky, sitting in the orderly room one afternoon, had an inspiration. He kicked himself that he had not thought of it before. He got out the descriptive book and looked at Havey's record. Too late, and his face fell. One of the previous convictions had been outlawed and one more set of charges would not put Havey before a General Court. He could be tried by Summary Court, though, and the confinement would be good and long, as they were punishing severely all infractions of the cholera order. With Havey out of the way for a few months, what might he not accomplish with Pesita?

That night, while the officer of the day was making his rounds, he was accosted by the first sergeant of "B" Company, who reported that he had seen a man enter a native shack and would take the officer there so there would be no mistake about the evidence.

When the two walked into Pesita's little hut, she screamed and hid her face on Havey's coat. It took no second glance on the private's part to tell what was up, and as he rose to his feet he gave the sergeant a look that turned him pale to the roots of his hair, and even the officer drew back appalled by the hatred that flashed from

the man's eyes. There were no words spoken as Havey kissed the weeping girl, put her gently from him and, taking his hat, followed the officer out into the night.

McNeal was wild the next day when the case was reported to him. His company had finally been stricken like the rest and now he had someone to make an example of. Havey was tried promptly and sentenced "to be confined at hard labor under the charge of the post guard for three months and to forfeit ten dollars of his pay per month for the same period."

Havey entered on the execution of his sentence grimly. It was not the confinement or the work that worried him, but the thought of being kept away from Pesita and the fear that, left alone, she would fail to heed his instructions, and then—but he would not think about that. Fate had been unkind to him, but surely he would be spared this last ordeal.

He saw the girl every day for the first week, as she came to the guard house as the prisoners were turned out for retreat and stood on the other side of the street. The eighth day she did not appear and Havey's heart dropped like lead. She must be detained for some reason; maybe she was busy and couldn't come. She would be there the next day. She must be there; she must be there.

The following evening, when they were turned out, Havey strained his eyes up and down the street in search of the familiar figure, and it was not until the prisoners were marched in that he realized that as far as this life was concerned all was over for him. For a moment he contemplated attempting to escape and going to search for Pesita; but the hopelessness of it struck him and he stumbled blindly and fell upon his hard bunk.

What surprised him was that he could not feel the pain much. He only knew that the inside of his chest seemed turned to ice and there was a funny throbbing across his temples. As the night passed, however, and he tossed on his bunk, the horror of it burst on him like a flash of lightning and he sat up on the edge of his cot with a scream. The ice was still in his chest, but the throbbing in his temples had turned to a roaring and his head was on fire. Everything was on fire and the world was falling. When the sun came in through the bamboo bars on the window he was

still sitting there and looked up in wonder that the sun should rise. It seemed a coarse joke that his heart should be torn to shreds and the world should go on the same as if nothing had happened.

Of the days and weeks and months that followed he kept no account. He did his work like one asleep, and as he ate practically nothing he became almost emaciated. He was in a world of dreams, lived in the past and, calling back the days he had spent with Pesita, was almost happy. The rains came and swept the cholera away to the sea for another year at least, and the land rejoiced exceedingly. Suddenly, one day it came to him with a deadening shock that shortly his time would be up and he would be free again.

All the pain that he had mercifully escaped during his lethargy came on him and turned him sick. The dead wall against which he had finally run stretched above and before him and there was no outlet. The face of Macky flitted before his eyes constantly and would not leave him. He never slept at night now, but lay and sweltered in the steam that rose from the rain-drenched earth outside. He watched the bugs fly against the greasy lantern that hung overhead, and when they fell dead to the floor he laughed aloud. They reminded him of himself. That laugh in the stillness of the night was not good to hear, and the other prisoners rolled and groaned in their sleep.

Macky's face was what worried him. It grinned and leered at him from the dark corners and made the blood rush to his throat and almost stifle him. He could not keep his eyes off a little spot he seemed to see on the pocket of the blouse over the sergeant's heart, and caught himself pointing at the vacant space and aiming over his finger as he would a rifle. Then he would laugh again. That was a foolish habit he was getting into, that laughing aloud; but it amused him immensely when he realized that he held a life in the crook of his finger. It was so easy.

The morning came when Havey was to be released. After guard-mounting the old officer of the day called his name and ordered him to report to his first sergeant for duty. He took up his roll of bedding and, instead of taking it with him to his company, put it in one corner of the guard-house, telling the sergeant of the guard

that he would call for it later. Then he put the teeth of his hearers on edge with another of his grating laughs. After that he went to his company.

Macky was not in the orderly room, so Havey went and got his rifle from the artificer. Then he went back to his squad-room and sitting on his box-locker wiped off the cosmoline and oiled the breech bolt. Several members of the company came in and eyed him curiously. It had been reported from the guard house that he was crazy.

Havey whistled a little tune and smiled to himself. He knew he was perfectly sane; but the ice had come back into his chest and the throbbing behind the eyes bothered him some. When he finished cleaning the rifle he fastened on his cartridge belt and left the barracks. No one noticed his departure, although he went without his blouse or hat and with his shirt open at the throat. He followed a familiar path and in a few moments came to a little nipa shack on the edge of the town.

The rank tropical weeds had grown up through the floor and part of the roof had fallen in. Havey leaned on his rifle for a moment and then went inside. As he entered something seemed to grip his heart like a vise. The place was deserted save for a prowling white cur that ran out between his legs. Everything of value had been taken away and the rooms were damp from the rain that had come in through the hole in the roof. The soldier walked around and touched the walls and benches with a touch that was a caress, and when he found a little native slipper he fondled and petted it as though it had been a child. He believed that he had endured all that one man could, yet now the agony that struck him shook him from head to foot, and Macky's face grinned at him from every shadow. He threw himself on the rough bench where Pesita used to sit and kissed it. He could see the place in the window sill where she had stuck her needles and the little holes were there still. He must go now or he would be crazy as they said he was, so picking up his rifle and looking about the place once more with dry, bloodshot eyes, he crept out.

Havey did not know how he got to the main plaza. The terrible sun beating down on his unprotected head had made the throbbing worse, and little, red dashes

shot across his eyes. It was market day and the crowds of natives stared after him curiously; but those in front were careful to make room for him, as his expression boded the man who stopped him no good. Straight across the square he walked and halted in the door of McShean's saloon.

The smell of tobacco, beer and the pungent odor of whiskey barrels greeted him along with a breath of cool, refreshing air from the shady interior. Havey stood in the wide, arched door and gazed about him trying to accustom his eyes to the dimness after the glare outside. There were several groups seated about tables, and at the far end of the room, with his back toward him, was Macky with Smith, the battalion sergeant-major, and Lane, the post quartermaster sergeant. Strangely enough, they had seen the beginning and they were to see the end.

No one noticed Havey; in fact, no one had seen him. He stood still for a moment to let the throbbing in his eyes and the little, red dashes grow quieter and then took three steps into the room.

"Jim Macky!" The words cracked on the stillness like a pistol shot. There was no lack of notice paid Havey now. Macky rose slowly to his feet, resting his hands on the table and gradually turning his head so as to look over his shoulder. It seemed as though his eyes were afraid to meet what they were going to see. When his glance finally rested on Havey standing there with his rifle at the order, the sergeant's face was the color of chalk and there were queer, blue puckers at the corners of his mouth.

The silence in the place was deadly, the only motion being that of the smoke as it drifted lazily out through the door, and the only sound that of the monotonous buzz of the flies around the spilled beer on the bar. McShean, the barkeeper, had started to fill a glass from a bottle and stood like a statue, the liquor filling the tumbler and running over the sides to the ground unnoticed. The faces of the rest of the men were almost as white as Macky's and they remained frozen in their positions like the spirits in Doré's illustrations of Dante's "Inferno."

The only calm persons in the room were Havey and Lane, the old quartermaster sergeant. He had followed events from their beginning, and while he did not know all, he knew much of what had happened.

In his old-fashioned and primitive code of honor, there was no place for a man of Macky's stamp, and he now sat leaning back with his glass on a level with his eyes, watching the bubbles and waiting to see justice done. He had not long to wait.

With a sudden movement Havey dropped the piece into the position of "load" and jerked one of the venomous shells into the chamber, the sharp snap smacking the air like the cracker of a whip. The spot that he remembered on the sergeant's blouse seemed to spread and spread till it covered his whole body and filled the end of the room. Then the spell on McShean was broken, and dropping the now empty bottle and the glass to the floor he shrieked:

"For God's sake, man, don't shoot!"

The answer he received was an ear-splitting crack followed by the rattle of the rifle as it came to the order. Macky slowly turned on his heels and settled in a heap to the floor, his body lying in a scarlet pool that grew larger and larger as it gently and stealthily crept over the stone flagging. Without a word Havey turned and left, no one attempting to stop him, and the wide-eyed natives who had gathered about the door drew back and let him pass.

At noon the officer of the day was stopped in front of the guard-house by a white-faced private with a rifle and without a hat, who saluted and said:

"Sir, Private Havey of 'B' Company reports that he has just killed his first sergeant."

The officer looked into the man's eyes once and there was no doubt in his mind. Turning to the sergeant of the guard, he ordered:

"Put this man under a heavy guard;" and Havey went to the corner and got his roll of bedding.

For this same murder private Havey, Company "B," 50th Infantry, was hanged higher than Haman. A little over a month later he was led out in front of the battalion at parade and the order was read:

"Private William Havey, Company 'B,' 50th Infantry, having been tried by a General Court Martial convened at Irriga, South Camarines, pursuant to special orders No. 27 C. S. Headquarters Department of Luzon, is found guilty of murder and sentenced

to be dishonorably discharged from the service of the United States, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him and to be hanged by the neck until dead; two-thirds of the members of the court concurring. The sentence is approved and will be duly executed. Private Havey will be hanged between the hours of sunrise and sunset on the third day of October, 1900, the Post Commander at Irriga arranging the details for carrying out this order."

The order went on to say: "This is one of the most cold-blooded murders that ever came to the notice of the Department Commander. Apparently there was absolutely no motive but personal dislike. The murderer was worthless and no account, as the evidence shows, while the man whom he cut off in the prime of his life was a splendid soldier, possessing the honor and respect of his officers and comrades. The Department Commander trusts that this execution will have a good effect on men of the murderer's class."

Havey smiled grimly when the reading was over, and wondered whether the "honor and respect of his officers and comrades" would do Macky much good lying cold in his narrow vault at the St. Francis church; but he knew that the ashes of Pesita Romano calling from some gray dust heap would at least be at rest.

At seven-thirty o'clock on the third day of October, 1900, Private William Havey was led out to die, and all admitted that he died like a man.

Strange to relate, his little pigeon-hole and Macky's are side by side in the Church of St. Francis at Irriga, and if you go there to-day you may read:

No 92,
JAMES MACKY,
First Sergeant Company "B," 50th Infantry,
Killed at Irriga,
Sept. 1, 1900.

And next to it:

No. 94.
WILLIAM HAVEY,
Private Company "B," 50th Infantry,
Executed at Irriga,
Oct. 3, 1900.

THE SUICIDES IN THE RUE DES VENTS

BY LEONARD MERRICK



HAVING bought the rope, Tournicquot wondered where he should hang himself. The lath-and-plaster ceiling of his room might decline to support him, and at five o'clock in the afternoon a lamp-post was out of the question. As he roamed on, he reflected that a pan of charcoal would have been more convenient after all; but the coil of rope in the doorway of a shop had lured his fancy, and now it would be laughable to throw it away.

Tournicquot was much averse to being laughed at in private life—perhaps because Fate had willed that he should be laughed at so much in his public capacity at Le Jardin Extérieur. Could he have had his way indeed, Tournicquot would have been a great tragedian, instead of a little droll whose portraits with a bright-red nose and a scarlet wig grimaced on every kiosk in the Quarter; and he resolved that at any rate the element of humor should not mar his suicide.

As to the motive for his death, it was as romantic as his heart desired. He adored "La Belle Lucrèce," the fascinating Snake Charmer, and somewhere in the background the artiste had a husband. How little the audience at Le Jardin Extérieur suspected the passion that devoured their grotesque comedian while he cut his capers, and turned love to ridicule! How little they divined the pathos of a situation which condemned him behind the scenes to whisper the most sentimental assurances of devotion when disfigured by a flaming wig and a nose that was daubed vermillion! Truly is it said, "Not half the world knows how the other half lives!"

It was an evening in late Autumn, and

dusk was already gathering over Paris. The white glare of electric globes began to flood the boulevards; before the cafés, waiters bustled among the tables, bearing the "tasses," the vermouth, the absinthe of the hour. Instinctively shunning the more frequented thoroughfares, Tournicquot wandered, plunged in reverie, until he perceived that he had reached a neighborhood which was unknown to him—that he stood at the corner of a street which bore the name "Rue des Vents." Opposite, one of the dwellings was being rebuilt, and as he gazed at it—this skeleton of a home on which the workmen's hammers were silenced for the night—Tournicquot recognized that his journey was at an end. Here he could not doubt that he would find the last grim hospitality that he sought. The house had no door to bar his entrance, but, as if in omen, above the gap where a door had been, the sinister number "13" was still to be discerned. He cast a glance over his shoulder, and, grasping the rope with a firm hand, crept inside.

It was dark within, so dark that at first he could discern nothing but the gleam of bare walls. He stole along the passage and, mounting a flight of steps on which his feet sprang mournful echoes, proceeded stealthily towards an apartment on the first floor. At this point the darkness became impenetrable, for the *persiennes* had been closed, and in order to make his arrangements it was necessary that he should have a light. He paused, fumbling in his pocket; and then, with his next step, blundered against a body that swung from the contact like a human being suspended in mid-air. Tournicquot leapt backwards in terror. A cold sweat bespangled him, and for some seconds he shook so violently that he was unable to strike a match. At last, when he accomplished it, he beheld an apparently dead man hanging by a rope in the doorway.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" gasped Tournicquot. And the thudding of his heart seemed to resound through the deserted house.

Humanity impelled him to rescue the poor wretch if it were still to be done. Shuddering, he whipped out his knife, and sawed at the cord desperately. The cord was stout, and the blade of the knife but small; an eternity seemed to pass while he sawed in the darkness. Presently one of the strands gave way. He set his teeth and pressed harder and harder yet. Suddenly the rope yielded and the body fell to the ground. Tournicquot threw himself beside it, tearing open the collar, and using frantic efforts to restore animation. There was no result. He persevered, but the body lay perfectly inert. He began to reflect that it was his duty to inform the police of the discovery, and he asked himself how he should account for his presence on the scene. Just as he was considering this, he felt the stir of life. As if by a miracle the man groaned.

"Courage, my poor fellow!" panted Tournicquot; "courage—all is well!"

The man groaned again; and after an appalling silence, during which Tournicquot began to tremble for his fate anew, he asked feebly, "Where am I?"

"You would have hanged yourself," explained Tournicquot; "thanks to heaven, I arrived in time to save your life!" In the darkness they could not see each other, but he felt for the man's hand and pressed it warmly. To his consternation he received, for response, a thump in the chest.

"*Mon Dieu*, what an infernal cheek!" croaked the man. "So you have cut me down? You meddling idiot, by what right did you poke your nose into my affairs—*hein?*"

Dismay turned Tournicquot dumb.

"*Hein?*" wheezed the man; "what concern was it of yours, if you please? Never in my life before have I met with such a piece of presumption!"

"My poor friend," stammered Tournicquot, "you do not know what you say—you are not yourself! By and by you will be grateful, you will fall on your knees and bless me."

"By and by I shall punch you in the eye," returned the man, "just as soon as I am feeling better! What have you done to my collar, too? I declare you have played the devil with me!" His annoyance rose. "Who the devil are you, and what are you

doing here, anyhow? You are a trespasser. I shall give you in charge."

"Come, come," said Tournicquot conciliatingly, "if your misfortunes are more than you can bear, I regret that I was obliged to save you; but, after all, there is no need to make such a grievance of it; you can hang yourself another day."

"And why should I be put to the trouble twice?" grumbled the other. "Do you figure yourself that it is agreeable to choke? I passed a very bad time, I can assure you. If you had experienced it, you would not talk so lightly about 'another day.' The more I think of your impudent interference, the more it vexes me. And how dark it is! Get up and light the candle—it gives me the hump here."

"I have no candle, I have no candle," babbled Tournicquot; "I do not carry candles in my pocket."

"There is a bit on the mantelpiece," replied the man angrily; "I saw it when I came in. Go and feel for it—hunt about! Do not keep me lying here in the dark—the least you can do is to make me as comfortable as you can!"

Tournicquot, not a little perturbed by the threat of assault, groped obediently; but the room appeared to be of the dimensions of a park, and he arrived at the candle stump only after a prolonged excursion. The flame revealed to him a man of about his own age, who leant against the wall, regarding him with indignant eyes. Revealed also was the coil of rope the comedian had brought for his own use; and the man pointed to it.

"What is that? It was not here just now."

"It belongs to me," admitted Tournicquot, nervously.

"I see that it belongs to you. Why do you visit an empty house with a coil of rope—*hein?* I should like to understand that! . . . Upon my life, you were here on the same business as myself! Now if this does not pass all forbearance! You come to commit suicide, and yet you have the effrontery to put a stop to mine."

"Well," exclaimed Tournicquot, "I obeyed an impulse of pity! It is true that I came to destroy myself, for I am the most miserable of men; but I was so much affected by the sight of your sufferings that temporarily I forgot my own."

"That is a lie, for I was not suffering—I was not conscious when you came in."

"I have resolved to die because life is

torture," said Tournicquot, on whom these details had made an unfavorable impression.

"The same with me! A woman, of course?"

"Yet," sighed Tournicquot, "a woman!"

"Is there no other remedy? Can you not desert her?"

"Desert her? I pine for her embrace!"

"Hein?"

"She will not have anything to do with me!"

"Comment? It is love, then, with you?"

"What else? A passion eternal."

"Oh, *mon Dieu*, I took it for granted you were married! But this is droll. *You* would die because you cannot get hold of a woman, and I because I cannot get rid of one. We should talk, we two. Can you give me a cigarette?"

"With pleasure, monsieur," responded Tournicquot, producing a packet. "I, also, will take one—my last."

"If I expressed myself hastily just now," said his companion, re-fastening his collar, "I shall apologize—no doubt your interference was well meant, though I do not pretend to approve it. Let us dismiss the incident; you have behaved tactlessly, and I, on my side, have perhaps resented your error with too much warmth. Well, it is finished! I will confess that I think you are being rash."

"I have considered," replied Tournicquot; "I have considered attentively. There is no alternative, I assure you."

"I should make another attempt to persuade the lady—I swear I should make another attempt. You are not a bad-looking fellow. What is her objection to you?"

"It is not that she objects to me—on the contrary. But she is a woman of high principle, and she has a husband who is devoted to her—she will not break his heart. It is like that."

"Young?"

"No more than thirty."

"And beautiful?"

"With the beauty like an angel! She has a dimple in her right cheek when she smiles that drives one to distraction."

"Myself, I have no weakness for dimples; but every man has his taste—there is no arguing about these things. What a combination—young, lovely, virtuous! And I make you a bet the oaf of a husband does not appreciate her! Is it not always so? Now I—but of course I married foolishly,

I chose an artiste. If I had my time again, I would choose in preference any sempstress. The artistes are for applause, for bouquets, for little dinners, but not for marriage."

"I cannot agree with you," said Tournicquot, with some hauteur. "Your experience may have been unfortunate, but the theatre contains women quite as noble as any other sphere. In proof of it, the lady I adore is an artiste herself!"

"Really—is it so? Would it be indiscreet to ask her name?"

"There are things one does not tell."

"Perfectly. But as a matter of interest? There is nothing derogatory to her in what you say—quite the reverse."

"It is a fact. Nevertheless——"

"Also I shall be dead by to-morrow."

"True, I was overlooking that. Well, the reason for reticence is removed. She is known as 'La Belle Lucrèce.'"

"Hein?" ejaculated the other, jumping.

"What ails you?"

"She is my wife!"

"Your wife? Impossible!"

"I tell you I am married to her—she is 'Madame Beguinot.'"

"*Mon Dieu!*" faltered Tournicquot, aghast; "what have I done!"

"So? . . . You are her lover?"

"Never has she encouraged me—recall what I have said? There are no grounds for jealousy—am I not about to die because she spurns me? I swear to you——"

"You mistake my emotion—why should I be jealous. Not at all—I am only amazed. She thinks I am devoted to her? Ho, ho! Not at all. You see my 'devotion' by the fact that I am about to hang myself rather than live with her. And *you*, you cannot bear to live because you adore her! Actually you 'adore' her! Is it not inexplicable! Oh, there is certainly the finger of Providence in this meeting! . . . Wait, we must discuss—we should come to each other's aid! . . . Give me another cigarette."

Some seconds passed while they smoked in silent meditation.

"Listen," resumed M. Beguinot; "in order to clear up this complication, we must first arrive at a thorough understanding; a perfect candor is required on both sides. *Alors*, as to your views, is it that you aspire to marry Madame? Now open your heart to me, speak frankly."

"It is difficult for me to express my-

self without restraint to you, monsieur," said Tournicquot, "because circumstances which we both regret naturally cause me to regard your existence in the light of a misfortune. To answer you with all the delicacy possible I will say that, if you had been cut down five minutes later, life would be a fairer thing to me."

"Good," said M. Beguinot, "we make progress. Your income? Does it suffice to support her in the style to which she is accustomed? What may your occupation be?"

"I am in Madame's own profession—I, too, am an artiste."

"So much the more congenial! I foresee a joyous union. Come, we go famously! Your line of business—snakes, songs, performing rabbits, what is it?"

"My name is 'Tournicquot,'" responded the comedian with dignity. "All is said!"

"A-ah! Is it so? Now I understand why your voice has been puzzling me! Monsieur Tournicquot, I am enchanted to make your acquaintance. I declare the matter arranges itself! I shall tell you what we will do. Hitherto I have had no choice between residing with Madame and committing suicide, because my affairs have not prospered, and—though my pride has revolted—her salary has been essential for my maintenance. Now the happy medium jumps to the eyes; for you, for me, for her the bright sunshine streams! I shall efface myself; I shall go to a distant land—say Brussels—and you shall make me a snug allowance. Have no misgiving; crown her with blossoms, lead her to the altar, and rest tranquil—I shall never reappear. Do not figure yourself that I shall enter like the villain in the melodrama and menace the blissful home. Not at all! I myself may even remark, who knows? Indeed should you offer me an allowance adequate for a family man, I will undertake to re-marry—I have always inclined towards speculation. That will shut my mouth, hein? I could threaten nothing, even if I had a base nature, for I, also, shall have committed bigamy. Suicide, bigamy, I would commit rather than live with Lucrèce."

"But Madame's consent must be gained," demurred Tournicquot; "you overlooked the fact that Madame must consent. It is a fact that I do not understand why she should have any consideration for you, but if she continues to harp upon her duty, what then?"

"Do you not tell me that her only objection to your suit has been her fear that she would break my heart?—what an hallucination!—I shall approach the subject—with tact, with the utmost delicacy! I shall intimate to her that to ensure her happiness I am willing to sacrifice myself. Should she hesitate, I shall demand to sacrifice myself! Rest assured that if she regards you with the favor that you believe, your troubles are at an end—the barrier removes itself, and you join hands. . . . The candle is going out! Shall we depart?"

"I perceive no reason why we should remain; in truth we might have got out of it sooner."

"You are right; a café will be more cheerful. Suppose we take a bottle of wine together—how does it strike you? If you insist, I will be your guest; if not—"

"Ah, monsieur, you will allow me the pleasure," murmured Tournicquot.

"Well, well," said M. Beguinot, "you must have your way! . . . Your rope you have no use for, hein—we shall leave it?"

"But certainly! Why should I burden myself?"

"The occasion has passed, true. Good! Come, my comrade, let us descend!"

Who shall read the future? Awhile ago they had been strangers, neither intending to quit the house alive; now the pair issued from it jauntily, arm in arm. Both were in high spirits, and by the time the lamps of a café gave them welcome, and the wine gurgled gaily into the glasses, they pledged each other with a sentiment no less than fraternal.

"How I rejoice that I have met you!" exclaimed Beguinot. "To your marriage, *mon vieux*, to your joy! Fill up, again a glass—there are plenty of bottles in the cellar. *Mon Dieu*, you are my preserver—I must embrace you! Never till now have I felt for a man such affection! This evening all was black to me; I despaired; my heart was heavy as a cannon-ball—and suddenly the world is bright! Roses bloom before my feet, and the little larks are singing in the sky. I dance, I skip! How beautiful, how sublime is friendship—better than riches, than youth, than the love of woman; riches melt, youth flies, woman snores. But friendship is— Again a glass! It goes well, this wine. Let us have a lobster! I swear I have an appetite; they make one peckish, these suicides, *n'est-ce-pas?* I shall not be

formal—if you consider it your treat, you shall pay. A lobster and another bottle, hein? At the expense of you, or me?"

"Ah, the bill all in one!" declared Tourniquot.

"Well, well," said Beguinot, "you must have your way! What a happy man I am! Already I feel twenty years younger. You would not believe what I have suffered! My agonies would fill a book. Really! By nature I am domesticated, but my home is impossible—I shudder when I enter it. It is only in a restaurant that I see a clean tablecloth. Absolutely. I pig. All Lucrèce thinks about is dress."

"No, no," demurred Tourniquot; "to that I cannot agree."

"What do you know? You 'cannot agree'! You have seen her when she is laced in her stage costume, when she minces and prattles, with the paint and the powder, and the false hair on. It is I who am 'behind the scenes,' *mon ami*, not you! I see her in her dressing-gown and her curl papers. At four o'clock in the afternoon! Every day! You 'cannot agree'!"

"Curl papers?" faltered Tourniquot.

"But certainly! I tell you I am of a gentle disposition, I am most tolerant of woman's failings; it says much that I would have hanged myself rather than remain with a woman. Her untidiness is not all; her toilette at home revolts my sensibilities, but—well, one cannot have everything, and her salary is substantial; I have closed my eyes to the curl papers. However, snakes are more serious."

"Snakes?" ejaculated Tourniquot.

"Naturally! The beasts must live; do they not support us? But 'Everything in its place' is my motto; the motto of my wife—'All over the place'! Her serpents have shortened my life, word of honor!—they wander where they will. I never lay my head beside those curl papers without the terror of finding a cobra-de-capello on the pillow. It is not everybody's money! Lucrèce has no objection to them; well, it is very courageous—very fortunate, since snakes are her profession—but I, I was not brought up to snakes; I am not at my ease in a zoological garden."

"It is natural."

"Is it not? I desire to explain myself to you, you understand; are we not as brothers? Oh, I realize well that when one loves a woman, one thinks always that the faults are with the husband; believe me, I have had much to justify my attitude. Snakes, dirt, rages, what a ménage!"

"Rages?" gasped Tourniquot.

"I am an honest man," affirmed Beguinot, draining another bumper; "I shall not say to you, 'I have no blemish, I am perfect.' Not at all! Without doubt I have occasionally expressed myself to Lucrèce with more candor than courtesy. Hein? Such things happen. But"—he refilled his glass, and sighed pathetically—"but to every citizen, whatever his position—whether his affairs may have prospered or not—his wife owes respect. Hein? She should not throw the *ragoût* at him. She should not menace him with snakes." He wept. "My friend, you will admit that it is not *gentille* to coerce a husband with deadly reptiles?"

Tourniquot had turned very pale. He signed to the waiter for the bill, and when it was discharged, sat regarding his companion with round eyes. At last, clearing his throat, he said nervously:

"After all, do you know—now one comes to think it over—I am not sure, upon my honor, that our arrangement is feasible?"

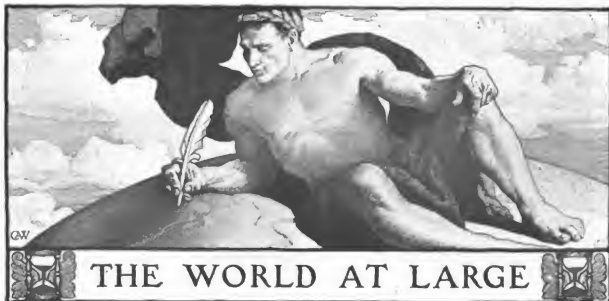
"What?" exclaimed Beguinot, with a violent start—"not feasible? How is that, pray. Because I have opened my heart to you, do you back out? Oh, what treachery! Never will I believe that you could be capable of it!"

"However, it is a fact. On consideration, I shall not rob you of her."

"Base fellow. You take advantage of my confidence. A contract is a contract!"

"No," stammered Tourniquot, "I shall be a man and live my love down! Monsieur, I have the honor to wish you 'good-night.'"

"Hi, stop!" cried Beguinot, infuriated. "What is then to become of me? Insolent poltroon—you have even destroyed my rope!"



THE WORLD AT LARGE

NO actress of the English-speaking stage to-day better deserves a successful Fiftieth Anniversary Jubilee than Miss Ellen Terry. So with the encouragement of Queen Alexandra, unusual impetus has been lent to the movement recently started in London to give a benefit in honor of the actress on April 28th, and to raise for her a fund for the purpose of "placing Miss Terry beyond any future anxiety regarding her comfort, as a tribute to her beloved personality, and in homage to her art." Here in the United States the best of New York philanthropists, Mark Twain, has declared himself for the cause. In his company stands a small committee, formed of her most intimate friends, who desire to express their admiration for her personal qualities, and for the results of her life, devoted to a beautiful and ennobling presentation of the greatest characters of English drama. Surely, with such a lead, many subscriptions from this side of the Atlantic should reach the American Treasurer of the Ellen Terry Fund, Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, at 29 Wall Street, New York. No formal list of names or amounts will be made up, but the whole sum will be forwarded to the Hon. Stephen S. Coleridge, the Treasurer in London, as the contribution of her American friends and admirers.

to such an extent that he attended two dinners a night. Then Mark Twain, Robert Hunter, and a body of men, whole-souled in their desire for freedom on earth, offered him their best services. But their promises were still in a nebulous state when



MISS ELLEN TERRY.

MAXIM GORKY arrived in New York not long ago heralded as a liberator with the spirit of Garibaldi. For a time he was fêted

suddenly the wind changed. Entertainments ceased. Scandal-mongers began to fill the daily journals with more or less



Courtesy of Punch.
FIFTY YEARS A QUEEN (AN AUTHOR'S TRIBUTE).

caustic remarks on the character of Gorky's personal life, and the startling acidity of Gorky's views. Accordingly Gorky went into retirement. The newspapers followed this up by calling Gorky a "hider." In return Gorky claimed that he had been maltreated, and the claim was only natural to one unused to the fickleness of the American press. Yet the reason for the shift becomes obvious on learning that his extemporary ideas are driven home quite regardless of thin-skinned feelings with all the forcefulness he places in his plays. However, his sufferings and his struggles must surely raise him to a position among patriots, whatever be the latest gossip concerning his mental ups and downs.

THE body of thirty-two American athletes that are to appear in the marble

Stadium at Athens on the second occasion of the modern Olympic games, between April 22nd and May 26th, give every promise of making a most substantial showing, despite delays in organization, insufficient funds, preliminary bickerings, an unusually rough voyage on the "Barbarossa," and a cinder-laden welcome in Naples. Americans may congratulate themselves that these men represent their country without restrictions of social cast, for the list of competitors includes both Martin Sheridan of the New York police force, one of the strongest of American all-round athletes, and W. A. Schick, a student of Harvard University, who has performed the unusual feat of running seventy-five yards in seven and one-fifth seconds, twice in succession. In the meeting at Athens in 1896 the young men from America impressed their spectators, not only with their ability to compete successfully, but with their generous sporting spirit. More than anything else this latter end is to be desired, that it may counteract



Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

MAXIM GORKY.



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THE STADIUM AT ATHENS DURING A GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.

the present conception of foreigners that we produce a medal-grasping body of athletes. In addition, may the American Team be rewarded by success in every event but the Marathon race! That, at least, belongs to a Hellene.

DURING the past winter the public has been the victim of the usual endless printed

discussions of negro lynchings in one city, of race wars in a second, and of the separate education of white and black children in a third. How the "elders" of the United States feel toward this problem needs no other comment than that of the illustration of Booker T. Washington standing in the company of Charles W. Eliot, Andrew Carnegie, Lyman Abbott, J. G. Phelps-



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MOLDERS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

Stokes, Robert C. Ogden, Geo. T. Mac-
Aneny, and Hollis Burke Frissell.

THE recent eruption of Vesuvius has shown this republic that besides being vastly popular with their subjects, the King and Queen of Italy are more than mere figure-heads in their country. Our newspapers

have told us of the two practical royal subscriptions of \$40,000 each. But still more interesting to humanity is the news that their Majesties, with only a few of their court, were to be found among the most daring of those who remained close to the volcano; that the Queen refused to leave Torre Annunziata until suffocating condi-



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AND QUEEN HELENA.

tions forced her to walk five miles to obtain relief; and that the King was at hand to rebuke a cowardly priest for leaving his

parish. As the story goes, on another occasion, after the King had been besought to perform a miracle, and check the action of



THE NEW LIFE-BOAT AT SANDY HOOK.

the mountain, the wind suddenly shifted and drove the ashes from the hard-pressed villagers, while a stream of lava threatening the center of the town, ceased to flow, even

Chesapeake Bay lacks a fishing power dory. Besides there is little novelty in the story that "A tug drew the life-boat to a point as close to the wreck as the depth of water would permit."

One wonders, then, why the life-saving service is proud of its tardy acceptance of modern conditions. Perhaps it is because if such a boat as this had been in commission at Atlantic City during the past winter, a fishing smack would not have made its successful rescue of the passengers of a grounded coasting steamship.



Photo by Vander Weyde.

SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE.

SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE has continued to increase the distinction of his highly placed name since becoming curator of the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York. Therefore it may be hoped that he will grasp the approaching opportunity to show his discretion, in a new direction, by making adequate provision for the truly exceptional collection of Greek and Roman casts that the museum has stored in its cellars, and crowded into a series of poorly lit halls. Last fall a \$400,000 wing was designed for the building in Central Park by

though a few hours before it had consumed the defences of the best military engineers. Whatever stock one may take in such stories, it is interesting to find in the persons of King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena an interest in their subjects evinced in physical form.

THE motor life-boat of the Sandy Hook Life Saving Service has been shown proudly by the station crew as the latest of successful innovations. But motor boats are not new either for entertainment or for work. Scarcely a harbor from Maine to

the architects, McKim, Mead & White, so the work of erection should soon make a start. If the curator thoroughly appreciates the educational value of the sculpture at hand he will see that it receives a due share of the new quarters. Before all else the antique figures require special light and special position to bring out their beauty of form. Now, the visitor may view the Venus de Milo with the light coming over her left shoulder, between a dancing fawn and a bust of Nero, or stand so close to the Parthenon pediment that the view is confined to the freckles on the legs of some nude male.

THE CAYUSE CHIEF U-ME-SOM-KIN (GRIZZLY SHIRT) AT A FORD.



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THE VANISHING RACE



IN his studio in Paris, only a year or so ago, the great Gérôme, magnificent painter and colorist, and wonderful sculptor, distinguished as being one of the most renowned of living artists, was talking to a student.

"Young man," said he, "I advise you to devote your life to Indian portrait work. This is a field that has not been adequately covered by artists, and there is an opportunity for you to display your genius. If necessary, it would pay you to go and live for many years among the Indians. I know of no subject that is so striking as the North American Indian, and to reproduce him on canvas will be one of the greatest achievements of the profession."

Inspired by the enthusiasm of the great master's recommendation, the student, Mr.

Frederic Fisher, decided to devote his life to the task of faithfully portraying the picturesque American Indians, and sought in the reservations of the great Northwest the types which were the least untouched as yet by the leveling march of civilization.

Here, on the ground before him, he found an artist with a camera, a man who had lived his life among the Indians and who, actuated solely by a love of the picturesque, had for many years been making a faithful pictorial record of the red man and his life in the Western wilderness.

"Major Moorhouse does not know that he is a great man," says Mr. Fisher, "but he is. For Indian photographs he stands in a class by himself, indeed, without a peer. He is not only known nationally, but his fame has spread over the entire civilized world. I visited in London, Berlin, Paris, Munich, Vienna, Rome and other great cities of Europe during my



MAJOR LEE MOORHOUSE.

absence from this country, and everywhere connoisseurs either possessed Indian photographs made by Major Moorhouse, or had heard of him. Major Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton, Oregon, is a phrase known to the art centers of Europe, and to all students of ethnology throughout the world. When I informed the Major of his fame abroad, he said nothing but looked surprised. He is a most modest man, and does not realize the position he has achieved in the world. That is what makes him great."

Major Moorhouse, the artist in question, has the finest collection of Indian photographs in the country. He was formerly United States Indian agent at the reservation at Pendleton, Oregon, and for thirty years has had personal acquaintanceship with the representative members of the different tribes. This has given him their confidence, and where others are driven from the teepees because of the Indians' superstitious fear of the camera, Moorhouse is welcomed and permitted to photo-

graph them in all the picturesque ancestral trappings which they value so highly.

It was by a rare stroke of good luck that Major Moorhouse obtained pictures of the twin great-grandnieces of Chief Joseph of Nez Perce war fame. He had secured consent from the mother, Him-ye-an-hi-hi, to photograph the children, Tox-e-lox and A-lom-pum. She had prepared the papooses for the event, and the artist had set his camera.

He had provided an extra plate holder, and, when the twins began to cry vigorously, after one plate had been exposed, he quickly placed the extra plate in the camera and "snapped" them as they were crying.

Peculiar interest attaches to these Indians twins, from the fact that they are the second pair ever born on the reservation, and the only pair now alive. Their being alive, too, many assert, is contrary to the dictates of Indian superstition, for it is commonly

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A CAYUSE TURKISH BATH.



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DR. WHIRLWIND, HEAD MEDICINE MAN OF THE WALLA WALLA TRIBE.

believed that Indians never permit twins to live. It is their belief that twins are signs of the displeasure of the Great Spirit, hence they are usually done away with as soon as born, helpless victims to the Indians' superstitious dread.

The older Indians say that a great many years ago, before the advent of the pale face, when the mountains were full of game, and the streams were full of fish, and the

native bunch-grass grew high knee all over the valleys and hills, affording food for thousands of hardy cayuse ponies, twin girl papooses were born to the tribe.

These were the daughters of Qui-a-misom-keen, Cougar Shirt, the chief of the Cayuse tribe. As the years passed these maidens grew more beautiful. Reaching womanhood their wondrous charms smote the young braves of the tribe, and there



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MISS SPRED-ITES, THE BELLE OF WISHRAM.

was keen rivalry among those who would win them for their wives.

So great was their beauty that their fame spread to the countries where other tribes lived and hunted, so that, finally, two dashing Bannocks came to visit the Cayuses here on the reservation. Their visit was under the guise of friendship; but, beneath their pleasant exterior, was a fierce and stern determination to carry these beautiful Indian maidens to the Bannock country and there to keep them. Watching their opportunity when the girls were away from the home tepee for a short distance, each of the young Bannocks seized one of the twins, swung them on their horses, and rode out of the village as fast as their hardy ponies could carry them.

Quickly the abduction was discovered, hastily a council of war was called, and two hundred warriors, headed by Cougar Shirt, were in hot pursuit. Near the summit of the Blue Mountains, with the Cayuses a few miles behind, the two young Bannocks came across a party of their own



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DUSK ON THE UMATILLA RESERVATION.



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A MEDICINE MAN OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER TRIBE.



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CHIEF SOM-KIN, CAPTAIN OF THE INDIAN POLICE, UMATILLA RESERVATION.

braves who were out hunting. The twins were transferred to fresh horses, and by a short cut through the mountains, Chief Cougar Shirt and the pursuing party were soon eluded and left behind.

The Bannock braves, with the captured maidens, in due time reached their home on Snake river. There was a joyous marriage ceremony, and the Cayuse maidens were joined in matrimony to the young Ban-

nocks who had stolen them from their native village.

In accordance with the Indian nature, and in compliance with the Indian conception of his duty, Chief Cougar Shirt registered a solemn vow to avenge the insult. Upon his return home he despatched runners to the Umatilla and Walla Walla tribes, bidding them come to a great council of war. Soon thereafter a great pow-wow



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PRINCESS ANNA KASHI-KASHI.

was held in the tepee of Chief Cougar Shirt, the chiefs and head men of the Walla Walla and Umatilla tribes agreeing to form an alliance against the Bannocks.

The Umatillas and Walla Wallas hastily returned to their homes to prepare for the war. In the meantime the Bannocks, learning that war had been declared against them by the allied tribes, at once took the war path, and in two days one thousand Bannock warriors, headed by the great war chief Egan, were marching toward the Columbia river.

There was not time for the Umatillas to reach the ground, the Cayuses being compelled to meet the foe alone. Their own force consisted of about seven hundred warriors, but they did not hesitate to face

the thousand braves who had come from the Bannock country under the leadership of Chief Egan. The two forces met where the town of Umatilla now stands. In the desperate battle which followed many were killed on each side, but the superior force of the Bannocks won the day.

Many of the Cayuse tribe were driven across the Cascade mountains to the west, and never returned to the Umatilla valley. They settled in the Willamette valley, where a remnant of them now live. They speak what is known as the old Cayuse language, this tongue having become extinct on the Umatilla reservation. McKay Creek Jim, the last Indian who could speak the old Cayuse tongue, died about nine years ago.



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SABINA MINTHAM AND HER BABY.



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CHIEF UME-SOM-KIN, OF THE CAYUSE TRIBE, AT HOME.

Tox-e-lox and A-lom-pum, the twin girl papooses, were born on How-tim-e-ne



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YAKIMA SALLY.

(McKay) creek, which flows through the southern boundary of the Umatilla reservation. The parents' names are Ha-hots-mox-mox (Yellow Grizzly Bear) and Him-ye-an-hi-hi (White Fawn). When Him-ye-an-hi-hi presented her lord with these twins, Ha-hots-mox-mox, subtle and cunning, wanted them to grow up and honor him in his old age. When it came to the ears of old Chief No Shirt (Si-ah-sum) that Him-ye-an-hi-hi had given birth to twin girls, an edict went forth that the ancient law of the tribe must be complied with, and the twins must die. But Ha-hots-mox-mox spread the impression among the tribesmen that the twins came as a good omen for the nation.

He was an orator of no mean parts, and induced the chief to assemble the tribe. The Cayuse Nation assembled at the principal lodge. That two human lives were at stake weighed not an iota with these Indian men. They must be reached through other arguments. The tribe's selfishness and superstition as personified



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FISH HAWK, THE HEAD WAR CHIEF OF THE CAYUSE TRIBE.

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SUNSET ON THE UMATILLA

700



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INDIAN RESERVATION.

U. S. F. M.



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CHIEF BILLY SKOM-SKEY PAYING OFF A COWBOY.



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CHIEF JOSEPH, THE GREATEST OF INDIAN MILITARY LEADERS.



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THE CAYUSE TWINS

MHOU



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AND THE CAMERA.



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SUMMER TEPEES ON THE UMATILLA RESERVATION.

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in the men, must be the means of saving the twins.

Ha-hots-mox-mox made a speech. He told the tribesmen how he had been away hunting deer on the Little Minem; how in the night, when his cuitan was grazing near by on the bunch-grass and he himself had laid down to rest, he had had a vision, and in the vision had been promised these twins who were to be the sign of good fortune to the whole tribe.

All Indian braves are believers in visions and Ha-hots-mox-mox's vision prevailed on the tribe council, and the twins lived.

Major Moorhouse's pictures need no word of commendation, as they speak for themselves. However, it is hard to refrain from calling particular attention to his wonderful portrait of Fish Hawk Head, war

chief of the Cayuse's; the curious pictures of the medicine men; the war chief on his pony at the side of a great stream; the artistic rendering of his picture of Tum-water Falls; the poetic groups of tepees in the vast rolling country of the Umatilla reservation, and the admirable portrait of Chief Joseph which was chosen by the Historical Society of Washington for reproduction on the monument erected last June to that greatest of Indian generals.

Major Moorhouse is doing a great work in his pictorial history of a vanishing race, and his thousands of photographs will preserve to future generations faithful records of a time that has gone by and of a picturesque people who are rapidly and irretrievably passing out of our national existence.—R. H. R.

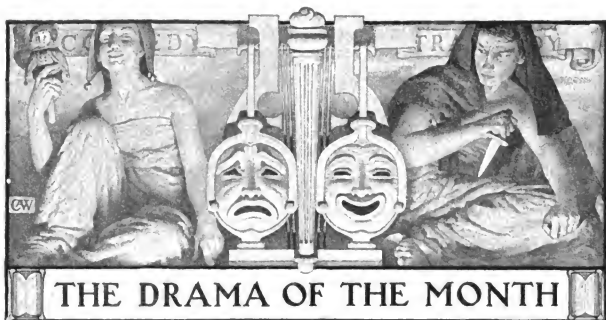
TREASURE

BY W. A. FRASER

A SUNBEAM, playing truant, hid in a maiden's hair;
And by alchemic magic bred gold and rubies there.
Men came to steal the rubies and lingered for the gold;
And Time, enchanted, loitered, and this maiden ne'er grew old.

AND YET

A sunbeam's but a sunbeam;
And a maiden's just a maid,
A love-dream's but a love dream;
And, awake, we're sore afraid.



An Appeal to Mr. Mansfield

BY JAMES HUNEKER

SOME years ago, perhaps ten, I gravely warned Mr. Richard Mansfield that if he did not mend his histrionic ways, his art was doomed to decay—or some such solemn adjuration. Richard, I said, your legs are not synchronous, your arms have the anxious rigidity of a Dutch windmill; your face, because of your myopia, is lacking in mobility. Furthermore, you play every part alike. You are always Richard Mansfield. Look to it, or else a decade hence, your name will be a mere will-o'-wisp in books of theatrical reminiscence. These were not the exact words but they convey the meaning. Now comes the strange part of my tale. As far as I know Mr. Mansfield did not even exclaim: "Pah! Another idiot!" Nor did he put upon me the Heligoland curse, that blasting spell of his own deadly brew, which has proved so efficacious during his career, as may be seen by the necrological list of certain critics, stage managers, stage carpenters, personal representatives, musicians and press agents with whom he came in contact. Not a response; not even a challenge to play, at sight, new piano music for four hands. Instead—and oh! how this rankles—instead, he has clung

closer than ever to his Mansfieldian mannerisms; has added many rôles to his already vast repertory; has steadily grown in popular and critical [Alas!] favor, and to-day is the accredited head of the stage in America. Now what, I earnestly demand, are you going to do with a man so deficient in humor, so lost to advice, so tactless as to turn his back on well meant words from a youthful critic. (I said ten years ago, remember!)

Some of my brethren in the House of Ink would have capitulated, would have commended Mr. Mansfield for his steady pursuance of an ideal, however misguided a one. Not I! His behavior is heart-breaking. And if he persists in his mistaken path, I shall not hesitate to deliver another critical pronouncement which may open his eyes before he reaches the pinnacle of American dramatic history. Oh, these actors who refuse to absorb critical wisdom! Ingrates! Why they are more obstinate than the managers who attempt to force down the unwilling maw of the public, a bad play. If ever I have the leisure I'll write a book about Mr. Mansfield and add injury to insult by dedicating it to him. It will be called "Der Fall Mansfield," which means, the horrid case of Richard.

But oh! Richard, oh! *Mon Roi!*—as the song has it—do, before you take that



RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "A PARISIAN ROMANCE."

final Curtius-like leap into the chasm of prosperous obscurity, do before you actually abdicate, play for our benefit one big modern rôle! You gave us two admirable presentations of Shaw's super-scoundrels; give us the real thing, give us an Ibsen play if you can, with your subtle, imaginative art galvanize such a clanking thing of bones and rattling rhetoric as Roger Chillingworth, think what you could do—perhaps, in the privacy of your study, have done—with such a tremendous character as Rosmersholm, the very Ham-

let of all dramatic clergymen! Welcome your cadenced step, all hail to your eloquent elbows, more power to your binocular glare—all these and other things would but go to swell the general chorus of your masterly interpretation. Masterly it would be—though I would probably be the first to fault it; but never mind that. Critics are but human, and our copy books say that to err is human. The main thing, *lieber* Mansfield, is for you to devote the last year of your artistic existence to the performance of notable modern plays, just



MARGUERITE CLARKE IN "HAPPYLAND."

to set a standard, just to show us, especially the doubting ones, how far superior is Ibsen to all his clattering crew of imitators, who are the "Shakescenes" and corrupters of the great original. Then we shall sing in our holy gratitude, *à la* "Tannhauser," "*O Kehr zurück du Kühner Sänger.*" And I sincerely promise never again to allude to those "mannerisms."

There is one shortcoming this rarely gifted artist has escaped, thanks to nature: a mediocre voice. His tones are sonorous, charged with color, thrilling in their eloquence. I recall his Brutus because of its vocal memories. It was a reading that set on edge the teeth of those who had seen Booth. And Booth's voice was an exquisite organ, in the baritone register of a tempered violoncello. But if Mansfield did not give us the accepted, the classic interpretation, we had the voice, and we had the sinister atmosphere with which he contrived to envelope the character. I confess, I felt the shudder, the *frisson*, so dear to the modern spirit; indeed, a persistent note of the modern spirit. It failed to appear in "Don Carlos," though there was plenty of power at the end of the fourth act. Mansfield's voice rang

out with all the passion of an avenging soul. It was superb. And in the first act there was expressed with an easy control of the dramatic gamut, love, scorn, wrath, sardonic humor. Oh, Mansfield has the full octave to his intellectual and emotional instrument. But I venture to suggest that "Don Carlos" is hardly in his key. The irritating side to this question is that he has been circling about, but not quite touching, the class of plays in which he would be pre-eminent. He is distinctly modern—pardon the abused word—yet he clings to the romantic style of fustian in which Irving excelled. Why not "The Bells" and be done with it Mr. Mansfield? It is a better play, antique melodrama as it is, than "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;" (Oh, abomination of desolation) or "The Parisian Romance"—in which you make Baron Chevalier too old, or—the list is long, superfluously long. After that scene, mag-



GEORGE M. COHAN AND ETHEL LEVY IN "GEORGE WASHINGTON, JR."

nificent in its intensity, in its delineation of an overwrought mind, which you showed us when Dostoevsky's "Crime and the Punishment" was adapted by Charles Henry Meltzer under the title of "Rodion, the Student;" after that episode of sustained horror and madness, the tortures of Mathias' conscience would be an easy adventure for your bold technique.

Schiller in English! No, certainly not in the botched, mutilated version presented by the Mansfield Company. Old-fashioned, Schiller may be; his action is not the rapid, miming of to-day's stage with its hustling, cross-fire dialogue, and its fatal lack of beauty or deep meanings. But Schiller is Schiller. He demands trained actors. He demands actors who can use their voices, who can speak with intelli-



FRITZ SCHUFF IN "MILK, MODISTE."



MARGARET WYCHERLY IN "SELF DEFENCE."

gence, and therefore he is seldom for the American theater. I have seen on the German boards some awful versions of "Don Carlos" and not a thousand miles from the Metropolitan Opera House. Notwithstanding the mediocrity of the performance, the ensemble hung together. In the otherwise excellent Mansfield Company, there was not good ensemble work. Mr. Mansfield was a towering peak of Darien; the others floundered in the sands, and through no fault of their own. They were one and all mis-cast—that is, mis-cast for Schiller.

Amidst the gloom of so many farces and comedies of the past season, there was at least one illuminating light. "Mr. Hopkinson," the three-act play of Mr. R. C. Carbon, which landed at one leap into the lap of prosperity and public favor. First at the Savoy and now at the Field's this delightful entertainment filled and fills the theater with hearty unaffected laughter. Like "Charlie's Aunt" it has genuine comic force, though the newer piece is fresher in conception and workmanship. The farce is mentioned first because it has been rather put in the shade by the personality of Mr. Dallas Welford, who plays the part of the little "bouncer,"



AIMÉE ANGELI WITH "WONDERLAND."

"Mr. Hopkinson." So completely does he fill the picture that his fellow performers and Mr. Carton have been rather overlooked. A neat farce-comedy, clean cut in its characterization, swift in movement, carrying no superfluous weight in the saddle of its incidents or plot, "Mr. Hopkinson," one is tempted to add, is all that a good farce should be and all that a bad one is not. There is no horse-play. The characters are sufficiently human to be recognized; the satire is stinging, but never oversteps the bounds of good taste and probability, while the fun and dialogue are witty. Mr. Carton is fond of his decadent aristocrats. He pins them, he labels them in his dramatic show case with the ardor of a born collector. And his barbed shafts never miss fire. The English company is a capital one. Like a well-oiled mechanism, its various members work for a com-

mon end. They play into each others hands with becoming artistic zeal and modesty. At times Mr. Lewis as the Earl of Addleton underscores too heavily his lines; he is a trifle given to outmoded comedy. But he is a decided factor in the general scheme. Mr. Stephenson is a latter day ducal personage who would please the heart of Henry James. He is real, so is his duchess, Miss Elinor Foster, a lady of presence, an actress of skill. Miss Olive Temple, Mr. Howard Sturge, Mr. Druce, Mr. Crawford are all satisfying in their allotted parts. In Miss Annie Hughes we encounter not only an artistic actress, but also an unusual personality. At first she evoked the image of Marie Tempest, but it was a passing resemblance. There is a sub-acid flavor to her work with an effacement of technical means which arouse in one an unusual interest. Prim, sarcastic, the very picture of a well-trained lady's maid Miss Hughes is transformed into a petticoated Nemesis, an avenging angel at the climax of the play. And she does it all with such unconscious ease yet with such deadly directness. Annie Hughes is worthier of a bigger part, though she does not slight any detail of this one. She



LILLIAN ENGLISH THE FAIRY GODMOTHER IN "THE BABS AND THE BARON."



A SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT OF "MR. HOPKINSON."

is a "young person" who formerly "kept company" with Samuel Hopkinson—a



CYRIL SCOTT, IN "THE PRINCE CHAP."

cockney, who steps out of a Phil May sketch. But he inherits a huge fortune and forgets his Eliza for the giddy fascinations of Lady Thyra Eggesby and the sacred "inner" circle of English aristocracy. Eliza never deserts him. As the sunflower is to the sun, as the magnetic needle to the pole, so Miss Dibbs follows the evolutions of her beloved Sammy. She has a heart and she is thrifty. When she calmly asks the astounded group in the last act what is to become of her in the general settling up, you feel as if in the presence of an immutable force of nature. So does Sammy. He actually gloats over the fact that he gets her and not the haughty Lady Thyra, and that between them they have outwitted the cold-blooded gang of high bred sharpers.

The praises of Dallas Welford have been variously sung, though not unduly. He is, with his peculiar individuality, his curious little person and his finished acting, that *rara avis*, a low comedian of the first rank. Nothing funnier has been seen in New York for years than this hitherto unknown English actor. A Tittlebat Titmouse of low social degree, he is a hundred times more real than Samuel Warren's



PAUL ORLENEFF IN "TEAR FEODORA."

famous hero, when transferred to the foot-lights. With consummate address he exposes the mean soul of Hopkinson, his base-born ideals, the frantic love of half-pence, for which he will uncomplainingly risk snubs and kicks. What Mr. Welford could do in another rôle is an ungraceful question; he is absolutely adequate as Mr. Hopkinson. The play ran two hundred nights in London. It ought to beat that record in America.

A success is "Brown of Harvard," in

which Mr. Harry Woodruff, not the play's the thing. Francis Wilson is himself again in "The Mountain Climber." Gustave Kerker, and Joseph Herbert are enjoyable in "The Social Whirl. "Gallops" proved to be good sport. Benjamin Chapin as "Lincoln" was positively uncanny in his evocation of the great dead. It is a remarkable assumption of an almost impossible character, dramatically speaking. Étienne Girardot proved to be equal to his old form in "Charlie's Aunt" and the revival was a success.

The wave of normality which swept over me last month has, as yet, shown no signs of receding. I am tired of purple cows with psychic freckles. I may end in admiring Sousa's music and Mr. Mansfield's mannerisms. I certainly smiled at Lawrence D'Orsay in "The Embassy Ball."



DAVID WARFIELD.





HILDA SPONG AND W. M. CRANE IN "AN AMERICAN LORD.

U of M



RUTH ST. DENIS IN HER FAMOUS INDIAN DANCE "THE SPIRIT OF INCENSE."

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ANNIE RUSSELL IN THE NEW PLAY "FRIEND HANNAH" TO BE PRODUCED IN THE FALL.



MISS OLIVE IN "MR. HOPKINSON."

M40U



MRS. LESLIE CARTER ON TOUR IN REPERTOIRE—"ADREA," "ZAZA," AND "DU BARRY."



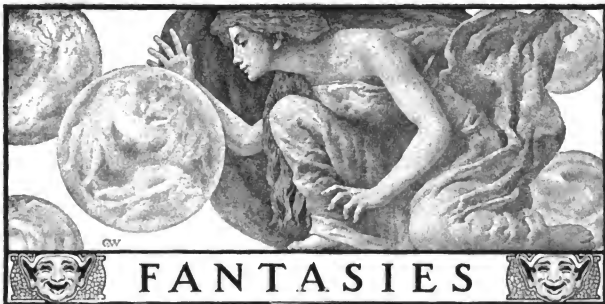
RUTH ST. DENIS IN HER NATIVE EAST-INDIAN DANCING COSTUME.



EDNA WALLACE HOPPER IN "THE HEART OF MARYLAND."



11705 BENJAMIN CHAPIN AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN "LINCOLN."



EQUATORIAL CURRENTS

BY WALLACE IRWIN

OH, I'm a truthful tar, I are,
As truthful as can be,
And this is me veracious story-ory-
oh:

I started from Madrid, I did,
Upon the open sea
A-sailing in a little dory-ory-oh.

The Ocean raised a rumpus,
I didn't have no cumpus,
The whirl-i-gigs began a-blowing-
owing-oh.

I luffed a-lea and larbor'
A-looking for a harbor;
But I didn't know whar I was go-
ing-oing-oh.

But when the storm it raised, I gazed
In wonder and surprise,
For I was on the great Equator-
ator-oh,
And as I whizzed around I found
A-passing 'fore me eyes
The beauties of that tropic natur-
atur-oh.

Past many palmy islands,
Past many balmy highlands
On that Equator belt a-sailing-ail-
ing-oh,

"Oh, can't somebody stop me?
Oh, won't this dory drop me?"
I yelled with courage almost failing-
ailing-oh.

Three times around the world I whirled
On that Equator zone,
Three times past tropic Zanzibar,
and then again!

The men of Borneo cried, "Oh!
He's going it alone!"
In Sulu they cried, "Here he comes
again, again!"

The constable of Jolo
Waved his official bolo
And hollered, "Ooolu-hoolu-berri-
erri-oh!"

(Which means, "You have a passion
For circumnavigation,—
Else why go round in such a hurry-
urry-oh?")

But South of Trinidad I had
A happy thought and threw
Me anchor on a promontory-ory-oh,
Which stopped me so abrup' I up
And on the zephyrs flew
Headforemost from me little dory-
ory-oh.

I fell just south o' Naples
Within a grove o' maples
A-hollering, "Sweet heaven pre-
serve us-erve us-oh!"

For, though I wasn't hurt, sir,
To take me just deserts, sir,
I was a little, trifle nervous-ervous-
oh.

A MODERN SYBARITE

BY NANNIE BYRD TURNER

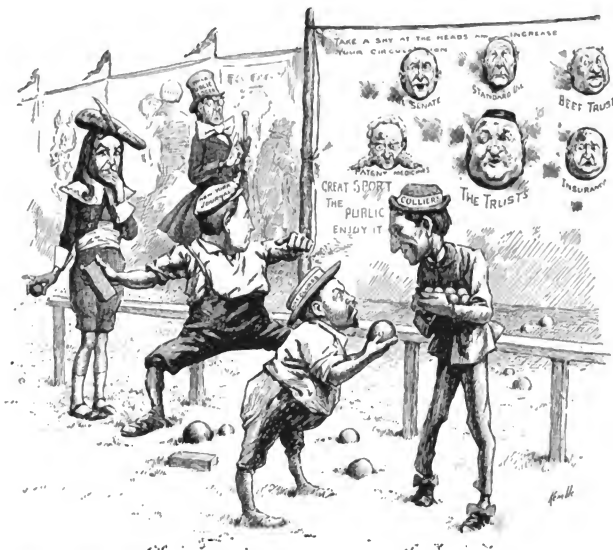
HISTORIANS in their records glance
 At ancients so fastidious
 That just the slightest circumstance
 Could make existence hideous
 Or otherwise; and cite as one
 Whose whole night's rest was troubled
 Because he chanced to lie upon
 A tiny rose-leaf doubled.

One time the stoic soul of me
 Regarded with derision
 Exquisite sensibility,
 Neurotic old patrician—
 But, ah, my Lady comes this way,
 And memory stays to rumple
 My whole existence, night and day,
 With rose-leaf lips a-crumple!

A TERRIFYING POSSIBILITY



(THE YOUNG BEAR up a tree and tauntingly): "Oh! Mr. Moose, do be careful not to catch cold. Just think how dreadful it would be if you were to sneeze."



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly.

"OUR NATIONAL SPORT."

"THE MUCK-RAKERS"

"What are the bugles blowing for?" said Lawson-on-Parade.

"To turn us out, to turn us out," D. Graham Phillips said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Lawson-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to hear," J. Lincoln Steffens said.

They're exposin' the exposers; it would make your hair turn gray

To reflect on what will come when they expose each expose,

When they find a newer frenzy or a treason every day—

They're exposin' the exposers in the mornin'.

"What makes Charles Russell breathe so 'ard?" asked Lawson-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," U. Jungle Sinclair said.

"What makes Miss Tarbell look so faint?" said Lawson-on-Parade.

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," S. Hopkins Adams said.

They're exposin' the exposers, they are callin' of 'em down,

They are huntin' of 'em hotly from New York to Packin'town,

They will chuck 'em in a lake o' ink an' let 'em swim or drown—

They're exposin' the exposers in the mornin'.

"I started all this bloomin' row," said Lawson-on-Parade.

"I think Miss Tarbell saw it first," Rex Beach rose up and said.

"What's all that noise that shakes the ground?" said Lawson-on-Parade.

"It's Teddy Roosevelt's muck-rake speech," a pale reformer said.

There exposin' the exposers, there is trouble in the air,

There are Folks and Hadleys coming from concealment everywhere,

And they'll all write stuff, and talk, too, when they've got the time to spare—

They're exposin' the exposers in the mornin'.

W. D. NESBIT.

—In the New York Times, April 17, 1906.

All Over This Wretched Country



¶ They are talking about "The Teasing of the Senate" articles by Goliath B. Flip. People who never died before are now dying to read the next article; thousands who can scarcely read are avidly devouring this great new magazine feature.

¶ Editors are writing about it and printing thousands of commendatory articles.

¶ Certainly it has stirred up the people, and in consequence we propose to give almost everything a thorough tongue-lashing during the coming year.

¶ The burning interest of all classes in "The Teasing of the Senate," and the fact that so much "stock" is being taken in it, is proof of the duplicity of the American mind and its readiness to grasp a new circulation boom.

¶ The July number of the Muckrake will deal with Norman of Nomansland, whose loyalty to the "interest" will be brought out in a conspicuous and characterful manner. Mr. Flip's pen is growing sharper as he proceeds, but he is more than ever impressed with the idea of giving the Senators perfect —— (justice).

¶ Norman's affiliations with the "interests" make even richer reading than the chapters on Depew and Aldrich. For one thing they are not so well known, and there is more of freshness and spontaneity in their treatment, as WE GOT HOLD OF HIM FIRST before he had been hounded to death by the newspapers.

¶ Get the great July number of the Muckrake. Don't miss a single chapter of this delightful and amazing true story of corruption, which, because of its daring and candor, is the greatest and most truly epochal and historical of any magazine series ever published. Your children will LOVE IT! Make little grafters of them all!

¶ The newsdealers are finding it hard to sell their customers the late numbers of the Muckrake. The demand for June is already very light and the indications are that the July issue will not sell at all unless YOU MAKE THEM BUY IT!!

The Teasing of the Senate

BY GOLIATH B. FLIP

"Teasing the United States Senate consists in writing Sensational articles about the Senators for purposes of magazine circulation."

—PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, Article III., Section 3.

"There's something rotten in Denmark."—HAMLET.

We were a little late in getting in our lick at Platt, Depew, Aldrich and Gorman, but we flatter ourselves that the delay has not been footless, as by a series of fortuitous circumstances we have been able to unearth the greatest rascal who has yet lent his name to the circulation booming of any magazine, and in the following pages he stands unmasked and unashamed before you.

THE HEAD OF IT ALL

Howe I. Gotrich, Senior Senator from Oklahoma

It makes little difference to us whether the statements we make in this article are true or not, as we can always retract, anything that we are forced to, in a foot-note in small type in the following issue—a reprisal which does us no harm and is, of course, too delayed and too obscure to be of the slightest assistance to the gentleman attacked.

It was the original purpose of this magazine to publish a series of optimistic articles on this great country of ours, its progress and its noble institutions, but after exhaustive research by our editors it was discovered that there was nothing good at present in existence, and therefore there was nothing to write about. A final and insuperable obstacle was also encountered in the fact that all of our best optimists are, at the moment, either in jail, or abroad where they cannot be examined, or in hiding in New Jersey, dodging subpoenas.

Therefore with considerable reluctance we were obliged to abandon our cheerful purpose and turn our attention again to the discards in the hope of digging out another scandal



GOTRICH AT CLOSE RANGE.

Here is the Archetypal Face of the Sleek, Self-satisfied American Opportunist in Politics and Plunder

It is the earnest purpose of this magazine to place a copy of each issue in the hands of every man, woman and child in these United States.

"EVERYBODY MUST KNOW HOW ROTTEN EVERYTHING IS"

is our motto, borrowed from an educational hint dropped by Mr. Ridgway of *Everybody's Magazine* in a recent speech in which he declared to his audience that they did not realize "how rotten everything is," and we do not propose to have the pages of this magazine prove an exception to this general ruling. If there is paper enough in this country



ONE OF THE SENATOR'S FAVORITE RECREATIONS.

to print the enormous edition required for the purpose, every Carnegie Library in the country shall have at least one copy of this magazine. We shall, at



SENATOR GOTRICH'S RESIDENCE (*Where did he get the money?*)

all costs, endeavor to counteract the pernicious influence exerted by one Edward J. Bok whose "Heart to Heart Talks," REACHING A MILLION HOMES, have lulled many a suspicious mind into a state of innocuous desuetude, and whose encour-

aging examples in the gentle pursuit of "How to Live on \$200 a Year," coupled with exalted standards of morality, peace and good-will, with malice toward none, has silenced many a promising young knocker at the very outset of his career and stilled many a voice that otherwise might have been raised in anger against the predatory speculations of pernicious politicians.

This is by no means intended to be a personal aspersion on Mr. Bok's character, for as Colonel Harvey has so justly remarked in *Harper's Bazaar*: "Let me but have the circulation of *The Ladies' Home Journal* and I care not who writes my editorials."

Give the Devil His Due!

The one bright and shining spot in the record of Senator Gotrich is furnished by his military career, when he and Colonel Mann marched at the head of their respective commands in an unsuccessful attempt to get shot for their country's good in 1861.

Our artist has so graphically portrayed the present surroundings of Senator Gotrich that our graft editor's task of painting him in his true colors has been greatly lightened by the dramatic force of these striking pictorial arraignments. Mere words seem almost superfluous. "Where did he get the



THE SENATOR AT THE HEAD OF HIS COMMAND.



THE FAMOUS COTTON SHIRT AND OTHER HOUSEHOLD ACQUISITIONS PRESENTED TO THE SENATOR BY HIS ADMIRING CONSTITUENTS.

money?" we hear the great chorus of our readers exclaim. Aye, where indeed! Look at the beautiful house in which the Senator now lives surrounded by every known luxury. Turn back with us for a few years and you will find that when the Senator was born he had no house of his own, but was obliged to live for a number of years with his father and mother, these worthy people supporting him entirely at their own expense, he personally having at that time **NO VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT.** Where then were his automobiles, his steam yachts and his blooded horses! Paraded in a plebeian perambulator pushed by hand he placidly contemplated the world that was to be his oyster. Who then could have seen in his simple life and simple tastes the gilded plutocratic patrician, whose Lucullan banquets were to be served on plates of gold wrung from the brows of the honest working men of this great country! (Applause.)

Who sent him to the Senate? His own folks, tired of having him around at home. The senators are not elected by the people; they are elected by the "interests." Interests is a vague word, but not too vague to be used in an article of this kind. And so at nine years of age Gotrich was definitely launched upon his career for the "interests," and was enrolled upon the roster of the "get rich quick" brotherhood.



SENATOR GOTRICH'S DAUGHTER AT HOME, SURROUNDED BY HER FAVORITE PIANOS.

Just after the eruption of Vesuvius, Senator Slapp called Howe I. Gotrich over to his seat, and said: "Howe, I hear you are thinking of resigning." Gotrich began to shift and fumble and hem and haw—to act as he has been acting ever since he was publicly disgraced. Slapp looked him coldly in the eye. "Howe," he said, "when ever are you going to grow up and stop being a — fool?" It was one of those rare moments of "supreme courage" when Slapp gives way to profanity. His colleague's part in the premeditated eruption of Vesuvius



SENATOR GOTRICH'S EXHIBIT IN HIS FAMOUS ATTACK ON PREPARED FOODS.

excited the contempt of his brass-plated soul.

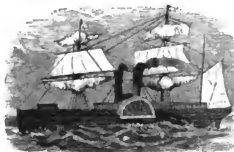
Our limited space this month compels us to pass Senator Gotrich up without further comment, but our readers may rest assured that we will make him the subject of a red,



SENATOR GOTRICH'S FAMOUS COLLECTION OF OBJECTS D'ART.

white and blue sermon before we are through with him. Remember that our best things are always in our next number, and by purchasing every copy of the magazine as it comes out, you will become possessed of the most modern and complete compendium of vicious vituperation yet devised. Nothing yet published in the English language can equal our insolent array of indiscriminate and incriminating invective.

IN order that the papers throughout the country may join the great muckrake movement, we have reproduced the following sample attack from the New York "Sun," which will serve as an admirable model for beginners in graft editorship. In fact, by substituting local names and addresses, the article may be used entire, practically as it stands, thus giving every paper in the country a chance to get in the exposure game and boom its circulation at the expense of the "Interests."



SENATOR GOTTRICH'S YACHT THE "SWAG."

THE SHAME OF THE ALDERMAN IF YOU WANT EXPOSURES PRE- PARE TO READ THEM NOW

IT IS DESIGNED ABOVE ALL TO MAKE
THESE ARTICLES PERFECTLY ACCU-
RATE AND AS OFTEN
AS THREE DOZEN
MISSTATEMENTS
ACCUMULATE COR-
RECTIONS WILL BE
MADE

[Correction.—In the preliminary article in this series on the Shame of the Board of Aldermen the statement was made that the member from the Seventy-ninth Aldermanic district broke into a bathhouse at Coney Island and stole a suit of clothes with a watch, some valuable jewelry and a pocket-book containing \$17 and a hat and pair of shoes. We have since ascertained that this was untrue and that the gentleman referred to is above reproach. It is requested that any other publication which may have reprinted such statement will publish this correction, as we wish to be fair and just and accurate throughout this series. The subject of the next article will be the Exempt Firemen.]

It is open treason now; methods by which millions are stolen from the people every Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock are flouted before the public with such shameless effrontery that the most hardened critics in the Aldermanic Exposers' Gallery wince

and with motionless fingers numbed by very shame write and write and write the nauseating story.

The evidence of the treason is even creeping into the public records of the board. I asked the sergeant-at-arms at a recent session for a printed rollcall of the board. The public, fools and dupes that they are, should understand that this rollcall is printed in three columns—first the names of the traitors, the looters who steal billions at 1:30 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon; in the second column are their residences or home addresses, and in the third column is their list of business addresses. Very good in theory, and as the people of this city (the sucked lemons) intended that

it should be. But what are the facts? Let us have the facts, even if the people, the credulous dummies, are blind to them. At the very head of this telltale list is the name of McGowan, the president. His residence is listed as 224 East Twelfth street, and his business address as printed on the rollcall

is the same—224 East Twelfth Street. What does that mean? What do the people, the silly asses, do about it? Nothing. Would they vote for McGowan tomorrow? Probably. And the "Interests" would cut another notch in the great



THE SENATOR'S STABLES AND HIS FAMOUS \$10,000
BLUE-RIBBON WINNERS.



SCENE AT THE TERMINAL OF THE NORTHEAST AND SOUTH-
WESTERN THE MORNING AFTER THE EXPOSE OF
SENATOR GOTTRICH'S CONNECTION WITH
THE GREAT RAILROAD STEAL.

cruel knife handle of the cutlery trust upon which the babes of the masses are being impaled every Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. Treason! It's a hard word, but Treason!

If confronted with the damning evidence of the printed rollcall the traitors would probably sneer and laugh cynically. But let us assume that some new member, some one with at least one arm still free from the tentacles of the "Interests," might try to explain it away by saying that there had been a typographical error. Well, then, let us see. Let us look further down that list, to the name of Philip Harnischfeger of The Bronx—home address 1360 Washington Avenue, business address 1360 Washington Avenue. And this man represents the teeming thousands of The Bronx. Does the public need more?

Alderman Brown from the Twenty-ninth. (Here we find a new manifestation of the power of the Interests.) Brown's business is given at 18 Wall Street. That is but two minutes' walk from the office of August Belmont. Where does Brown live? At 44 West Forty-fourth Street, only two blocks from an express station on August Belmont's subway. And yet the public is blind. Suppose the welfare of the public demanded the closing up of the express station altogether or the filling in of the subway. Can there be any doubt as to how Alderman Brown would vote on that question? But this man has the effrontery to go to his business every day, to go to the Board of Alderman every Tuesday with head erect. And they say, "Oh, well, he's all right."

Take Kenneally from the Eighteenth.

He lives where? At 643 East Seventeenth Street. The Board's own records show it. His home is by the banks of the East River, where in the hot, tenant-killing summer he may watch the ships pass by and enjoy the life-giving breezes from the sea. How



SENATOR GOTRICH'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER AT THE HOUSE OF SENATOR CLARKE.

about his constituents, fools and moles. They see that home by the river built up with the spokes from the very wheels of the pushcarts of the people, and when Kenneally passes by they crowd about to get a nod.*



SENATOR AND MRS. GOTRICH AT HOME.

There's treason in their very feet. The soles of their shoes are the willing instruments of the interests. Let us trace the ramifications of the Varnish Trust. Look down with me for a moment from the Exposers' Gallery upon that sodden crew. They

are tipped back in their chairs and the feet from every district are on the desks scraping the varnish from the chamber furniture of the credulous people. Can we blame the traitors? Not altogether. Each man knows that if at the end of the season his desk did not need revarnishing he would appeal to his constituents in vain for reelection.

Would any Alderman care to tell his mother how he voted yesterday on Special Order 16, introductory number 382, which required a four-fifths vote? That is a matter which cannot be taken up in detail even in this article, no matter how fearless we are striving to be. But the reader is referred to page 1141 of the minutes of March 27, 1906, made special order for



SENATOR GOTRICH TAKES A HURRIED LUNCHEON AT THE SENATE RESTAURANT.

* [Mr. Editor, please insert here a picture of Kenneally's house, with a dollar mark for a knocker on the front door. My own idea.]

April 3, 1906, at 2 P.M. How did they vote on that? Let the people take up the cry, let the voters demand of their representatives how they voted on Special Order 16!

The board almost blundered yesterday when Alderman Peters introduced a resolution to build a municipal ice plant and thus relieve the people from "climatic conditions and monopoly extortion." But, ah, the wily agent of the Climate Trust was there and the resolution, at his dictation, was withdrawn and emasculated by leaving out the unforeseen attack upon "climatic conditions." Who consented to that? Why ask? They are all guilty. Let us ask instead who compelled that change. Who is this secret emissary of Willis Moore who, with a nod here, a threat yonder, a cigar there, can so change legislation that the Climate Trust escapes without a jar and the people are shamelessly exploited? It is rather late in the day now to ask. The barometer has fluctuated for a decade. The people submit, Willis Moore grins in his brutal strength and our traitors throw up their breastworks of ill-gotten gold to protect "climate conditions."

Why was Timothy P. Sullivan in Hot Springs, Va., when that ice plant resolution was introduced?

Even memory is ravished and thrown upon the heap of sacrifices to the "Interests." Not directly, it is true, but by the wicked exploitation of the forgetfulness of

the working people. We have already called attention to the fact that Alderman Brown lives but two blocks from a subway express station. What do we find next? The cobra of monopoly draws itself above ground every

Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock to take toll from the people and then draws its slimy length along the surface lines. It was only yesterday that it crushed this sop which had been thrown to the people in a spirit of brutal playfulness.

Whereas the Metropolitan Street Railway Company has recently put into effect an order directing their conductors to refuse to give passengers a transfer unless same is demanded at the time of payment of fare, and

Whereas this rule results in hardship upon the poor as well as the rich passenger who, through a slight forgetfulness, is mulcted by this monopoly, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Corporation Counsel be requested to give this board his opinion regarding the legality of the above-mentioned rule, and his advice as to how the rule can be rescinded.

Peters introduced that; Peters who wears the silk hat and frock coat. What did he wear thirty-five years ago?

[Erratum.—In the last article it was stated by an inadvertence that the member from the Ninety-fourth district accepted a bribe of \$10,000 for his vote in the great side-walk show case permit scandal. He was overheard to say that he'd almost be willing to give \$10,000 to see a good horse race. Unfortunately he was misquoted.]

N. Y. Sun, April 4, 1906.



THE SENATOR DRIVING DOWN CONNECTICUT AVENUE ON HIS WAY TO THE CAPITOL.



MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER POSING FOR HIS LATEST PICTURE FOR THE MUCKRAKE MAGAZINE.

N. B.—Mr. Rockefeller is not mentioned in this article, but the Muckraker would not care to be the first magazine to omit his picture in an article of this nature.



CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES OF SENATOR GOTRICH IN HIS FAMOUS SPEECH ON THE PANAMA HAT SCANDAL.

SPECIAL SUMMER FICTION NUMBER
JULY 1906

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Worm

THE RIDING GIRL.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV

JULY, 1906

NUMBER IV



A CAPE BUFFALO BULL.

THE LAND OF THE BUFFALO AND LION

BY STANLEY P. HYATT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



As the white races spread over the globe, colonizing, civilizing, reducing everything to the same dead level of dulness, preaching the gospel of the commonplace, gradually, though surely, destroying the last traces of romance which yet survive in a weary and prosaic

world—so the field, still open to the big game hunter, becomes smaller and smaller. In turn, each of the waste spaces of the earth is being invaded by the ever-encroaching army of civilization; and, in the same measure, the wild animals which once inhabited those countries are disappearing. Whole species have thus been annihilated—sometimes before the destroyers themselves have suspected the completeness with which they



A RHODESIAN LION.

have done their deadly work. The stately bison in North America was virtually

did intervene on his behalf, the total numbers remaining could be counted by units,



A HEAVY LOAD

extinct before the majority of the nation was aware that he was even threatened with extermination; and when, at last, the law

instead of, as formerly, by tens of thousands. In South Africa, the quagga, most beautiful of all the equine tribe, was completely wiped out of existence by the Boer hunters, who destroyed thousands in mere wantonness, simply for the pleasure of killing. The same fate befell that ungainly creature, the swart wildebeeste, the white-tailed gnu of the naturalists, at the hands of the same race, which, with the unthinking improvidence that characterizes so many of its acts, thus deprived itself of an important source of food supply. The swart wildebeestes were shot down solely for the sake of



A RHINOCEROS.

their livers and their long white tails, the latter being highly prized as fly whisks by the Boers. The enormous herds which once inhabited the high plateau of the Transvaal disappeared as completely as the quagga had done; and to-day, with the exception of one or two in parks or zoological gardens, there is not a single specimen left.

The Dark Continent, as a whole, has always been justly regarded as the finest shooting-ground in the world. The home of the elephant, the giraffe, the rhinoceros, the Cape buffalo, the lion and the hippopotamus, it can furnish a larger variety of great game than all the other continents together.

Its antelopes alone were once enough to place it in the front rank; and though these



A WART-HOG.

were terribly reduced in numbers by that awful cattle-scurge, the rinderpest, which,

ten years ago, swept like a cyclone through the continent, those which remain are still sufficient in themselves to justify many a

Southern Rhodesia, there are still large herds running in the low bush-veldt on the border of Portuguese East Africa. No one



A BLUE WILDFEESTE COW.

district being described as a sportsman's Paradise.

The great territory which Cecil Rhodes added to the British Empire, and which now bears his name, has always been famous for the shooting to be obtained within its borders. True, the total amount of game in it to-day is small compared with that of fifteen years ago, prior to the coming of the Chartered Company. The advance of the white man—the building of railroads, the development of mines and agriculture—has, naturally, driven the wild animals out of many districts, while the rinderpest played havoc among the buffalo and antelope; but in its vast area there are still great tracts of veldt where the game is almost as plentiful as it was in the days of Livingstone or Gordon Cumming.

Of the great game, as distinguished from the "big game," the elephant takes first rank by reason of his size. Although practically unknown now on the high plateaux of

ever interferes with them. In the winter they retreat to the densest jungle, where it is impossible to approach them unheard; and in summer they go down to the great mud-flats which border the Sabi River, where they are almost as safe as in the jungle; for no white man would venture into that deadly valley at that season of the year, when the ground is a vast marsh in which breed millions of mosquitoes, the air quivering with the stifling, exhausting heat and heavy with the reek of putrid vegetation, while the constant torrential rains are in themselves enough to render life a veritable misery. The local natives, on their part, never try to hunt the elephant. They regard him, not as game, but as a M'Tagati, the incarnation of an evil spirit, and consequently do their utmost to avoid him. In Northern Rhodesia, on the other hand, there are yet plenty of elephant to be found, living in more reasonably situated districts.

The immense size of the great pachyderm,

his acute sense of smell and hearing, coupled with the smallness of his brain, the only really vulnerable spot, combine to render him one of the most dangerous of game; but, none the less, the hunter who wishes to put his own nerve to the most severe test possible had better leave the elephant and go in search of the Cape buffalo. The latter is the real king of the forest; the much-vaunted lion is a fool beside him, a low coward. A man may have shot lions without feeling a tremor, and yet lose his coolness when he sees a buffalo preparing for a charge. The bulk of the creature, the enormous mass of frontal bone which protects his head, even from nickel-plated bullets, his ferocity, cunning and agility, place him in a class by himself; for no other beast possesses such a combination of offensive and defensive qual-

away, then double round, pick up the track of the hunter who is following him, and charge from behind; or, hidden in some clump of bush, he may await his pursuer, and rush out on him as he passes.

The buffalo, however, is doomed. The nations have proclaimed him a nuisance, and ere many years are past he will be found only on reservations, where small herds will be preserved as specimens. No animal suffered more heavily than he from the rinderpest. Whole tracts, once the feeding-grounds of tens of thousands, were denuded by the scourge. These districts had formerly been infested with the tsetse-fly, the deadly little insect which destroys all domesticated animals; but when the buffalo had gone, the fly disappeared also; and further investigation showed that there



A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

ities. An unwounded buffalo will often attack a man on sight; while one which has been hit, but not disabled, becomes a veritable incarnation of vindictiveness. Sometimes he will come thundering down immediately after being touched by the bullet; but more often he will pretend to run

was some intimate connection between the two. So the great beasts were sentenced to extinction; their name was removed from the list of game animals for whom a close season is provided; and they are now classed among the vermin which may be destroyed wherever and whenever found. But it is

often easier to pronounce a sentence than to carry it into effect. The buffalo loves the thickly wooded, low-lying, swampy country, where few white men ever go; and it will be some years before the king of the African forests meets the fate of his distant cousin, the American bison.

The natives place the lion next in rank to the buffalo; but hate him more bitterly, because he is more often in evidence. The buffalo has his own haunts; and, if undisturbed, he leaves others alone. The lion is ubiquitous: his domain is the entire country. The attitude of the white man is somewhat similar to that of the native. The king of beasts as described in books is a fine animal—ferocious, certainly, but none the less noble. The king of beasts as he exists in fact is an unmitigated nuisance. The stock owner loathes him for the havoc he causes among the herds, and even more for

where game is easily obtainable, and make a considerable stay there; but their real home is the whole veldt. They may kill a donkey in one village to-night, and to-morrow catch a water-buck forty miles away. If the lion only slew as much as he could eat, he would be less hateful; but he will often kill four or five oxen, and content himself with devouring the entrails of one. He is a low, crafty brute, one that takes no risks; for, unlike the leopard, he will never leap a wall unless he can see what is on the other side. A paper fence would keep him away from a herd of oxen, provided the latter themselves did not break out, through terror of his growling and his smell.

The lion's roar is the subject of another fiction; not that he is incapable of making the most terrible, awe-inspiring sound emitted by any living thing, but because when he is roaring he is harmless. It is the lion



AN ELEPHANT COW

the endless anxiety his very presence in the country entails. There is no security against him. He is always traveling; and though there are certain districts which can truthfully be described as lion-infested, the lion's lair itself is a fiction of the story-books. A pair of lions may find a spot

which keeps quiet that is to be feared; for, as a rule, the male and female work in couples, and the one that makes the noise is merely driving the game down the wind to the silent partner. The lion's method of killing, too, is misunderstood. The strength of his jaw, terrible though it is, is as nothing

compared to the force of his blows. With one stroke of his paw he can break the back of a bullock as he springs over it; and the

beasts. The natives say that the man who would kill lions must be continually glancing behind him; that when he sees a man



AN ELAND BULL.

writer has seen a native with his head and neck literally telescoped by one of these awful downward pats.

Generally speaking, the Rhodesian lion is not a man-eater. A small variety, found in the Zambesi valley, sometimes combines into packs from eight to twelve in number, and raids the native villages; but the ordinary species, the great tawny lion, never eats human flesh, save under compulsion, when he has become too old and stiff to catch wild game. Then he begins to haunt the water-holes and mealie-lands round the villages, and snaps up unprotected women and children; but his career as a devourer of human flesh is generally short; for the fact of his having acquired the habit proves that he has lost his agility, and he is therefore easily killed.

The hunter who goes out with the intention of shooting lions will probably return a disappointed man. No animal is more difficult to find than the pseudo king of

approaching, the lion lies flat on the ground with his face down between his fore-paws, and not until the intruder is well past does he raise his head and look at the retreating figure. An able-bodied Rhodesian lion will always avoid a man, if possible; and only when he is wounded will he turn on his pursuer. Probably, if statistics were available, it would be found that ninety-five per cent. of the white men killed by these brutes met their fate while foolishly following up one which they had hit. In a single respect only does the lion deserve his name of "king of beasts"—on the score of strength he is certainly the first. He can drag a large bullock over rough ground with the greatest ease, while he can carry a mule on his back after hoisting it there by some strange sideways jerk of his head. He can leap a five-foot fence with a full-sized donkey gripped in his mouth. Otherwise, speaking from a seven-years' experience in lion country, the writer has no hesitation in



A KREEDUCK BULL.

describing the king of beasts as a fraud—at least so far as his alleged nobility is concerned. His regal attributes lose some of their glamour when one learns that the so-called monarch frequently lives for days at a time on such plebeian food as field rats; and the vision of the kingly creature sitting patiently on a flat rock, waiting for the rodents to come out from underneath, is a rather unheroic one. But then the lion of the books and the lion of fact are two very different beasts.

Besides the lion, Rhodesia also possesses an unpleasantly varied selection of minor beasts of prey. The hyena—the foul-smelling creature with the harsh, rasping voice—which the natives not unnaturally imagine to be the horse of the Evil Spirit, is omnipresent. There is no getting rid of him. You may shoot one, and three more immediately come to eat the carcass. He is, in a sense, the satellite of the lion; for he follows up the latter, and, with his mill-like jaws crunches up the bones which the

larger animal is unable to crack. He is a slinking, cowardly, treacherous pest, with not one redeeming quality; for, even when he is killed, his skin is valueless.

The jackal is harmless, except among the hen-roosts; and though his mournful, wailing note is apt to be annoying, no man in his senses would dream of wasting ammunition on this unhappy-looking scavenger. The wildcats, of whom there is a seemingly endless variety, are more troublesome; and though they

are but seldom shot, the natives manage to trap a considerable number. The leopard is common throughout Rhodesia, and, like the lion, is a source of continual worry to stock-owners. He is, however, an easy beast to kill, for he lacks both the cunning and the swiftness of his bigger relative; al-



A STEINBUCK RAM.

though, perhaps, he has more courage than the latter, while his ability to climb enables him to enter places which are safe against the other.

The buffalo, elephant, and lion do not complete the list of the great game of Rhodesia; for within its borders can also be found the giraffe, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus. The two former are growing very rare now, which, in the case of the rhinoceros, is a rather fortunate thing, for this ungainly, purblind creature—which can only see clearly some thirty yards, yet has keener organs of scent and hearing than any other animal—is always a danger to the hunter, if only from its cheerful habit of charging blindly through the camp at night. The hippopotamus, that other weird survival from the antediluvian age, is still to be found in all the large rivers and marshes. But regarded from a sportsman's point of view, as a game animal, the hippo is a failure; for, though his great bulk and thick hide make him difficult to kill, unless hit in his one vulnerable point, behind the ear,



A KOODOO BULL.

the famous "sjamboks" of the Boers, while the thick layer of fat with which he is coated is much prized for cooking purposes; his feet, too, make a dish which, for delicacy of flavor and nutritious qualities, is probably unequalled.

The term "big game," as distinct from great game, includes all the larger buck or antelope. Of these Rhodesia possesses an unequalled collection. First in rank comes

the eland, a beautiful creature, which often scales more than a large ox, and one that is easily killed on account of its slow, lumbering gait. On some of the large open flats in the neighborhood of the Limpopo the old Boer hunters used to chase the eland on horseback, and, as they drew alongside the exhausted animal, stab him behind the shoulder with a native spear. The koodoo, once the most common of all the large buck, were nearly exterminated by the rinderpest, and in 1897



A ZEBRA.

there is little danger or excitement attendant on the chase. From a commercial standpoint, however, he is worth slaying, his skin being valuable for whips and walking-sticks,

thousands of their beautiful horns could be picked up on the veldt, but since then their numbers have increased again, and to-day they can be found wherever there

are steep, wooded kopjes with sheltered, grassy valleys in between. The stately roan antelope is seldom seen far away from the gray, dreary mopani veldt; but his close relative, the ferocious-looking sable, is common all over the country, and one can seldom tramp many miles in a game

swiftest and most ungainly of all buck. They can usually be seen in the neighborhood of the innumerable huge anthills, on the top of which a bull is always stationed as sentinel; consequently it is a difficult matter to secure a specimen, except with a running shot. Their cousins, the Lichtenstein harte-



AN ELEPHANT.

district without having a vision of the great black and white bodies thundering through the bush, and finally disappearing in a thick cloud of dust. The sable are usually found in troops, varying from ten to fifty in number; but those with the finest heads always run singly, owing to the fact that, after they reach a certain length, the backward curve of the horns is so great that they become useless for fighting purposes, and consequently the owner is ejected from the herd by the younger bulls.

The water-buck loves the dry, leafless bush on the banks of the great sand-rivers. The coloring of his body blends with that of his surroundings in an extraordinary manner; and it is no uncommon thing for even an expert native shooting-boy to pass within a few score yards of a troop, and not see it until the animals break away. A curious peculiarity of the water-buck is that the cows, which have no horns, only keep company with the bulls for a month or two during the year; and it is probably for this reason that the lions succeed in killing more of them than of any other species of big game.

On the high veldt one finds the tsesebe,

beeste, are, on the other hand, extremely easy to shoot, on account of the insane curiosity they exhibit with regard to the hunter. It was a similar inquisitiveness on the part of the swart wildebeeste which enabled the Boers to exterminate the whole species in the course of a few years. The other gnu, the blue wildebeeste, is still very plentiful in certain districts of Rhodesia, being generally found in company with the zebra, who also shows a great partiality for the society of the roan antelope. The true sportsman leaves the zebra alone, for, when dead, he is quite valueless, except as meat for natives. It might be thought that these strongly-marked creatures would be very noticeable on the veldt; but, as a matter of fact, the reverse is the case. A few hundred yards off, the black and white stripes seem to coalesce into a gray blur which is almost indistinguishable; and, even when close, standing among the bush he loves, the zebra is extraordinarily hard to make out.

Nature has provided for the safety of the denizens of the veldt to the best of her ability. The roan antelope loves the gray bush with the general coloring of which his coat blends perfectly; the tsesebe finds no cover

on the open high veldt on which he lives, but has a wonderful fleetness to make up for this disadvantage; the impala, a bright reddish brown buck, runs only on the red sandy ground; the yellow reedbuck has his home among the tall, dry grass; the little klipspringer changes in coloring from greenish-brown to yellow as the leaves on the kopjes undergo a similar change; and so on. Only the sable antelope seems unprovided for, his great black body and white undersides being visible anywhere; but the hunter soon learns that this magnificent creature is compensated for his appearance by a keenness of hearing and scent which render him more difficult of approach than any other game, excepting, of course, that curious monstrosity, the rhinoceros.

The list of the smaller buck in the Chartered territory is a long one. The impala, the rooibok of the Dutch, abound in the bush veldt. The reed-buck, duiker, steinbuck, bush-buck, grysbok, can be found everywhere; while among the granite kopjes are thousands of the dainty little klipspringers, the chamois of South Africa.

There is a peculiar fascination about hunting on the frontiers of civilization in Africa, a joyous sense of freedom which one never seems to feel so strongly elsewhere. The unconventionality of the life, the knowledge that beyond you there is nothing but savagery, that you are far away from the lies and shams of civilization, face to face with the crude realities of life, a primitive man amid primitive conditions, holding your position among the natives by the force of your own character, not by the support of a distant and little-heeded government. There are things on the veldt one never forgets, memories which remain, clamorous and insistent, even after the lapse of years. The creaking of the wagon as it jolts over the rough track; the swaying forms of the patient, tired oxen seen dimly in the moonlight during the long evening trek; the sharp purposeful crack of the giraffe-hide whips; the hoarse cries of the Kaffir drivers; the vicious note of the rifle; the dull thud of the bullet striking flesh; the savage shout of exultation from the natives as the buck falls; the smell of the fresh



A WATERBUCK BULL.

In addition to these, wild pigs, wart-hogs—most hideous of created things—ant-bears, and various weird varieties of the badger tribe, can be found by those who care to search for them. In the native fields are thousands of guinea-fowl; while partridges and quail can be heard, if not seen, in every part of the veldt.

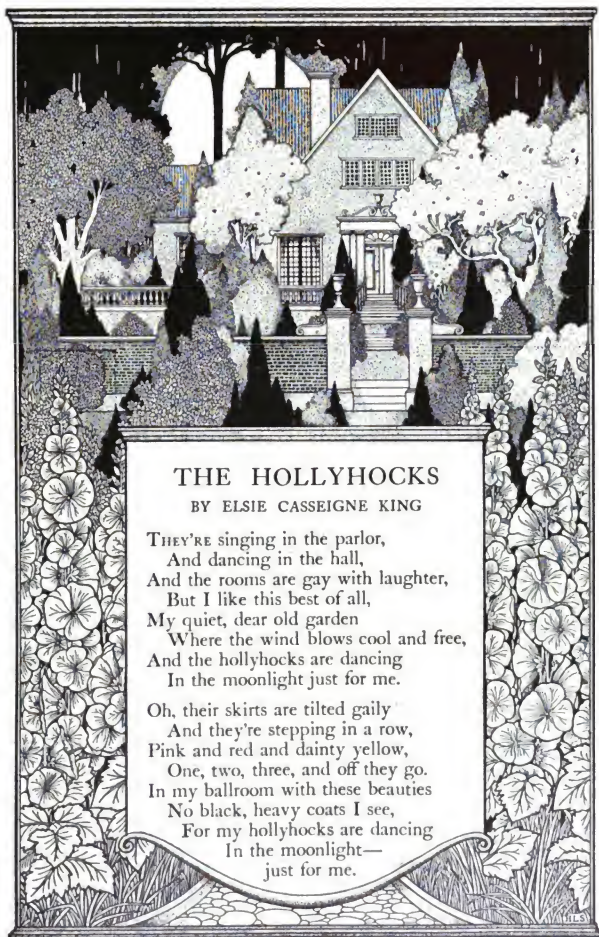
blood; the long rides through the silent bush; the nights by the blazing camp fire; the growling of a lion in the next valley mingling fitfully with the snarl of a hyena just outside the circle of firelight; the picturesque squalor of the native villages, the drums, the rattles, the dance, the shrill tones of the women rising above the deep

gutturals of the men; the voice of the guinea-fowl saluting the dawn with harsh, grating persistence; the anxious note of the wild-geese calling to an absent mate; the acrid smoke of the cow-dung fire on the high veldt where the wood is scarce; the sickening delays on the banks of the flooded rivers; the glad freshness of the morning air; the days when you went wet and hungry, and the days of plenty—what man who has known all these can ever forget them, or ever think of them without wishing himself back once more among the old familiar scenes? Those who have really heard

the veldt calling will hear it always. Other recollections may grow dim, or fade away entirely, new ideals and ambitions take the place of those of earlier days, but he who has once come to know the veldt, as the hunter must know it, can never be quite the same man again. He may leave it forever, shake its dust from his feet; but, every now and then, even among the most prosaic surroundings, all the old memories will surge up anew, and he will—if he be a true man—think gratefully and longingly of the days he spent in that distant southern land.



HOME FROM THE GAME VELD.



THE HOLLYHOCKS

BY ELSIE CASSEIGNE KING

THEY'RE singing in the parlor,
And dancing in the hall,
And the rooms are gay with laughter,
But I like this best of all,
My quiet, dear old garden
Where the wind blows cool and free,
And the hollyhocks are dancing
In the moonlight just for me.

Oh, their skirts are tilted gaily
And they're stepping in a row,
Pink and red and dainty yellow,
One, two, three, and off they go.
In my ballroom with these beauties
No black, heavy coats I see,
For my hollyhocks are dancing
In the moonlight—
just for me.

JOHN BARNETT, PROFESSOR OF ARCHÆOLOGY

BY CLARENCE EDWARD MULFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

The following story was awarded one of the prizes in THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE'S \$2,500.00 short-story contest.



THE blazing July sun made the rails glisten as they stretched away from the station at Three Fingers, the heat giving one the impression that they were racing towards the cool of the mountains that lay to the west. The wavy heat that rose from the plain looked like the shimmering air that streams up from a cauldron, and the desolate vastness of the alkali curse lay awesome over all.

Three Fingers, a city, as it was fondly called by its meager population, boasted of a depot, a dance hall, a general store, two saloons, and two through trails, one of which came in from Arizona; the other from Mexico.

The noises were not of business. Far off across the gray plain, lost in innumerable sage bushes, the howl of a coyote dissipated itself in the nothingness of its surroundings; a cracked piano burst forth in tinkly, discordant spurts, and the interrupted calling of a faro dealer oozed out of the "Golden Scepter" saloon. The muffled galloping of a horse, followed by a shot, split the silence, a hubbub followed, and all was still.

One morning a whistle sounded, tempered by distance and the flatness of the country, and in a short time a train approached in a leisurely way. With a groaning of couplings and shrieking of brakes it came to a stand, the panting engine exuding heat and the odor of oil, its nervous airbrakes complaining of a stop in such a place when the cool mountains were farther on.

As the train stopped, a man, nervous,

small in stature, and with the complexion of things which grow where the rays of the sun do not penetrate, stepped from the combined baggage and smoking car and, looking carefully around, sauntered over to the deceiving shade of the station.

The agent, returning from his trip to the engine cab, glanced at the traveler, nodded, and passed into his office, from which he emerged a minute later, and, rounding the corner, called out: "Howdy, stranger. How's things in God's land?"

The stranger started and looked away. "If you refer to the east, it is the same as ever," he replied, and after a pause added: "Have you seen a tall, light complected, well proportioned stranger around here lately?"

"No-o, I don't think so," responded the agent.

Neither had seen the man who had slipped from the front platform of the baggage car and who was safe in a saloon before the train pulled out.

A look of fear settled upon the stranger's face as he wondered if he had eluded his pursuer and how he could hide his own presence in Three Fingers if he had not. An inspiration struck him: "Mr. —"

"Thompson, Bill Thompson," confidently supplied the agent.

"Mr. Thompson, my name is John Barnett, and I am the professor of archæology in an eastern college. I am out here at no small inconvenience to myself and expense to my college to secure if possible a complete set of maps and data, together with weapons and a little pottery, of a cliff city that is rumored located in this vicinity.

"This has long been my cherished field.

All my energies have been spent in the study of this race, and now, a man well past middle age, weak and sickly, I am here. My future depends on my success. If I can go back with all that I believe I can find if left undisturbed in my work, I will become famous and my old age will be provided for. It is a very serious matter to me, I can assure you, Mr. Thompson.

"I have told you this because I am going to ask you to assist me by evading any questions that may be asked you as to my being here. I do not ask you to lie, only to evade. The man I spoke to you about is my rival, rich, strong and healthy, having everything I lack. Will you help me in this matter? All I want is fair play, and with this assistance to make up for life's handicap let the best man win."

"Mr. Barnett, I'll do what you want an' I'll do some on my own hook, too. I got a room in that there depot an' I got a broncho outen th' shack there, an' all yu got to do is straddle th' ornery cuss an' go any place yu want.

"I'm worse than a homesick pup out here by my lonesome. Yu see, I was a cow puncher afore I tackled poundin' th' key, an' I don't see the boys very much. Of course, they sure call around some, but it's when I'm poundin' my ear mostly an' then th' first thing I goes for is my gun. They sometimes shoots th' depot up a whole lot from over th' tracks. So I was sort of figurin' that yu'd be more homelike right here by me than over at th' hotel yonder. An' seein' as I got a spare bed, as mother used to say, I'd be a whole lot tickled if yu'd bunk with me. Yu got to reckon on th' tenderfoot proposition too. Th' boys ud have more fun out o' yu than they'd get out o' a stampede.

"I c'n put yu onto a whole shebang full o' those mud jars. Yu see my pre-de-cessor was a locoed sort o' animule an' had th' mud jar tremens fit to kill. When he tried to draw quicker'n Piute Jack, he left a nice herd o' those afore-said jars. Some are a-runnin' on four hoofs yet an' yu c'n corral all yu want.

"But yu c'n bet yu'r last biled shirt agin th' whereabouts o' a frisky flea that yu don't want to go moseyin' 'round them there cliff joints promiscuous like, for they're as full o' trouble as a cockeyed 'Pache lookin' for glory. Yu trail along by my signs an' yu'll live a whole lot longer, savvy?

"Yu prospeck them holes like this, Picket right here. Git to work thinkin' what yu'd like to strike an' put it down as if yu'd struck it. Make th' maps out o' yu'r mind an' if they asks yu for pictures show 'em yu'r machine. Yu c'n smash it easy.

"That there canyon is a stacked deck. There's a whole lot more chancet o' cashin' in over there than over to Spotted Dog on a Sunday. Yes sir-e-e. One man passed so fast he didn't have time to ask Old Peter for a pass to th' Happy Huntin' Ground, he didn't. Anyhow, yu spot where them hole-in-th'-walls are so yu c'n ride th' other way."

Barnett looked at him reproachfully.

"Thank you, my friend, I will indeed be pleased to stay with you, for I frankly admit that I have no desire to become acquainted with the hotel accommodations of Three Fingers. As to my attempting to enter the cliff city, you must not try to deter me. I appreciate your reasons, but the journey was too fatiguing and costly to shirk any dangers that may arise.

"The maps, data, and photographs are the most important, for the college has quite a complete collection of pottery and skulls, and if I were to give much time to pottery I would be slighting more important things, and furthermore, I am sure that I can make valuable selections from the collection of your predecessor, for a man who cared for that sort of thing would know a valuable specimen when he saw one, and I am almost positive that I will make valuable finds among them. As it is, I will attract no unnecessary attention and be thankful that this city has no newspaper.

"But you mentioned the fact that a man lost his life in an attempt to enter the dwellings. Will you tell me how and when it occurred and who the man was? Do you know his motive? As I am going to make the same attempt all the information that you can give me will be of value."

"Well," replied Thompson, "I guess yu'r right about seein' it through, an' what yu said about them pots is O.K., too. Th' chap that cashed in was a tenderfoot, o' course. He was plum loco about a machine like yu'r'n. Nothin'd do for him but to git some pictures o' that hole, because nobody had none. Yu see one o' th' boys told him about it an' re-marked that it was a hole that'd never git its picture took. Well, say, mister man went plum off'n his feed when he heard that an' sure 'nuff piked off th'

next day to corral some. We all told him that th' cards was stacked agin him, but we never thought o' th' real danger. Th' boys cotted to him for his sand an' three of 'em went along with him, he supplying a plenty o' firewater. Say, th' irrigator that that tenderfoot toted with him sure took th' cake, an' him a-spoilin' it chasin' it down with water!

"Well, they located th' joint all O. K., an' let him down with a lariat rope. All to onct he yelled like all get out an' they pulled him up. He passed pretty sudden. Th' west wall o' th' canyon gets sunny an' all warmed up in th' afternoon. Th' rattlers come out to sun themselves. He went bumpin' down th' side pushin' himself off from th' wall with his hands, an' th' snakes got mad at bein' disturbed an' filled him with a-plenty o' poison. They buried him on th' way back, he swelled so."

"Well, Mr. Thompson, I am going to try it, but long before the sun gets very warm, and I am going to wrap a blanket around me, wear gauntlets, and drop a net over my hat to my shoulders. How much of a drop is it to the opening?"

"It's about two an' a half lariats. That makes about a hundred feet. An' it's a couple a-hundred from th' hole to th' bottom o' th' canyon, too."

"If yu play th' blanket game, I reckon yu won't get hurt, but yu better tote a pole along to push off'n th' wall with. Yu got to take my repeater an' th' six-shooter with yu an' a bottle o' red-eye for bites. That's a bully scheme about gittin' there ahead o' th' sun. Blamed if I don't think yu'll make her all right. Better take some o' th' boys along to pull yu up, too."

"No, my friend, I have had too much experience in climbing to need assistance of that kind, and as to the revolver, I have one," drawing a small, pearl-handled revolver of the bull-dog type in confirmation of his words.

Thompson stared at it a few seconds and then reached over and took it. He weighed it critically, looked at the bore and the small, short barrel and a grin flickered across his face.

"Yu don't call that a gun, do yu? Why, man, that's a death warrant. Yu can't hit a saloon at twenty paces with that there toy. Here," drawing his own long-barrelled revolver, "is a gun! This here baby c'n shoot when th' man that's a-holding it is

worth a gun. Th' barrel is about seven inches long, I reckons, an' she throws a whole plenty o' lead. She's a Colt, she is, an' that says a whole lot. Have yu got a rifle, too?"

Laughing at the inference in his last question, he disappeared into the office, returning shortly with a Winchester repeating rifle of the 1886 model, which he proceeded to clean and oil, though it needed neither.

"I'll just look her over an' see that she's all here. She holds 'leven shots when she's full up. She shoots a long way, too."

The hours passed slowly and the crimson sunset flared up into the sky and began to fade into the long twilight. One by one the reddish-yellow lights began to show in the windows across the tracks. The penetrating silence fell on the town. The mournful howl of a coyote quavered from the dusty sage brush and occasionally the hum of voices, indistinct and muffled, and the tinkle of the cracked piano wandered feebly across the sandy plaza.

The two men sat and smoked, the intermittent glow of their pipes growing fainter and fainter as the ashes deepened, until the only light was that of the stars. They were discussing the morrow's trip and perfecting their plans.

A man silently flitted into the shadows of the building, lingered awhile, and as silently flitted away and entered the office of the hotel, where he sat and smoked, listening to the stories that passed around until he and the night clerk were left alone.

He was a man; every inch told of strength and agility, his six feet of manhood so well proportioned as to make him appear shorter. A well formed head, capped with brown hair, sat on a corded neck of bronze. His eyes were a mild blue and continually half closed, but nothing occurred in his vicinity that he did not know of. He sat facing a mirror either by accident or intent, so that the space behind his back was covered by his eyes. His clothing was a conventional suit of blue serge, from under the coat of which protruded the tip of a silver-studded holster.

As the clock struck two he quietly arose, nodded to the clerk, and went out. Soon the diminishing gallop of a horse was heard and the tired clerk, deprived of his companion, went to sleep.

Meanwhile, the agent and his scientific

guest sat lost in their reveries and the professor began to feel secure.

A whistle sounded remote and low. Thompson went out along the track and polished up the switch lights, gazed long into the darkness of the east, and returned to his chair.

The rails clicked, tuning up from nothing to a clear, distinct sound and finally a light, circling off on the desert, showed where the "Southern Arrow" was making up lost time. Another whistle, now a shriek, caused several doors to open and a few heads emerged to see it pass.

With a rush and roar, a blaze of light lit up the immediate darkness and the rear lights careened off towards Arizona, lighting up the track litter that chased them.

"Twenty minutes late an' goin' like hell," volunteered Thompson. "God help her if she hits cattle to-night!"

After an interval he added, "I've seen that there streak go by here so hang'd fast that I've mixed up her headlight with her tailenders. Bob MacCullough runs her on this stretch an' there ain't a happier man when he leaves th' cab than his fireman. Bob played out two last month. She waters about fifty miles farther on."

Finally, with a yawn, Thompson arose, kicked his chair against the wall of the depot, stretched and said: "Yu better turn in now. It's past nine an' yu got a hard day's work ahead o' yu. I'll get a rope an' fix things up an' call yu at two-thirty. Take the bed, for I always use th' bunk. I'll tell yu about that bed some time. So long."

At half past two Thompson called the sleepy tenderfoot and saddled the horse while Barnett ate his breakfast.

As he finished eating Thompson was fastening the lunch and a coil of carefully knotted rope to the rawhide strings of the saddle.

Barnett mounted and took the rifle, which he slung over his shoulder, and strapping the Colt around his waist, listened to the agent's instructions.

"Th' Mexican trail's out there about five minutes' gallop," indicating it with a sweep of his hand, "and when yu hits it go south for about an hour. Yu'll find a big boulder that splits the trail. That's where yu strike west. After while another trail'll cross yu. Follow that over th' bed o' th' creek. There ain't no water there now, so yu won't have no trouble gittin' acrost th'

ford. Pike along 'till yu gits to th' top an' then go south agin. 'Twon't be long 'till yu comes to an arroyo. Th' town ain't fur from that. Don't git too hot-footed 'round that there canyon. Take it easy like an' yu'll not git in so much trouble. Well, good luck. Here! Hold up a minute! I ain't got th' blanket on."

As Thompson came into sight with the blanket and the archæologist's valise, Barnett asked him to get a crowbar, adding that he would probably need it.

When all was secured to the agent's satisfaction, Barnett cheerily bade his big-hearted friend good-by and galloped off. His mount found the trail in the darkness more by instinct than by sight, and soon the lights of the station were left far behind.

An hour before him rode another horseman. It was the man in the blue serge suit, but on the lapel of his coat there was now a gold badge, and as the light increased the hoof-prints of his horse showed plainly in the sand of the trail.

Barnett did not notice these tell-tale marks, and if he had, he would have thought nothing of them for the trail was a well used one, and many horses might have passed that way. Had Thompson been with him, the fresh made tracks would have made him cautious, but to city bred eyes they told nothing. And besides, the danger that Barnett feared, he thought to be behind. His very soul quivered with elation, for the unbounded plain was the personification of freedom, and to him freedom meant a great deal.

As the sun rose he was crossing the canyon. When he had crossed the arroyo he began to look searchingly at the rocks on both sides of the chasm.

Finding the one for which he was looking he dismounted and, taking his horse in between two towering boulders where it was hid from sight, unsnapped the bridle rein and fastened one end of it to a cactus stump. When he was satisfied that it was securely tied, he took the rifle and came out cautiously to reconnoiter. Seeing nothing to cause him apprehension and not dreaming that he formed the target for a revolver that never missed not over fifty feet away, he returned to his mount and reappeared with all of his pack but the olanket.

Without hesitation he walked over to a large, flat, oblong stone and, sweeping away

the sand on it, uncovered a cross deeply cut in its surface.

Placing the crowbar under one edge, he managed to move it after repeated efforts. As it slid back it revealed an irregular opening that was about two feet across at its widest part, and from which a burst of foul air issued, soon, however, followed by fresh.

"Not much fear of snakes in that hole," he chuckled, as he lowered his valise into it with the rope that Thompson had sat up late to sleepily and laboriously knot.

At the thought of the agent working on it, he laughed aloud. In that laugh, however, an interested observer noticed a certain tenseness that told of an insistent fear and of nerves strained to the point of collapse. Indeed, the echo, rebounding from the opposite wall of the canyon, startled him so that he dropped the rope, which slid towards the hole until arrested by a fallen cactus, and, seizing the rifle, peered, panic stricken, about him.

Reassured by the oppressive silence, he hid the weapon under the edge of a rock and, taking a small lantern that he had brought in his valise and tying it to his belt, descended into the shaft, this being comparatively easy on account of the notches that he found cut into the wall.

Five minutes passed and a man in a blue serge suit, whose eyes were now fully opened, came out from behind a mass of boulders and dead cactus. He hid the rifle again under a cactus that had fallen some distance from the shaft and, hastily twirling the cylinder of his revolver to make sure that it was in perfect working order, swiftly and silently entered after Barnett.

Reaching the bottom, Barnett glanced up. Seeing nothing but a piece of blue sky as large as his hat, he untied the valise and, drawing the revolver, strode down the sloping passage. He seemed to have been there before from the way he passed other openings without the least hesitation. After making several turns, he at last came to a deep cut, whose sides were perpendicular and that could have stopped an army had its opposite bank been defended. It was the old defense of the passage, and all the diverging passages that he had passed were only blind alleys to confuse a foe.

Below him, ensconced in a mighty fissure, lay an ancient city. Dim in the early light, almost dark in fact, silent as a tomb and with its terraced houses of stone and sun-

dried brick, it seemed to be of another world. It was hard to realize that in this mighty catacomb, a race had lived and died; that its lofty roof had rung to the noises of peace and war, and that in those narrow streets a people had thronged where now was seen no living thing.

Directly across from him Barnett saw a building more massive than the rest. It was of three stories, each smaller than the one below it, and with many loopholes in its walls. The lower story had no openings, save one that was just large enough to admit a man if he entered on his hands and knees. This structure was the citadel, and in it was that for which he had come.

Barnett had paused at the sight, even though it had not changed since he had seen it last, and in his mind, asleep or awake, he had pictured it many times as he now saw it.

Turning quickly he glanced up the passage. It was very dim and besides, he was too slow. Had he turned more quickly, he might have seen a figure flattening itself against the wall where it was lost in the irregularities of the stone and the darkest parts of the shadows.

A sigh of relief escaped him and, reaching up, he pulled on a chain that lay hidden in a groove in the wall. A plank slowly lowered itself and bridged the fosse.

He smiled sadly as he recalled how he and the others had placed it there. He thought of the time that Harris had excitedly burst into the room where he and the rest had met to make their plans, and announced that he had learned from the whiskey-soaked lips of an Indian of a place where no one would ever think of looking for them. He produced a crude map and a note-book and in a short time it was decided to look into the matter, and if the place existed and was as represented to accept his find as the safest place to work. They had journeyed south to the canyon separately, and near the end of an exhausting search under the hot sun, had stumbled on it as they were leaving in disgust.

Returning to Phoenix they had purchased an outfit and installed it after a trying journey across the alkali plains. They had gone back to Phoenix to lay in a supply of provisions, and as the toast to success was being tossed, Connor, of the Secret Service, surrounded them with his deputies and captured them all. There were enough old

crimes fastened to them to send them up. Wilson received twenty years, Harris got eighteen, Johnson had twelve years and died in prison, and he himself had received fifteen.

He shook the reverie from him and crossed the plank, entering the inclosure that inclosed the citadel. Before crawling through the low door, he glanced up the passage once more and, sure of his safety as he was, all of his fears crowded upon him, for Connor was a man to be feared more when one felt safe than at any other time. He trembled with fear and joy—fear of Connor and that the things for which he was there might be spoiled or gone, and joy at having come so far in safety. The excitement that took hold of him blanched his face and there was a peculiar elation that weakened him.

Dropping on all fours, he crawled into the building and went up the ladder that led to the third floor, where he saw a bulky object covered with canvas. Tearing this off he uncovered a printing press as free from rust as the day they had set it up, for the dry air allowed none to form. In a box beneath it was a complete set of forms. Taking several cans of ink from his valise, together with an oil can, he proceeded to oil the press.

He found several bundles of paper in a recess of the machine. This paper was prepared by a chemist who was among the best in his profession, and the silk threads were so perfectly inserted as to defy all but the most expert. Johnson was the one who made it and could have made a fortune in legitimate work.

As he did these things he was becoming more nervous each minute, and realizing at last that the most important part of the whole process had been strangely forgotten in his feverish haste, he hurried to a corner of the room and frantically tore at the stones in the floor.

He shook so with many emotions that he had to cease. Fear at the loss or injury of the precious articles ran through him like fire. Cold sweat rolled from him and he thought he would choke.

Summoning all his will power he calmed himself and soon had a stone loosened and up. He tossed it aside and brought forth a packet well wrapped in many folds of oiled silk and rubber. Unrolling these he came upon two smaller packets similarly wrapped.

Removing the silk and rubber from each, two dies came into sight.

Hastily examining them, he placed them on the floor and danced with joy. They were safe and uninjured! All his term he had thought of them so—the click of the wheels of the train on the rails had driven it into his soul.

They were his alone! He had to share it with no one! He must work hard and fast and then cross the Rio Grande and once in Mexico he could send them into the United States with ease.

He turned to the bundles of paper he had found and counted them, finding five. Opening one of these he found five smaller ones. In one of these he found many smaller packets, each encircled by a white silk strip, on which was printed "100." There were twenty silk strips.

"One hundred to a ribbon and twenty ribbons makes two thousand to each small package," he muttered, "and five of these to each of the five large bundles makes twenty-five. Twenty-five times two thousand is fifty thousand. Not much danger of my working in my old age."

He rewrapped all but one of the ribboned packets, and turned to the dies. After wiping them carefully he placed them in the press. Working for a while, he put in a slip and worked as long again over it. Finally he removed the slip and, waiting for it to dry, warmed it on his naked calf, all the time rubbing it with tobacco-stained hands to age it. The gloss wore off and the slip had become as perfect a counterfeit of a slightly worn twenty-dollar bill as had ever been made.

As he turned to the door to go down to the better light where he could examine it to greater advantage, he looked into the muzzle of a Colt's 44, and an even voice broke the silence.

"Come, Perkins, though you probably prefer Barnett, the government wants those dies even more than it wants you, and I think it will have both. There is no use to struggle—you know me too well for that, so the best thing for you to do is to put the dardies on," tossing him a pair of handcuffs.

"If you hadn't been so eager to get out of that tunnel, you could have potted me with the greatest ease as I came down and no one would have been any the wiser. Well—your mistake was my salvation and it certainly is too late now.

"I see that you have still got that gift of scientific lying—that child cow-puncher at the station will feel like a plugged cent, or a counterfeit bill, which is more pertinent just now."

Barnett was dazed. It was so unexpected, it had happened so quick, and he had felt so safe that he was in no way prepared for it; and fifteen years in the penitentiary had not improved his nerves any, and especially when confronted by the man who had sent him there. Those mild blue eyes, mild but at the same time deadly, and the unwavering muzzle of the silver-mounted revolver showed him that he could do nothing.

"My God! It is Connor!"

That cry told all. In no manner was Barnett able to cope with him. He bowed his head and the bill dropped from his nerveless fingers. He mechanically picked up the bracelets and snapped them on. His spirit, so long weakened, was broken. A sob shook him, but he controlled himself a little and said nothing.

Connor disarmed him, picked up the bill, and writing the word "COUNTERFEIT" across the face and back with a fountain pen, slipped it into his pocket. He detached the plates from the press and, wiping them off, fired a shot into the face of each, thus ruining forever the delicate lines, for fear that somehow he might lose them and some one else profit by it. Taking up the valise and placing the dies in it, he ordered Barnett to move.

As Barnett emerged from the mouth of the shaft he thought of the rifle, but his fear of the man who followed made him pause. It was too late then and, indeed, he could not have found the weapon, although he did not know it.

Connor stepped out and walked over to the cactus, where he uncovered the gun to the astonishment of his prisoner, who lost all hope of escape when he saw that. He was no match for Connor in any way and he knew it.

Slipping a lariat over the head of Barnett's horse, Connor led it to where his own was picketed and, ordering Barnett to mount, sprang into the saddle and started back to Three Fingers.

As Thompson was filling his lamps that afternoon he happened to glance out

towards the trail. Dropping oil, lamps and everything, he drew his revolver and started out to where two riders, a large and a small man, the horse of the latter roped to that of the former, were trotting towards the station.

Before he had come within the range of his revolver, the sun sent the glitter of a badge to his eye and he stopped and stared.

Before he could shout, the muzzle of his own rifle swung up and covered him.

"Drop your shooting-iron, agent," called out the big man.

He didn't heed the command, but clung to it and shouted, "Damn yu, who are yu? What's up?"

"Connor, of the Secret Service, and you'll be up if you don't house that gun quick."

Thompson noticed the handcuffs then, and did so, striding out to meet them.

Barnett could not look at him.

Connor, still holding the rifle at a handy angle, spoke for him.

"This is Mr. Thomas W. Perkins, known for the time being as John Barnett, professor of archæology, though even a polished liar sometimes makes a mistake—it should have been ethnology, who is the last of an old gang of counterfeiters. He has just served a fifteen year term and has successfully earned another. You will please flag the Southern Arrow for us to-night and we will bother you no more."

Thompson swore softly and nodded, adding shame-facedly, "Don't forget to leave that Winchester an' th' Colt. I lent them to a scientific cuss—well, he's a real live scientific liar o' th' XXX brand. An' for God's sake keep it quiet. If th' boys ever get onto this I'll have to stand treat for a month."

Taking Barnett to the station, where he watched him all the rest of the time, Connor related all the incidents and the history of the case to the agent, and showed him the exhibits; namely, the dies and the plates.

"By the way, agent, I brought your blanket along—it's out in the shack."

"No wonder he wasn't 'fraid o' snakes. Thompson, yu ass, yu're a damn fool," sadly murmured the agent to himself.

As the rear lights of the express wobbled off into the darkness that night, a crest-fallen cowboy-operator stood squarely in the center of the track, with his hands on his hips, and swore.



H. C. Kelly

THE GIRL GRADUATE.

"—OH, BE WISER THOU!
INSTRUCTED THAT TRUE KNOWLEDGE LEADS TO LOVE."

—William Wordsworth.

THE AMERICAN CLUB WOMAN

BY A CHINESE GENTLEMAN



THE American nation began life in 1776. America was discovered by the Anglo-Saxons about 1300. China knew of its existence several thousand years before.

The civilization of the American is so recent that it really is a thing of yesterday, and when the men of Germany, France, England and all Europe were barbarians, dressed in skins, killing their food with clubs, China was a great civilized nation, with a literature, an art and many sciences. Cathay was well known to the men of medieval Europe as the land of wonderful civilization. Where were the Americans in the year 1200? In that year Persia sought out the astronomers and doctors of medicine and engineers of China.

Two thousand years before Christ, China had a written language, and we have the records of the reign of Gaou (2556 B.C.) showing a cultivation so perfect at that time it is evident that thousands of years before the Christian era—when all Europe was a forest and man possibly a debased cannibal—China, Cathay or *Kitai* was in possession of all that makes a civilized race, and was a great nation.

I repeat these facts, well known to every schoolboy in China, to emphasize the ignorance of Americans, whose land was owned by the Indians, whom they robbed in 1492 and the following years.

At almost every function I have attended I am looked upon as a "heathen," as a sort of a child grown up, as a representative of a land that is robbed with ignorance compared to America.

Among the many invitations I have received was one to meet some "club women." The club woman is an American product. It is now fashionable to belong to clubs, hence as a rule the clubs are made up of:

First. Women who wish to attain notoriety. They find in the club an opportunity to read original papers, poems and verses—as the members have rules by which they agree to listen to the literary productions of fellow members.

There is no escape. The reader or speaker is gratified and the tortured listener is repaid by the knowledge that she will have an opportunity to also read; revenge must be sweet to these club women.

Second. Women who by this way in, cease their acquaintance.

Third. Women who dislike household work.

Fourth. Women who really and honestly believe they are contributing to human knowledge and happiness by reading papers and poems on all cognate and possible subjects.

There are clubs for all purposes. Thus women join forces and form a club—to study the mental development of the child.

At the meetings you will hear profound dissertations upon the subject by women who have never borne children. I have seen a book on "The Infant, How to Bring It Up," by a spinster.

Almost every city in the American Union has a Shakespeare Club, but you never hear Shakespeare discussed. Then there is the Mothers' Club. One I attended was addressed by a woman who had never been a mother; at least, she was addressed as Miss Doctor—. The members did not see the joke that was evident to the "heathen Chinese" present. The audience was made up of mothers and they "took it all in." It was unprejudiced testimony. The lovers of some poet, as Browning, will have their club, and there is a club for every possible subject under the sun; and I am not doing them an injustice when I say that in the majority of instances the mental pabulum is equal to the occasion.

I was the invited guest at one of these

clubs, and requested to speak on the effect of Christianity upon the Chinese. I fancy my friends will not ask me to speak to them again on this subject at least.

I began by telling them that China had an estimated population of 400,000,000 men, women and children, and that I had arrived at the years of discretion, but personally had never heard of divorce in China. I had secured some divorce statistics from American authorities, and if I did not prove to these ladies that marriage was a failure in America—I, at least, made them think.

I explained to them that we in China considered it somewhat singular that a nation should send so many men and women to convert China when they had so lamentable a state of affairs at home.

I showed them that many of the uprisings in China were entirely due to the missionaries, and assured them that I was going to use all my influence when I returned to China to induce our government to send missionaries to the United States.

I explained that the main difference between our religion and theirs was in detail. We believe in the dictates of good as expressed by Christians, and we had their doctrines long before Christ was born.

If the Christian religion is so perfect, how is it that crime is so rampant in every nook and corner of your land? I asked. You profess to believe that we are doomed to perdition. How about your criminals, divorce, murder, theft? All are rampant in every part of America.

To reach China the American missionaries had to pass through 600,000 prostitutes, and 1,000,000 half as bad.

There are 500,000 divorced women in America—for cause; there are almost as many men—for causes equally gross.

The number of murders in the United States in five years equals that of China in twenty, while in all the history of savage China I challenged the ladies to find a single case of women outraged in civilized communities or men habitually burned at the stake.

I had the account of the burning in my hand where the white people of a town carried off the charred bones, hair and finger-nails and pieces of rope as souvenirs of the occasion, and I offered the president of the club a donation of \$5,000 if she

would find a single instance of anything in China to compare to it in horror.

I charged them with sending teachers to us who were needed at home, and I advised them with all good nature to investigate the Chinese people before they came to the conclusion that a civilization of thousands of years needed "saving" by Americans at least.

This woman's club had little to say when I concluded, and I understood later that they considered me extremely bigoted and impertinent.

It is considered an impertinence in America to differ with a lady.

There were some clever women in the club. After it was all over a very charming—indeed, beautiful—matron (for a club woman) approached me and said:

"—, will you be offended if I speak very plainly to you?"

"Madam," I replied, "nothing you could say would offend me—it would be impossible."

"Then frankly," she said, "I think you are a fraud. You pretend to be dignified, expressionless, but I know you are laughing at us, at our peculiarities, our weaknesses. Don't deny it."

I did not deny it; and I became very well acquainted with this charming woman, who happened to be the only one I met in all America who took me seriously and penetrated my real thoughts regarding the Americans.

She told me it was impossible for the average American to look upon me as a man with a mind, on the same plane as that of their brightest men. To them I was a pagan, a heathen, an unbeliever.

"Do you know, —," she said, "I am, as an American church woman, ashamed of some of the men and women we send out to China? We don't send the best always, and I see the funny side of it just as you do."

I laughed—I don't know that I ever laughed before—as I generally put on an expression which I must have obtained from my Stoic ancestors. I heard my expression described as "wooden," and I said to this lady: "Madam, how would you feel if a very ignorant, uncultivated, Cantonese Chinaman of the vegetable seller class should come and settle in your city and insist on converting you to Confucianism, denouncing Christianity? You

would laugh—yes”—so we both laughed together. I wish I could convey to you the charm of these American women. The attention this woman paid me certainly could not be due to my personality—no, no. She was making a subtle attempt to convert me by pretending to agree with me—what wit, what cleverness!

I feel that I am inadequate to the task of giving you an idea of this class of American society. They were of the middle class, yet some of their leaders and members were to be met in general society regularly.

I was asked a thousand times if something could not be done to mitigate the hard lot of Chinese women. I always replied by saying that I had always wished that I might do something to mitigate the terrible lives of the American women—the scores of families packed in tenement houses in great cities, who work like slaves and have no future.

It is singular that the Americans do not suspect that we too have different classes—rich, poor, criminal, and all the rest; but they seem to “lump” all Chinese women in one class, as a crushed race, with bound feet, bought and sold as slaves, stupefied with opium, yet the Americans virtually sell their daughters. The European marriages of American girls to titled adventurers is a cause of laughter to foreigners, and it is said that a duke could take his pick of the flower of the American flock; but I do not believe this, though I doubt if an English duke came hunting for a wife he would be allowed to go home single.

There are hundreds of millionaires in America, without social standing of any kind, who are willing to buy it in the European matrimonial market.

In London in 18— I was a guest of Lord —, and one day at dinner sat beside Lady —. I happened to know that her father had been a barkeeper in a mining camp, and that he had absolutely no social standing in the large city in which she made her home.

I knew that when she married her multi-millionaire father assumed all the debts of her husband, and gave them an income that a prince would have considered liberal, yet this newly made society woman had the audacity to accuse my nation of permitting the sale of wives. There have been times when in my heart I felt malignant toward these people, whose ignorance

was gross; yet a gentleman would not, of course, make an exhibition of himself—but the temptation was strong.

I often feel that the American is the cheapest of “snobs,” yet he has many splendid qualities of heart and mind. I usually pacify myself by remembering that all peoples are peculiar. It is well to keep in mind your own weaknesses.

To illustrate a social incongruity, Mr. A—, rich and influential, a power in the world of finance, is himself rather crude and his wife lamentably so.

His daughters are educated like princesses, have all the polish and culture possible. The contrast was great. In their city these young ladies were not received in the best society, and they moved to another, doubtless mortified. It was so here; the old and best faction would not receive them, and they were obliged to go abroad, where one married a man with the rank of a prince of the realm, which gave her rank at once in Europe. What would be their position should they return to Washington?

I was told by an American that people would “fall over themselves” doing them honor, but I can hardly believe this; the real American “society woman” of the inner class never forgets herself, as her position is founded on birth.

What constitutes the real “*crème de la crème*” of society? I asked a lady in Washington.

“Society” in America is now well understood,” replied this lady, who had the charm of manner possessed by the best class of Americans. “If you wish to know who constitutes the most select circles of to-day I shall have to refer you to Mrs. George Washington’s calling list—the ladies who were her friends and social equals in New York and Boston, Philadelphia and other continental cities. They constituted the so-called “400” of those days and their descendants are the “400” of to-day.”

I pay my “heathen” homage to these people, whom it has been my delight to meet in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. They are the real Americans; birth and ancestry are the real test of an aristocracy.

I know my ancestor Li flourished 2,000 years ago and am proud that I can show the descent, and I honor the American who is complacent and self-satisfied in the heritage of even 200 years, recent as it is.



THE WAIFS OF A GREAT CITY

BY LUELLEN TETERS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



O the reflecting stranger who touches ever so lightly the life of a great city, there must come some time a vague feeling that glitter and beauty must have their seamy side.

He would be all the more conscious of this state of affairs if several years ago he had seen the streets of the New York East Side, where live the most deeply poor of the city. This locality then presented picture after picture of thoroughfares lined with barrels or boxes into which ashes, old iron, broken dishes, rags, garbage and dead animals were jumbled. There an army of rag-

pickers, cinder-gatherers, junk men and food collectors foraged with pokers and hooks of various sizes. There women drank almost, if not quite, as much as men. There every corner grocery had its bar, where mothers often sent for beer or whiskey, which was entered on the family pass-book as tea or sugar. There were laid the scenes of the early remembrance of many waifs—of the thousands of children, orphaned and dependent, who are thrown on the mercy of others.

To care properly for these children and to direct the evil of their hereditary tendencies into healthful channels, any number of institutions for the orphans and destitute poor have been established in New York.



THE LATEST STYLE IN MARBLES.

The great good of their influence may be seen by the records of the Children's Aid Society, which show that two waifs have become governors, one of a state, the other

of a territory; that two were members of Congress; two sheriffs; three district attorneys; three county commissioners; twenty-six bankers; thirty-four lawyers; twenty-two merchants; seventeen physicians; thirty-nine railroad men, several being high officials; several members of state legislatures; eighty-five teachers and principals of high schools; one county superintendent; twenty-one clergymen; fifteen journalists; eight postmasters; ten real estate agents; and over one thousand entered the army and navy. This is the record of an institution which to-day cares for 20,000 children.

Perhaps one of the most characteristic of the institutions is the New York Juvenile Asylum, located at Amsterdam Avenue and 176th Street. It has cared for 36,000 children since its founding in 1851.



THE OUTDOOR GYMNASIUM IS ALWAYS TAKEN SERIOUSLY.



THE PLAYGROUND OF PUBLIC STEPS.

Strangely enough only twenty-one per cent. of its charges have been Americans, the majority representing the thickly populat immigrant districts of the East Side, where blacks mix with whites, Hibernian with Hebrew, and impassive-eyed Germans and curly-headed Norwegians with midget descendants of Erin. Not all of these little ones are wholly orphans, as often one parent, generally the father, is living, yet surely their adoption by charity produces better results than the exposure of these innocent waifs to the ill conditions of make-shift homes in the tenement districts, to bad food, to evil surroundings, and to juvenile impressions that are not easily eradicated. One little child, for instance, after being in the asylum for a year, was asked why his teeth were out in front. His lisped reply bore pathetic significance when he said that he guessed he had swallowed them as "papa had knocked mama's teeth down her throat one day." Such a state of affairs hardly seems abnormal when, on reading the census taken in April, 1902, it is found that the average income for 561 households was under four dollars a week, and that these respective families included 845 adults and 2,066 children. No wonder the puny, half-starved creatures, when brought to

the orphanage, still make use of the cunning tricks of begging or stealing that the sting of poverty has taught them.



"PAPER, MISTER?"

This asylum, as in the case of others, goes to work in a practical way to save its youngsters from the results of their early training at as small an expense as is decently possible. Their fundamental ideas are built upon the Manual Training school systems, which cover the practical industries. For instance, in this one orphanage over 1,500 shoes were made during the past year by the shoemaker and his forty boy assistants. Incidentally, after working hours, the same teacher instructed his flock in a cornet band, which on festal occasions delights an appreciative audience. It runs like fiction to note that the baker and his ten boys bake all of the bread and rolls used in the Asylum, and that the tailor, with seventy boys, made 1,830 pairs of trousers,

thought that in its work lies the solution of the servant girl problem, for each pupil is put through an exact training in preparing the food and serving it. Charts of the various animals from which comes our meat supply are hung on the walls and diagramed to show the proper cuts. Lists of food classified according to dietary value are memorized from neat copy-books in which have been entered tried receipts. These little maids are greatly in demand and are often more proficient in culinary science than their older mistresses. One girl was sent into the home of a family living in the country, where it was requested that she prepare a certain dish for tea. "I am afraid it would not be appropriate," the youthful Minerva of the pots and kettles ventured.



ACTING THE WOMAN, PLAYING THE GIRL.

1,555 coats, 3,700 caps and 3,000 suspenders and other articles. In the dining-room some of the older girls wait on the table, while below the kitchen presents another evidence of the work of young hands. The excellence of this latter department suggests the

"It is more proper for breakfast—it requires such awfully long digestion."

As the beginning of things, after all, the nursery presents an unusual degree of attraction to the visiting stranger. "It is like a huge flower garden," the head of the



PLEASURE AND BUSINESS.

department remarked. "Each posy is different and requires different treatment.

Some need pruning; that little girl over there with the high forehead already has a taste for beer and liquor. I have taught her that it is medicine and only sick people take it. They all call it medicine now. That little, smiling Jewess on the bench at the window has been named a flirt because of her promiscuous blandishments. Yet, if you will notice, her face in repose has a look of sadness that is peculiar in one so young. Her father had a terrible temper; one day when I started to pick up a broom to knock a cobweb off the ceiling, Rosie, who was standing near me, shrank back in fear, crying loudly. I discovered afterward that this was the usual weapon with which 'papa' punished her." She paused. "Listen!" she remarked. Abie,



A CHINATOWN DOLL.

a tottler of Hebrew extraction, with his

plump young Swedish friend, Benny, with poppy-red cheeks and bright blue eyes,

was looking out of the window over the ragged foliage of green trees.

"Would you like to live in the sky, Abie?" the fat one asked very gravely.

"No, I wouldn't," Abie shot back without any indecision.

"Yes, but your mama an' my li'l sister is there."

"I don't want to go and don't you ask me any more," Abie stamped his foot angrily. "They only plays harps up there and sing. They haven't got no toys. I'd rather stay here an' go to the circus next week."

The present demands on the crowded asylums make it necessary that even at an early age large classes of the waifs be sent to the Indenture Agency in the West, where homes are procured for them in families, either as one of the household, a member by adoption, or as an apprentice working for



AN AUGUST AFTERNOON IN A FREE BATH-HOUSE.

clothes and board. It will not be long, however, before advantage may be taken of the present intention of establishing the segregate system in ideal cottage homes, presided over by a mother who shall supply the parental requirements to her brood. To this end the New York Juvenile Asylum has purchased two hundred and seventy-seven acres of land above Ardsley, known as Echo Hills. A new régime will be combined

here with the traditional institutional features, including nature study, athletics, horticultural and agricultural pursuits.

In the same way the New York Foundling Asylum at East Sixty-eighth Street, between Third and Lexington Avenues, has sheltered 35,000 children since its founding in 1869. The term "foundling" suggests an unfortunate child, robbed of its birthright by the sin of others, and destined to bear



SAND GAMES ON THE ROOF OF AN EAST SIDE SETTLEMENT BUILDING.

through life the stigma of obloquy and shame. Charity has devised the means to restore to it what an unkind accident of fate has denied. Here the radiant-eyed, bright-faced children know their greatest sorrows in the mishaps of their dolls—a broken leg or a mutilated nose. Since the ultimate object of this institution is to effect the adoption of the children into respectable families, the black-robed sisters make them as attractive to the eye as is possible, with clean, bright-colored dresses, curls and gay ribbons. They adore the sisters and hover around them, dancing and laughing. White-capped and white-aproned, the wet-nurses sit in their midst beside iron cribs in which two infants lie—one at the head, the other at the foot. The first, the child of the nurse, the second, the motherless babe.

There are other splendid institutions of this nature scat-

tered over Manhattan Island, continued on these same lines, and housing children of both sexes who are dependent on charity for existence. Summarized, there are the Colored Orphan Asylum at West 143d Street; the Orphans' Home and



LONGING FOR "ICE CREAM IC."



BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

Asylum of the Protestant Episcopal Church on 49th Street, between Lexington and Park Avenues, which is caring for about one hundred and fifty orphans; the Roman Catholic Asylum at 470 Madison Avenue, which has about eleven hundred; St. Anne's Home for Destitute Children at Avenue A and

90th Street, which accommodates at present over two hundred; St. Joseph's Asylum at 89th Street and Avenue A, which is caring for about seven hundred and pays especial attention to orphans of German descent; the Sheltering Arms at 129th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, which is accommodating over one hundred; the Society for the Relief of Half-Orphans and Destitute Children at Manhattan Avenue, between 104th and 105th Streets, which accommodates two hundred and seventeen; the Dominican Convent of Our Lady of the Rosary at 329 East 63d Street, which has about six hundred children to shelter; the Messiah Home for Little Children at 149th Street, which gives a home to a hundred or so children; the Orphanage of the Church of the Holy Trinity at 400 East 50th Street, which cares for eighteen girls, originally being founded for the orphans of the



CHECKERS ON THE ROOF OF AN EAST SIDE SETTLEMENT BUILDING.

rich; the Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum, incorporated in 1832, on Amsterdam Avenue between 136th and 138th Streets, which is taking care of eight hun-

country where is afforded ample opportunity for the promulgation of the segregate system of living as illustrated in the "cottage home" plan. It is interesting to note the



STREET TRAFFIC HAS NO EFFECT ON THEIR MYSTERIOUS GAMES.

dred waifs, and its branch institutions at Eleventh Avenue and 161st Street swell that number to over one thousand; the New York Infant Asylum at Amsterdam Avenue and 61st Street has reared thousands since its founding, and is filled to-day; the Asylum of St. Vincent de Paul at 215 West 39th Street, incorporated in 1868, has a capacity for two hundred and thirty-seven, and receives orphans preferably of French descent. Nor is this all, for it must be borne in mind that innumerable institutions which formerly occupied inadequate quarters in the city have wisely been removed to the

generosity with which the public responds to the needs of the orphans. The donations cover all material wants, and include boxes of hats, shoes, stockings, clothing of all descriptions, flowers, candy, ice-cream, books, toys and the smaller luxuries. Eccentric banquets are often made. A recent subscription received bore the words "A message from Mars." In face of the manifest philanthropy of the Earth, directed by ministering hands to the best possible means for the individual, there does not seem to be any necessity to ask assistance of other planets.





A SONG.

Helen Hay Whitney.

The sky is more blue
than the eyes of a boy,
A riot of roses
entangles the year,
Ah, come to me, run to me,
fill me with joy
Dear, dear, dear:

The air is a passion
of perfume and song,
The little moon swings
up above, look above:
I cannot wait longer,
I've waited so long
Love, love, love,





A CRUISE IN SOUTHERN SEAS

BY CAPTAIN J. C. SUMMERS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



SAILING the southern seas, in one's own boat, is a delightful luxury that few are able to enjoy, yet the pennant of the New York Yacht Club may be seen during winter months in many harbors of the West Indies, flying over American sloops, schooners, and on even more frequent occasions above steam yachts, some of which are little short of floating palaces.

One of the largest and most luxuriously equipped of these vessels is Mr. Howard Gould's *Niagara*—a steel, bark-rigged, twin-screw vessel of 1443 gross tons, as big and as seaworthy as many ocean steamships, and as well able to travel on any seas. To those unfamiliar with her type, an inspection of her interior would be a revelation. Without a suspicion of gaudiness there is seen on every hand that effective blending of color and material that marks the make-up of the homes of men and women of wealth. Here, as in a city dwelling or country seat, are to be found

beautifully carved and polished woodwork, richly upholstered furniture, and dainty but substantial bedsteads with embroidered counterpanes and silken canopies. Here is a library, with its carved cases filled with finely bound literary treasures; here are guests' staterooms—a dozen or more—each complete in its own color-scheme; here, in fact, is every requirement for the comfort and safety of the owner and the guests who accompany him on various cruises. The great dining-room with its dome skylight is as wide as the yacht, and as long as it is wide; while in the deckhouse above, in the aft of the social hall, stands an orchestra that plays at will anything from a Wagner opera to a rag-time melody. Finally, no modern hotel or apartment house has a better-equipped kitchen or a more efficient chef.

It has been the custom of Mr. Gould to do a certain amount of deep-sea wandering in the *Niagara* almost every year. Three years ago he crossed the Atlantic, and cruised up the Baltic, visiting Sweden and the land of the midnight sun. Last summer he took some coasting trips in United



THE "NIAGARA'S" CUTTER TAKING PROVISIONS TO THE "BELLE O'NEILL."



HER HAWSEPIPES WERE DOWN TO THE WATER'S EDGE AND SHE ROLLED DANGEROUSLY IN THE TROUGH OF THE SEA.



THE "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO" BOW POINTS SEAWARD AND THE SMOKESTACK LIES ACROSS WHAT IS LEFT OF HER UPPER DECKS.



THE HULL OF THE "VIZCAYA" WAS BROKEN IN TWO, AND THE FORWARD TURRET GUN POINTS SKYWARD.

States waters. Early this year, however, he made his most interesting voyage to the West Indies, visiting the principal ports in the Caribbean Sea, Nassau, Santiago, Kingston and Port Antonio, Jamaica, Cienfuegos and Havana in the order named.

Leaving her anchorage off the New York Yacht Club station at the foot of East Twenty-third Street in December, the *Niagara* had scarcely passed Scotland Lightship when she fell into the hands of a heavy northeaster that led to her first adventure. It came about midway between New York and Bermuda on the second day out, when the yacht's quartermaster with his spy-glass made out, far off on the eastern horizon, the masts of a schooner whose hull was barely visible when she rose on the

crests of the long swells. No head sails were set, her foresail and mainsail were double reefed, and in her port rigging an American ensign flew union down as a signal of distress.

As the yacht neared the disabled vessel it needed but a glance to see that she had been leaking, for she was almost waterlogged and helpless. Her hawsepipes were down to the water's edge, and she rolled dangerously in the trough of the sea. She was the *Belle O'Neill* of New London, lumber-laden, and bound from Georgetown, N. C., to New York.

Mr. Gould offered to take off the crew, but her skipper, John Simmons, did not want to abandon his vessel. Instead he asked to be towed to the nearest port, which



ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE SPANISH MAIL STEAMER "ALFONSO XIII."



THE INDIRECT CAUSE OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

was Norfolk. Not being able to comply with the request, a week's supply of provisions was sent over to her in the *Niagara's* cutter, manned by a volunteer crew, in charge of Chief Mate Gabrielson. Three days later the *Belle O'Neill* arrived safely in Norfolk.

Proceeding on her course, the *Niagara* made excellent time to the south'ard, so that the light at Nassau was sighted at 3:40 on the morning of December 20. The yacht was hove to until daylight, when the pilot came on board and took her to the anchorage in Nassau's beautiful harbor, with its crystal green water.

After a couple of days of sightseeing in and about Nassau, the cruise was continued to Kingston, Jamaica. There visits were made to the beautiful Hope Botanic Gardens and drives were taken to the Constant Spring hotel and to the Government botanical gardens at Castleton. Port

Antonio, Jamaica, was the next port of call, and from there, on January 2, a trip was taken up the eastern coast to Annato Bay and return. It was there that the yacht met with the first memento of the waste that was made by the Spanish War; for with her great bow perched high on the jagged rocks of a reef at the entrance to Mariel Bay, 35 miles east of Havana, and with her only mast pointing over to starboard at an angle of fifty-five degrees, lies all that remains of the Spanish mail steamer *Alfonso XIII*. The vessel was driven on the rocks in 1898, while trying to escape from an American gunboat, early in the Spanish War. More than half the hull is submerged, and the heavy seas from every gale are rapidly completing their work of destruction.

From there on, rolling in a heavy cross

swell, the *Niagara* made good time, arriving early the next morning at Santiago de Cuba, where two days were spent by the party



THE SURRENDER TREE AT SAN JUAN HILL.

visiting the old city and its surrounding country. On the summit of San Juan Hill the yachtsmen found a tall shaft of granite, bearing upon its south side a bronze tablet to the memory of the United States soldiers who fell in battle in July, 1898. Pointing skyward from the top of the monument is a black armor-piercing shell, while at each corner of the stone base is a common shell. Facing outward, as if to guard the spot, four cannon are mounted. The monument stands where stood the old blockhouse from which the Spanish soldiers poured such a deadly fire upon our advancing troops, and in the face of which Col. Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Riders made such a gallant charge. This silent tribute to the dead was erected under the direction of Gen. Leonard E. Wood from

the general fund appropriated by the Government.

Close by, on another part of the hill, is

the Morro at Santiago. They were all that remains of the once powerful Spanish warships *Almirante Oquendo* and *Vizcaya*.

The former's bow points seaward, and her smokestack lies almost across what little is left of her upper works. Stops were made while the photographer of the party took pictures of them. The hull of the *Vizcaya* has broken in two. One of her military masts, with its top, is still standing, but at an angle, and the forward turret gun points skyward. Both vessels lie exposed to the full fury of southerly and easterly gales, and they are liable to disappear at any time.

The harbor of Cienfuegos was reached at noon of the same day. Forty-eight hours were spent in that ancient town, rich in historical interest, while the Spanish-American war spots were visited.

Thence the voyagers went by rail from Cienfuegos to Havana, while the yacht, following a few days later, arrived



THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY ON THE SITE OF THE OLD BLOCKHOUSE ON SAN JUAN HILL.

the great cebu tree now known as "the surrender tree" of San Juan Hill, under the wide-spreading branches of which on July 16, 1898, Frederico Escario, the Spanish General, and Lieut.-Col. Ventura Fontan surrendered to Major-Generals Wheeler and Lawton, commanding the American army, and signed the capitulation document that ended the war in Cuba.

Steaming to the westward on January 5, from the narrow entrance of Santiago's harbor, out of which Cervera's fleet of warships came to meet their doom on that memorable Sunday morning—July 3, 1898—the *Niagara's* owner and his guests were soon able to make out with their glasses two black and seawashed hulls, close inshore, six and eight miles respectively from

there on January 13. All the points of interest in and about Havana were inspected, including the Fronton building at the corner of Concordia and Oquendo Streets, where the fascinating game of Jai Alai is played. There are seats for thousands of spectators, and immense wagers are won and lost on the game.

The Malecon, meaning in Spanish embankment, or wall, was often visited. It is a beauty spot of Havana, and one that never fails to delight the visitor. It has an interesting history. In 1762 it was a battery called "La Punta," intended to supplement the heavier guns on the Morro, across the entrance to the harbor. In the siege of Havana by the British, the guns of La Punta were only silenced when the guns of

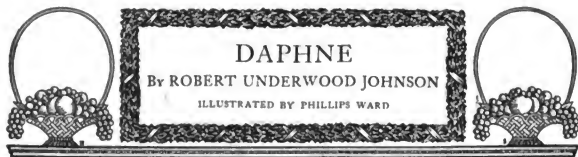
the Morro, in the hands of the enemy, were turned upon it, and its surrender marked the end of the city's resistance. The American engineers have recently transformed it from a waste space, a receptacle for refuse, into a well-kept park and recreation ground, behind the substantial sea wall extending in a curved line from the northwest bastion of La Punta to the west side of the end of the Prado. A music-stand of classic design occupies the center of the park, supporting by twenty Ionic columns an entablature and dome which bears the names of great composers. The Malecon overlooks the gulf, the harbor with its shipping, and Morro Castle directly opposite, with its tall lighthouse. In the cool of the evenings and at sunset the driveways,

sidewalks and seats are thronged with men, women and children who linger in the tropical moonlight, or beneath the electric lights, listening to the splash of the breakers and fanned by the soft sea breezes, while the band plays popular national airs.

And when at last the yacht started on her homeward voyage she carried as her final impression of Cuba the mute reminder of the indirect cause of the Spanish-American War—the wreck of the battleship *Maine*, lying where she sank in Havana Harbor on the night of February 14, 1898. All that is visible now is the military mast, a boat derrick, and a wreath of faded flowers; the latter, pendent from the mast, are placed there annually by the officers and men of the U. S. Navy stationed at Havana.



THE MUSIC-STAND ON THE MALECON, HAVANA.



YES, I grant you, she is pretty, with the pink of early morn,
Pretty as the palest rose-leaf ever blushed above a thorn ;
And her backward look is saucy, and the colt's toss of her head—
Well, a boy likes chasing better if the colt *be* thoroughbred.

And her mouth—'twas made for smiling, winning you against your will,
With its Cupid's bow and dainty teeth, like young cadets a-drill.
And the careless pagan laughter such as by the river's brink
Charmed Apollo in *his* Daphne as 'twere some delicious drink.

Yes, I own my heart does answer to the blitheness of her call.
Still, there's something that is wanting in our Daphne, after all.
I, who hold no woman perfect sans a spice of the coquette,
Find a curving eyelash lovelier that it sometimes should be wet.

And they say the way is weary for the man that follows whim
Till the brilliance of the little lawless graces shall grow dim ;
And the girl's piquant surprises may be tedious in the wife,
And the pin-pricks of the sapling toughen to the goads of life.

Then, my boy, beware of Daphne. Learn a lesson from the rat :
What is cunning in the kitten may be cruel in the cat.
In the game of life the trump is, not the spade of subtle art,
Power's club, or riches' diamond, but, believe me, boy, Love's heart.





THE HEART OF THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED



THREE French vessels, under the incomparable DeLancey, dropped anchor in Petty Harbor at an early hour of a November night. A cautious landing was made upon the little hamlet; but, to the disgust of the invaders, the cabins of the fishermen were found to be empty. DeLancey promptly ordered the stores and fish-stages to be fired. Without waiting to admire the conflagration he set out, with a motley force of infantry, mariners and Canadian Indians, for St. John's. He dragged two cannon along with him. It was a new idea and worthy of the indomitable Frenchman—this of marching upon the English stronghold from the south. The journey itself was no mean undertaking for a winter night. His plan was to establish his force behind the ridge of the long hills that overlook the harbor of St. John's from the south; to lie in wait until the return of night, then to march round the harbor and attack the village while his veteran gunners worked the cannon from the hill-top.

The French had been gone from Petty Harbor a matter of half an hour, when, one by one, from the rocks and thickets the owners of the burning stages returned. They were big men, armed with cutlasses and muskets—and of Devon, to a man.

Heedless of their flaming property, they dragged half a dozen skiffs from hiding-places in the rocks and pulled out to the French vessels in the harbor. Thirst for revenge was hot in their great breasts. They found the guardians of the ships nodding at their posts; and sped them from

the lesser sleep to the greater with crushing strokes of cutlass and club. When the brief fight was over, the conquerors of the largest of the ships heard noises forward, like the thumping of irons on a bulkhead. A speedy investigation was made, with the result that six English prisoners, shackled hand and foot, were discovered in the hold. These proved to be Captain Sir Edward Bradley and five of his men, all survivors of the sloop-of-war *Vixen* which DeLancey's squadron had sunk but a few days before.

After freeing and feeding the prisoners, the men of Petty Harbor (accompanied by the sailor-baronet and his men) set out on the trail of DeLancey's force. They were well armed and keen on the quest. They knew the ground in daylight or dark. Knoll and barren and pond, lying unseen in desolate and wide confusion, held neither menace nor delay for them.

The red flag of England caught the wind above the fort on Signal Hill. Eagerly and fearlessly it streamed and snapped, straining on the halyards and challenging the smoky sea. On the opposite side of the Narrows, on a brow of rock equally bold and imposing, crouched earthworks and a second battery. Between them they threatened the green harbor-mouth with vigilant muzzles—and woe to the Frenchman or Dutchman or Sally Rover who might essay that passage! Beyond them the harbor opened, hill-girt, secure. Behind the fish-stages along the northern shore clustered rough dwellings and stores and the stone-and-timber house of the governor.

The green waters of the harbor were bitter cold. Snow lay on the bleak summits round about and along the rough footways



ELINOR, THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

of the village. Over the hills, on the southern side of the harbor, the scanty herbage was frost-painted to yellow and umber. Thickets of spruce-tuck, black as if they had been scorched by fire, filled the clefts between the rocky ribs of the hills. Knolls of granite stood out, cold and gray.

Presently, halfway up the eastern slope of

the sky, the clouds thinned and broke and a silver radiance slipped through, flooded wide, and warmed to gold. It fired the ensign above the fort until the ruddy bunting shone like a jewel. It set the snow-clad rocks a-glistening. Rising and dispersing on the wind, the plumes of smoke from the lowly chimneys took on tints of pearl and opal.

In the fort, in the crooked street and aboard the anchored brig, hearts of men beat with renewed hope and courage. A lad of Cork, repairing the flooring of his fish-stage, sang at his work. The boatswain of the brig, his hair freshly greased and tied, climbed to the high fore-castle and played a rustic ditty on his flute. A soldier in a scarlet coat, with great belts crossed on his chest, whistled along the ramparts of the fort and decided that, with the sun shining, the surrounding summits were not unlike the tors of Devonshire.

Even the governor, weather-hardened sea-dog that he was, was stirred by the sunshine. He closed the book which he had been reading by the fireside and stepped to the window. But his daughter Elinor kept her chair by the ruddy hearth and gazed in the flames.

"I'll wager," said the sailor-governor, "that by this time Edward is beginning to weary of breaking and capturing French ships. His is too fine a heart for the dirty work of blood-letting."

Elinor neither replied nor turned her head.

"It is in my bones," continued Kempton, still looking out at the sunlight, "that he is even now on his way to St. John's—and with some new verses in his pocket, too. Gad, but what a blessing it is to be young and a poet!"

After a moment of nervous hesitation, the lady rose from her seat and went over to the window. Her lovely cheeks were colorless. Her fine eyes held many lights—and among them were lights of determination and timidity and shame. She laid a furtive hand on the governor's arm. "Father," she said, "dear father, will you not see that I do not love Sir Edward Bradley?"

The governor stared at her, incredulity and astonishment in his face.

"But," he cried, "why, dear heaven, Nell, you loved him right enough six months ago."

"I was a child then," she stammered, lowering her eyes from his.

"But you are betrothed to him, my girl," he replied, cool enough now.

"You are cruel," she cried. "You want to break my heart."

Very swiftly, in one of his sudden changes of mood, the governor put his arm about her shoulders and drew her to him.

"Why, Nell, you are still but a child," he

whispered—"a child that has learned nothing of the wonder of love."

She trembled against him.

"Captain MacGregor," she faltered, "Captain MacGregor has taught me to love."

In a second the governor swung from tenderness to severity. His arm slid from his daughter's shoulders.

"He is brave," cried the girl defiantly.

"A swashbuckler," said the governor harshly.

"He is a gentleman. He is generous. He is kind," continued Elinor.

The governor lost control of his temper.

"By heaven," he cried, "am I to be sent to dame school again? D'ye think, because the smoke of French guns has stung my eyes now and then, that I can no longer read my man? Am I to be told, by a chit of a girl, who's a gentleman and who is not; who is brave and who a coward; who is generous and who mean?"

He stormed up and down the room, feeding his hot mood.

"So you love MacGregor, do you?" he cried. "Love him because of his red cheeks, and black eyes, and swagger! Love him because he is the only presentable man in the colony—while the truest heart in the world drives his ship after the French, out on the smoky sea. By gad, I don't believe it of your mother's daughter!"

"Father, you do not understand," she sobbed. "I love—"

"Love," cried the sailor, huskily; "will you teach me of love? Girl, I read your heart like a book. I read it with eyes that have kept dry and bright through longing, and exile half-way round the world. I have seen cripples inspire the love of fine women—ay, and hold it; but never a man with a crippled soul. Has this MacGregor kept the love of his own father?—of his own clansmen?—of the lads who obey him? Not he, for all his glowing eye and ruddy cheeks!"

The governor paused to recover his breath. Elinor sobbed rebelliously. How dare he make such a shameless, foolish thing of her new-found love? How dare he say that he knew more of her heart than she? The blood surged furiously in her cheeks, but, for all that, she did not look her domineering parent in the eye.

A shouting arose in the streets. The bell rang frantically in the tiny chapel. **Calm**

of feature, cool of eye, the governor stepped briskly across to his daughter.

"The French, I'll wager!" he exclaimed.

At that moment the door of the room flew open and Sir Edward Bradley rushed in.

"The French are dragging their guns over the hills to the south," he cried. "DeLancey is in command and the Canadians are with him. We rounded their left flank."

The governor, without a word of greeting, sprang past him and ran from the house. Elinor sank into a chair and stared at her lover of six months ago. Bradley knelt beside her for a moment, with his lips to her hand, his slight body trembling. His fine face, thinned by recent hardships, flushed desperately.

"I shall come back," he whispered, "as soon as Delancey is beaten. Have no fear, dear heart."

He rose from his knees, reluctantly. For a second he looked down at her with shining eyes. Then he turned and strode from the room.

The girl crouched in her chair. She gave no heed to the shoutings outside the little house. A gun boomed from the fort. Musket shots rang in the distance. Men ran past, in the rocky street, bawling to one another. And still the governor's daughter crouched in the great chair, shaken by dismay that was not bred of the threatening Frenchmen.

The big guns of the fort had ceased their thumping defiance and the irregular crashing of musketry had died along the darkling

hill. The red flag still flared above Signal Hill.

The fire on the governor's hearth had burned itself down to ashes. The early dusk filled the room, shrouding the dainty figure of the governor's daughter. Suddenly the girl started up, with a trembling hand on either arm of the chair. The outer door had swung open. A shuffling of feet sounded in the passage. With a little cry she ran to the door of the room and pulled it wide. The governor, hatless, his stout coat torn and unbuttoned, stepped across the threshold and caught her hand in his. The men, with a muffled burden, were at his heels.

"Who is it?" she cried, clutching at her father and staring into the gloom.

For a second he leaned close, with questioning eyes on her face.

"Your Scot is safe," he said gently.

"But who is there?" whispered the girl.

At that the men entered from the passage and lowered the rough litter to the floor.

"It is Bradley," said the governor. "He is wounded, poor fellow."

With a low cry the girl sank to her knees and put her hands to the baronet's face. He opened his eyes full upon hers.

"Nell," he whispered, "DeLancey is beaten—and I am come back to you."

"Thank God," breathed the girl.

And the governor, with a glow of wonder and delight at his stout old heart, ordered the fishermen from the room.

PSYCHOLOGY

BY HENRY BARTLETT MORRILL

I SEE a maid before me,
Roguish, sweet, and fair;
Psychology would tell me,
"Naught but impression there."

I see two eyes before me,
I feel warm lips on mine,
"Now, really," says psychology,
"This isn't in my line!"

MODOC WAR REMINISCENCES

BY GERHARDT BRADT

ILLUSTRATED BY F. T. JOHNSON



Of all the people in the Pacific Northwest who read the admirable article on the Modoc war by Cyrus Townsend Brady in a recent number of *THE METROPOLITAN*, perhaps none perused it with more personal interest in the events described than Hon. William Connolly, of Waverly, Spokane County, Washington, erstwhile Trooper "Bill" Connolly of the First United States Cavalry. The references to stirring scenes in which he participated turned Mr. Connolly's attention from the management of a large Eastern Washington farm, and from the worriments which beset a county official, and sent his thoughts back to the times when he was on the march or spitting fire from the Henry rifle of three decades ago at the redskins of Captain Jack, ensconced behind the natural entrenchments of the lava beds of Old Oregon. From the recollection of the events crowded into the few months of active service in that brief but savage warfare between Uncle Sam and the Modocs, Mr. Connolly has produced anecdotes that deserve a place as illuminative vignettes, cast on Mr. Brady's picture of the strife in the land of burnt-out fires.

"I wish to take gentle issue with Dr. Brady concerning the causes of that war," began Mr. Connolly, in taking up the thread of his adventures to the Tule Lake expedition of Captain Jackson and his troopers. "The issue is by no means vital, and should be the cause of no controversy. It is mentioned for the sole purpose of presenting what the men in the ranks at that time—and some of us even to this day—believed to be the chief cause of the trouble with Captain Jack's band.

I know perfectly well that there is no official record of it, but the enlisted men, who passed some time at Fort Klamath before going on the Tule Lake expedition, understood that it was lack of proper provisions as much as intertribal animosities with the Klamaths which caused the dissatisfaction. The Modocs naturally were a race which could not take kindly to any curtailment of their customs or retirement to reservation confines. Those inclined to be resentful were more than dissatisfied with the meat sent them according to promise, on the part of the representatives of the government at Washington. As time wore on, this sentiment of dissatisfaction crystallized about a few, who formed the nucleus of the revolt. In the absence of official record, this view may be open to question, but the men in the saddles and on the field are firmly convinced that aggravation concerning beef caused as much criticism in the minds of the disgruntled Modocs as any amount of friction with the Klamaths. From my own observations, I am inclined to the belief that it was just as much a case of too little meat as of too much Klamath that precipitated that war in the lava beds."

Very illuminative is Mr. Connolly's description of the scene just after the troopers had "jumped" Captain Jack's camp on Lost River on the morning following Thanksgiving Day of 1872. "Peaceably, if possible, forcibly, if necessary," had been the instructions given Captain Jackson as he set out on his mission to bring the recreants into camp. Two representatives of the Indian Bureau accompanied the detachment, and until the parleyings and overtures of these two were proved unavailing, the military was to be held in abeyance. When the Modocs realized that they were surrounded, they



"AARON BROWN, INDIAN AGENT, AND ONE APPLGATE, SUB-AGENT, ADVANCED TO THE CONFAB."

raised their arms in token of surrender. The troops arranged themselves about the cluster of wickiups as a crescent girdle of blue, between the horns of which Aaron Brown, Indian agent, and one Applegate, sub-agent and quartermaster commissary, advanced to the confab. The blue belt of cavalymen was supposed to be doing nothing but form a stage setting of military demonstration which was planned to assist the efforts of the Indian agents, and also to act as a deterrent for such redskins as might attempt to escape to the sagebrush, in the rear of the wickiups. But the alert eyes of the men in the uniforms could not fail to note what was going on, though they were powerless to act until the

civilian officials had exhausted every endeavor to conciliate. To the cavalymen, the passage of the squaws and children from the camp to the seclusion of the sagebrush could have augured but one thing—the removal of the non-combatants in case hostilities should result. This apprehension of possibility became a certainty as an occasional warrior was seen to leave the knot of conferees, go to his tent, remove gun and ammunition. Brown and Applegate also noted the fact, but, still hoping, they said, "He good Indian, come back again." The tension on the spirits of the soldiery grew almost unbearable as they saw unmistakable evidence of immediately forthcoming trouble.

"This my home. Here stay until die." These words from Bogus Charley marked the first direct evidence of the failure of the parley. Still the soldiers could do nothing, for the work was yet in the hands of the civilian agents. When Scarfaced Charley raised his rifle to his shoulder with deliberate aim at Captain Jackson, the soldiers perforce were yet under orders not to give evidence of firing. For full five minutes the redskin kept his gun pointed at the officer and for full that space the doughty captain looked the Modoc in the eye. The signal came from an Indian in the sage-brush fronting, and a little to the right of, the crescent-shaped line of soldiers. At the same instant Scarfaced Charley and Captain Jackson exchanged hostile compliments, the one with his rifle, the other with his revolver, both without visible effect. And the Modoc war had commenced.

While this was going on at Captain Jack's camp, there was excitement over across Lost River in the vicinity of Crawley's ranch, near which Curly Headed Doctor had a camp of eleven wickiups. Lieutenant Smith was the only regular, though there were twelve civilians with him, settlers from the vicinity of Tule Lake. At the first sign that hostilities had commenced with Captain Jack's band, Lieutenant Smith and ten civilians advanced toward the camp of Curly Headed Doctor, leaving two men in charge of Crawley's buildings. The officer and eight of his men were mounted, expecting to have to run for it later, but Crawley and a man called "Jack of Clubs" advanced on foot. This imposing array was halted by the Doctor's men and then made precipitate retreat to the shelter of Crawley's barn. The panic of the horsemen was so great that they were leaving the footmen behind, when Crawley's imprecations and oaths at being deserted deterred some of the riders. "Jack of Clubs," being very deaf, had not heard the shooting, and was not aware what was transpiring until it was too late. An Indian bullet found his jaw and neck as he turned to join in the retreat.

Crawley's taunts hurled in an invective of profanity, when he did reach shelter, found result in a narrowly averted tragedy on the following morning. Sergeant Connolly was returning with a squad which

had been ordered to burn the camp of Curly Headed Doctor, which had been vacated under the fire of the afternoon before, when he saw Crawley, unkempt, partly dressed and hatless, emerge from his door and defiantly face a knot of men composed of the settlers who had retreated on the previous day. During the night their anger at the epithets of Crawley on the former visit had been fanned to white heat over discussion as to Crawley's remissness in not notifying the Broady, Brotherton and Miller families along the east shore of Tule Lake of the coming of the troops. Troops meant hostility with the Indians, and hostility spelled murder. In fact, Miller had been murdered by the Modocs because they argued as a friend of the Indians he should have told them. But to the angered men around Crawley's door that morning, Crawley was deserving of death, because he had not saved the lives of the settlers. The doomed man heard the threats of lynching as he lay in his bunk, the unguarded conversation of one of the settlers having penetrated the cabin. That Crawley meant business was clearly discerned in his attitude. His revolver was in his belt. A torrent of profanity and repeated taunts of the cowardice of the men on the previous day was poured at the knot of men.

"You who want something of me, step out here one pace or twenty, and I'll dispose of your whole white-livered rabble of skulking cowards!" yelled the infuriated Crawley.

No one moved. Crawley's course had completely cowed them.

In the fight at Captain Jack's stronghold on the 17th of January, 1873, there were times when not an Indian could be seen by the troopers, but the head of a soldier peering for a mere instant from behind a projecting rock drew the fire of a dozen guns from as many places where the Indians were hiding in the crevasses of lava. The distance between the lines was often slight, as may be understood from the incident of Captain Perry, lying behind a rock, severely wounded by a bullet which entered his side and also broke an arm. In his torture of suffering from the wound, also from the bitter cold, he groaned aloud, only to hear the shout from some unknown crack in the lava:

"Oh, you big squaw man! What for

you cry? Get up and go home. Me no hurt you more."

Knowing full well that he would be potted the instant he exposed himself to view, Captain Perry did not accept the invitation. He suffered intensely until the Modocs were forced back and assistance came. On the same day and only a short distance away, Sergeant Connolly received a bullet in the groin. He would doubtless have been scalped had it not been for the bravery of Lieutenant Boutelle, who removed him to a place of safety. Boutelle is now living at Vancouver, Washington, and is a retired captain, the only survivor, so far as Mr. Connolly knows, of the Modoc war, who is now a resident of Washington, himself excepted.

Before the summer of 1873 was over, Sergeant Connolly had recovered from the effects of his wound at Tule Lake, and was on duty once more at Fort Klamath. He came to know all the prisoners there confined awaiting execution, and it so happened that he was sergeant of the guard in charge of the death watch on the night preceding the execution of Captain Jack and his fellows. The chieftain preserved to the last hour of his existence those mental qualities which made him an adept at parley. Chaplain Heckenberg came to the guardhouse to administer parting consolation of Christianity to the doomed. The chaplain was a good man, but also of that type which does not always adjust the sense of its consolation with a fineness to the character of the consoled. He actually exhorted Captain Jack, hero of one of the bloodiest short wars of American history, and a redskin who had faced death at a thousand junctures, to meet death gladly and with no fear.

"Ugh!" sullenly muttered the famous Modoc, as he looked inquiringly into the face of his spiritual adviser.

"All will be rest and quiet in the world beyond," pursued the man of consola-

tions, "and there will be no soldiers or shooting or reservations over there." The good man was dilating on the happiness of the hereafter, when Jack interrupted him with:

"You like 'em there?"

"Of course. And I shall see the pearly gates and the great white throne," continued the chaplain.

"You no 'fraid? Heap skookum, yes?" interestedly pursued the condemned man to be launched into eternity on the morn of the morrow.

"Why should I be afraid? There I shall be with the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost in a world free from trouble and want and conflict."

"You go to-morrow. I stay. Give you twenty pony," was the reply of the wily chief, while the smiles which wreathed the faces of the men in blue were not completely invisible to both the chaplain and the chieftain.

The immediate end of Captain Jack was not one in which bravado figured. Indeed, he seemed the least resigned of the quartette. Schonchin, Black Jim and Boston Charley stood the scaffold with far less perturbation than their chief. Perhaps the array of the hated soldiery, drawn up 'n a square about the scaffold, did much to overcome the stolidity and self-control of the vanquished and broken chieftain. Boston Charley made a final request of his executioner, a corporal of infantry. Just as the black cap was to be drawn over his head, he asked for a chew of tobacco, and the request was not denied.

Grim mementoes of the Modoc war have been preserved by Mr. Connolly, in the form of the cap worn by Mary, sister of Captain Jack, a piece of the rope on which the great Modoc guggled out his last gasp, and one of the black caps drawn over the heads of the condemned, in this instance improvised from the outer part of the old army haversack.



THE PROPRIETY OF PAULINE

BY LEONARD MERRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY E. FUHR



N the day that Gardiner landed in New York he had been absent from his wife for six months. This was not Gardiner's fault; she had remained in Chicago by her own wish when business took him to London. For one thing, she had begun to lose her interest in his business—he wrote the “books” of musical comedies—and for another, she had begun to pronounce Europe “decadent” and “effete.”

He had not seen her for six months, and he boarded the train with impatience. He was very fond of Pauline, though during the last year or so he had observed the increasing seriousness of her outlook with dismay; she was not—and he could not persuade himself that she was—quite so amusing as she used to be, quite so companionable. She remained, however, quite as enchantingly pretty, and the fancy of her *svelte* figure in his arms, of the welcome of her beautiful eyes and lips, was so imperative that Gardiner could hardly interest himself in the bundle of newspapers that he had bought.

As he turned them over, he thought again of her recent letters; they had been disturbing, there was a new note in them—or, more precisely, a crescendo of the note that she had sounded some time ago. She appeared to be—he could not disguise the fact from himself—in danger of developing into the sort of woman that he especially detested—the prude.

He decided to plead to her more earnestly than he had done hitherto, to entreat her to be always the piquante, captivating little chum that he had married; and just as he was playing mentally a delicious scene in which she surrendered to his appeal with

kisses, her name leapt to him out of the *Herald*.

“Mrs. Barry Gardiner of Chicago, wife of the well-known dramatist, and the president of the newly formed League for the Suppression of Impropriety, has opened a campaign against ladies’ ‘elbow sleeves,’ which she declares are full of danger to the purity of the young men of the land.”

“Great Scott!” gasped Gardiner. The blood left his cheeks. He sat staring at the paragraph, paralyzed.

Pauline, the woman he loved, the woman who had been such a delightful girl, was notorious—had become the most obnoxious kind of crank! His color returned with a rush—he turned red, red with shame, at his wife’s prurience.

He ate very little on the journey, and slept not a wink. He could not shrug his shoulders at her with a laugh, ludicrous as she was; it was for others to laugh—to him, her husband, the situation was simply painful. All at once Gardiner felt as if he were married to a stranger, felt that he was bound to a wife whom he did not know, and whom he shrank from knowing. What could their life together be now? A continuous conflict and humiliation!

Oh, but she should be brought to her senses! He would not permit herself to make herself and him ridiculous in this fashion. The anomaly was too conspicuous—the husband who wrote “leg pieces,” and the wife who indicted the wearers of elbow sleeves. How everyone must be guffawing—he thanked his luck that he hadn’t dropped in to the “Lambs” before driving to the depot. Why, the division in the house of Gardiner must be the star joke of America!

Chicago was reached in the morning. He had a very charming little villa on the North Side—where it is nearly Germany,



MRS. BARRY GARDINER OF CHICAGO, PRESIDENT OF THE NEWLY FORMED LEAGUE FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF IMPROPRIETY.

but not quite—and as a surface car rushed him home, the population were streaming down town to their offices, and giving one another the German for "Good-day."

Pauline was writing letters when he opened the parlor door. "Barry—darling!" she cried, dropping her pen; and for a moment he was holding the Pauline of their honeymoon. "Why didn't you cable?" she said breathlessly. "What boat did you come by?"

"I got through sooner than I expected; I thought I'd surprise you."

"Dear old boy! Well!"

"Well?" He noted that she had adopted a Quakerish costume that made her as unlovely as nature allowed. "What have you got on?" he asked. "Is that *le dernier cri*?"

She looked a trifle embarrassed.

"I dress like this now," she said; "all the women of the League do."

"I saw something about your League in the paper on board the train," answered Gardiner. "You know, Pauline—but we'll talk about that by and by! Well, dearest, the show went fairly well in London, and I've a commission that's going to mean money. You received the press notices I sent?"

"I received them, y-e-s," she murmured.

"What's wrong? They were pretty complimentary, weren't they?"

"I—well, as you say, we can talk about that by and by."

"I guess," said Gardiner, "that we may as well talk about it right away. Those notices are going to lead to dollars, and dollars are what I'm in the business for, so it's not an uncongenial topic. I thought you'd be mighty pleased."

"My—my views have changed," she stammered. "To speak frankly, I can't approve your business."

"Oh, how's that?" He was smiling, but he wasn't entertained.

"I disapprove very strongly," she went on with more firmness; "it is in direct opposition to the League. We are working to remove temptation from the path of young men; I am lecturing on the evil influence of women's dress—the ordinary costumes that one sees in any drawing-room. You can understand that it would be grossly inconsistent of me to protest against elbow sleeves if my husband continued to bring out plays in which girls expose their limbs in short skirts?"

"Perfectly," he agreed.

"That's all right, then!" she said cheerfully; "I was afraid you'd want to argue about it."

"So, my darling," added Gardiner, "you had better not protest any more."

"What?" she faltered.

"I say that you had better not protest any more, for, as you see, you are placing yourself in a very false position."

"My dear Barry! I don't think you have grasped the sense of what I say."

"I think I have," said Gardiner. "You point out, with undeniable truth, the incongruity between your own campaign and my plays. Well, obviously, since we can't have both, you must stop your campaign."

"Oh, no, indeed," she exclaimed; "you must stop the plays."

"Are you serious?" inquired her husband after a slight pause.

"It is far too grave a subject for me to jest upon it," said Pauline with cold dignity.

"You propose that I should renounce my means of livelihood in order that you may have a free hand to make yourself a laughing-stock?"

"You are scarcely polite," she flamed.

"Your subject itself is not polite," returned Gardiner; "it is, as a matter of fact, highly indelicate. I should object to my wife defiling herself with it even if I didn't work for the theater at all. Good heavens, Pauline, can't you realize what people must be saying about you?"

"All reformers must be prepared for stones. There are many people, in Chicago alone, who are with me heart and soul."

"What people? Not your parents, I'll bet! Women who thirst for publicity, and haven't the brains to acquire it by any reputable means! Those are the large majority of the people who are 'with you heart and soul'—they can't 'carve their names in bronze,' and so they will write them in mud. The rest are either women who have gone cranky through idleness or born meddlers of a nasty turn of mind."

"May I ask in which category you include me?"

"I include you among the second—you have become eccentric for lack of occupation."

"Eccentric?"

"Well, you'll admit that the normal woman has no devouring aim to lengthen her neighbor's sleeves? You have never had

anything to do worth doing, that's your trouble—your father is a successful business man, and he brought you up to a life of leisure. Then you married—and we have no family. It is an implanted instinct in your sex to dress something or somebody; in the nursery you dressed dolls; in different circumstances, you would now dress children; as it is, you want to dress other women. Indulge the natural inclination with artistry—design models!"

"Oh, this is preposterous!" she cried; "you are talking to me as if I were an idiot! I am engaged in very necessary and very noble work—and work, moreover, that is essentially woman's province; if the way our sisters dress provokes impure thoughts, it is for us to tell them so, and insist on a reform. Do you suggest that the movement should be headed by men?"

"I suggest that there should be no movement at all."

"You would allow the evil to flourish unchecked?"

"The only evil exists in the minds of the meddlers."

"That is the merest fudge. As a man of the world you know very well that it is."

"As a man of the world I know very well that the 'movement,' as you call it, provokes precisely the kind of thoughts that you are eager to suppress. And, anyhow, I resent my wife's getting up in public and talking about these things. It makes me ashamed."

"It would make *me* ashamed," she retorted, "to know that I neglected vital work because I feared the sneers of the worldly!"

"Vital? Ye gods!"

"If I save one soul——"

"By lengthening a pair of sleeves? Do you tolerate bare hands, or is woman always to be gloved?"

"The effect produced on the masculine imagination by the sight of the female arm——"

"My dear Pauline, save it for the League of the ladies! As an average man, I draw the line."

"In other words, you'd like to shirk my facts?"

"In other words," cried Gardiner, exasperated, "I'd like to box your ears!"

After that the president did not speak to him for the rest of the day, of course; and it was in these circumstances that he returned to Chicago.

It was a wofully different return from the one he had pictured, and since he was too loyal to make his moan to friends, the only condolence that he received was her parents'. Her parents were hardly less dismayed than Gardiner himself; but even they were unsatisfactory, for they had counted on his homecoming to put a stop to her folly, and were inclined to reproach him for weakness.

"You should exert your authority, my boy," urged Mr. Hummel; "if argument is no good, you should exert your authority! I'm astonished that you don't forbid such blithers—you're her husband!"

"She got the bit between her teeth and bolted while I was away," returned the harassed young man. "What's gained by my 'forbidding'?—I can't lock her up! It puzzles me that you couldn't restrain her at the start—you're her father!"

"Well, well, it's no use our reproaching each other," said Mr. Hummel testily. "The question is, what's to be done? She's making America mighty unpleasant for us; I'm afraid to pick up a comic paper nowadays—and her mother proposes to reside permanently in Paris. I cannot quit Chicago myself—it is considerably rough on a man to be left a grass widower because his daughter's husband is unable to control her."

"You have my earnest sympathy," declared his son-in-law. "I am sure you realize also that the situation is not all clams and candy for *me*—I have to live with her! Apart from my natural aversion to my wife serving as material for the comic papers, it is discomfiting to know that she regards me as one of the most satanic of her opponents."

"What?"

"I have been home for three weeks now, and she has never failed to sigh ponderously as she passed my work-table."

"Pauline wishes you to give up your work?"

"She originally demanded that I should do so. However, that point has now been waived; she resigns herself to my continuing my occupation on the understanding that I make no attempt to interfere with hers. Some people might consider that satisfactory—I am not among those optimists; I married your daughter with the notion of our traveling through life side by side, not of our tugging silently in opposite directions."

"Talk to her, Barry," exclaimed Mr.

Hummel; "talk to her, my boy! Give her a kiss, and take her to dinner at a restaurant—come to a tender understanding; she has a good heart, although she is out of her head. A few affectionate words may accomplish wonders."

"Well," assented Gardiner heavily, "I will have a final shot at it. But I am not sanguine; and as to kisses and restaurants, she has no leisure for such frivolities—she is too busy writing pamphlets and addressing the League."

Now if Gardiner had not loved his foolish wife sincerely—if she had not been, in spite of her new phase, the only woman on this planet for him—the story could have had but one conclusion: he would have found outside the house the companionship that was denied to him within, and "The End" would have been written "*Gardiner v. Gardiner* and somebody else." But he did love her sincerely—so sincerely that the ridicule with which she covered him was insignificant to his mind beside the fact of their estrangement—and after many sleepless nights, during which he questioned how he could win her back, he devised an experiment.

One morning he had another chat with Mr. Hummel, who was in the real estate business, and in the afternoon, when Pauline returned from a meeting, he said to her, "Pauline, my dear, can you spare me ten minutes?"

"Is it important?" she inquired with surprise; "I have a good deal of work to do to-night."

"It is important," admitted Gardiner; "besides, I think it will please you. You must see, Pauline—in fact, you pointed it out to me when I came back from Europe—that your work and mine clash—and the discord has separated us. Well, I'm not going to be a humbug and pretend that I've come to like your work, but I'm immensely fond of *you*, and I can't bear to lose you. So I've concluded to get out of the theater, darling! I don't expect you to throw your arms round me instant, of course—I know I must prove myself in earnest first; but when a few months have passed and you see that I mean it, I hope things will be as they were between us, eh?"

"Oh, Barry," she murmured, "I—you know I shall always love you, don't you, dear? It isn't that I love you any less, but my conscience—"

"Quite so," said Gardiner. "I fully understand. Circumstances compel one or the other of us to make a sacrifice, and I've cast myself for the part! I'll cancel my contract to supply a play next fall, and I'll never write another line for the stage unless you want me to."

"But—but how are we to live?" she faltered.

"Well, that's the drawback—I ought to have said that we must collaborate in the sacrifice! Your father has promised me a berth in his office; he has been very liberal, considering that I haven't an atom of business training—he's going to start me at twenty dollars a week. In a boarding-house we can manage comfortably on twenty dollars a week; and he has offered to raise me to thirty at the end of a year if I get the hang of things."

"A boarding-house?" Her voice was faint.

"It's a bit rough on you, I know, but it seems the only way out. We can't go on like this—and naturally we can't run our own house on the salary. Anyhow, you'll be free to continue your mission, and my trade won't be jarring your sensibilities."

"It is most generous of you," stammered Pauline; "I appreciate your concession very much."

"Dearest, I am doing it as much for my own sake as yours—I'd rather lose twenty trades than my wife! We'll get out of this place at once—try to let it as it stands—and, if you have time, you might look around for as decent a *pension* as you can strike. I think we could afford fifteen dollars a week, eh? That will leave us five for dress and sundries; we mustn't reckon on the rent from the house right away—I guess it'll be quite a while before we find a tenant."

That night it was Pauline who was sleepless; and when she went down to breakfast, a person on the sidewalk was fixing a notice board which announced that the villa was to be let furnished.

The average boarding-house of America is less suicidally depressing than that of England; not only are the food and the cooking far better—human people stay in American boarding-houses, whereas in England boarding-houses are supported by a class apart, a class that one never sees anywhere else. Gardiner's discovery, however, was distinctly below the average. In

this establishment one could board—that is to say, one could occupy a “hall room” and partake of two meals daily—for five dollars a week, and some of its patrons were as low as the terms they paid. The president’s conscience gave her scant encouragement as she descended to the basement at the clashing of the supper bell, and glanced at the slop-made faces of the company. The young men’s voices sawed her nerves, and the apparel of the young women set her teeth on edge. Almost she would have preferred elbow sleeves to virtuous garments that were so hideous. The negro waiters—ungloved in Illinois Street—clattered the crockery as freely as if the supper-table had been a sink; and when she sent away her plate, a black hand tossed her knife and fork back to her, to be retained for the next course.

“We shall get hardened in time,” whispered Gardiner cheerfully, observing her despondence; “buck up!”

After supper some of the company adjourned to the parlor, where one of the young women strumm’d a selection from “The Belle of New York”—and Pauline spent the evening weeping in her bedroom.

She went to see her parents on the morrow, and proposed that her father should take Barry into partnership.

“The place is impossible,” she explained; “we cannot hope to exist on twenty dollars a week! I think the least you might do, papa, is to pay Barry five thousand a year.”

“How’s that?” said Hummel, highly gratified to perceive that the experiment was working so well.

“Then we could have our own home again. Our privations are frightful—the negroes do not even wear gloves!”

“Does Barry make this proposition himself?”

“No,” she said; “Barry does not know that I have come to you.”

“I am relieved to hear you say so. See here, rosebud! If your husband had taken any stock in my advice, he would have hustled along in his own trade whether you were sane or not. He concluded to quit, and I could not permit you both to starve. But I am already paying Barry eighteen dollars a week more than his services are worth to me, and my affection has reached the limit. It has to be definitely understood that I do not contemplate carpeting the path of madness with greenbacks.”

“I would not have believed that you could be so cold and cruel,” said Pauline. “Where is your father’s heart? And what’s the trouble with mama’s?”

“You would be discreet not to refer to our hearts,” quavered her mother; “remember that your wilfulness has broken them! I never guessed I should live to claim that my son-in-law was too indulgent to my daughter; but I have arrived at that opinion!”

Pauline returned to the bedroom.

She wrote her speeches now at a toilet table, and they were less eloquent than when she had drafted them at a Chipendale escritoire. The weeks lagged heavily. Somehow her interest in the League was not so absorbing as it had been; her own hardships occupied her mind more insistently than the salvation of young men. Indeed, when she regarded the specimens in the boarding-house, she was, in moments of exasperation, inclined to hold it of no importance if young men were saved or not.

And while she sat alone in this glum apartment of an Illinois Street boarding-house, a wonderful thing happened. The President of the League for the Suppression of Impropriety vanished! Nobody saw her go, nobody knew where she went, nobody ever found her again; the President of the League, with all her fads and tantrums, popped into space—and Pauline the perfect wife, Pauline the lovable, came back!

It was six o’clock—her husband would soon be in. She darted to their portmantaus; and in the enchanted spot everything went pell-mell and helter-skelter until she unpacked what she had sought—her most elaborate evening frock and his dress clothes. Never had she done her hair so swiftly, never had she looked so entrancing as when her toilette was complete.

She heard him on the stairs, and rose to greet him, suppliant, coquettish, triumphant all at once.

“Great Scott, I’ve struck the wrong room!” gasped the young man; “excuse me, madam!”

“Barry,” she said, laughing and crying, “will you write some more plays, please, and take me to a theater to-night? And, Barry”—the fashionable figure crept closer and wound her bare arms about his neck—“will you kiss a fool?”

"OL' MISS FOX WUS STAN'IN' IN DE DO' WAITIN' FER 'IM."



HOW BROTHER RABBIT BROUGHT FAMILY TROUBLE ON BROTHER FOX

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. CONDÉ



THE little boy sat in a thoughtful attitude after Uncle Remus had told him how Brother Rabbit had fraudulently secured Brother Fox's pullets. He had been taught never to ignore the difference between right and wrong—justice and injustice—and in his mind the line between the two was sharply and deeply drawn. He sat reflecting, while Uncle Remus busied himself about his work-bench, on one end of which was his favorite seat. He arranged and rearranged his tools, and then folded his hands in his lap with an air of satisfaction. He evidently expected the youngster to make some comment or observation, and when he had

waited a little while, he made a remark calculated to draw the child out.

"I'm fear'd you ain't feelin' well, honey. Sump'n in dat tale must 'a' made you feel bad." The little boy looked at him, but made no response. "Wharbouts in de tale wuz you tooken sick at?" Uncle Remus inquired, with a great display of solicitude.

"Why, I'm not sick, Uncle Remus," replied the lad.

"Well, I'm monstus glad ter hear it," the old man responded, "kase you sho had me skeer'd. A little mo', an' I'd 'a' tol' you ter run an' let yo' granny look at yo' tongue an' feel er yo' pulsh." The child laughed at this, and then became serious again. "Dey's sump'n de matter wid you," Uncle Remus insisted, "kaze ev'ry sence I tol' you dat



"DOES YOU MEAN FER TER TELL ME DAT?"

tale, you been lookin' like you got mo' on yo' min' dan you kin tote."

"I was just thinking," said the child, somewhat shyly—he was always embarrassed when commenting on Uncle Remus's stories—"I was just thinking that when Brother Rabbit got the chickens from Brother Fox, he was really stealing them."

"Dey ain't no two ways 'bout dat," said Uncle Remus complacently. "But what wuz Brer Fox doin' when he got um? Pullets an' puddle-ducks don't grow on trees, an' it's been a mighty long time sence dey been runnin' wil'. No, honey! Dey's a heap er idees dat you got ter shake off ef you gwineter put de creeturs 'longside er folks; you'll hatter shake um, an' shuck um. Creeturs could talk like folks in dat day an' time, an' dey kin do a heap er things what folks do; but you kin see de diffunce fer yo'se'f. Folks got der laws, an' de creeturs got der'n, an' it bleeze ter be dat-a-way."

"Brer Rabbit took de pullets when by good rights he oughter lef' um whar he fin' um, but you'll l'arn fer yo'se'f dat dey's a heap er folks lots wuss dan Brer Rabbit, when it comes ter

takin' what ain't der'n, an' when you l'arn it you'll look back on dese times an' feel so sorry dat you ain't got um wid you dat you'll hatter wipe yo' eyes an' blow yo' nose—an' I'm a-hopin' mighty strong dat you won't be tryin' fer ter show off in no gal comp'ny when you does it, kaze dat'd make Miss Sally turn in her grave."

These remarks were way beyond the little boy, but he accepted them as an explanation, though it was not altogether satisfactory. He seemed to imagine that if the animals could talk and reason in the way that Uncle Remus represented them, they should have some idea of the difference between right and wrong. The old negro had no difficulty whatever in perceiving the nature of the child's trouble, and he dealt with it as seriously and as

solemnly as he knew how.

"It seem like," he said, glancing at the little boy, "dat folks is got one way er



"I'LL SUGAR YOU! I'LL HONEY YOU!"

lookin' at things, an' it's all bleeze ter be des de way dey think it oughter be. Ef dey had diffunt eyes, an' ef deze eyes wuz on a dil-

funt level, dey wouldn't see de way dey does now; what dey see would be a little mo' slonchways, an' den eve'ybody would git

guess at; you des knows it by yo' nose an' yo' two big toes.

"Let 'lone dat, de pullets an' de puddle-



"DAR DEY WUZ, NO FROCK, NO PULLETS."

duck mought not 'a' b'long'd ter de one what Brer Fox tuck um fum, an' I boun' you dat 'twould take a mighty long time fer ter hunt up an' s'arch out de nick-names an' de petty-grees er all dem what had um 'fo' Brer Rabbit drapped um in his rasher-bag." Uncle Remus paused to take note of the direction of the wind and the appearance of the sky; then he sighed and closed his eyes. After awhile, the spirit seemed to move him, and he straightened himself on the work-bench, and exchanged the somewhat uncomforta-

ble seat for a chair. diffunt ideas. Well, de diffunt eyes an' de diffunt ideas dat folks mought 'a' had, dat des zackly what de creeturs got. What dey see dey see slonchways, stidder upendickler. Folks got der ways, an' de creeturs is got der'n, an' deze yer ways wuz proned in um fum de fust.

"Creetur law ain't folks' law, nohow you kin fix it," Uncle Remus went on, with the unction of a country preacher. "Dar wuz ol' Brer Fox, wid his pullets an' his puddle-duck; an' you done got de idee dat Brer Rabbit done wrong when he work his head an' han's fer ter git holt um. But le' me ax you dis: Whar did Brer Fox git um? He ain't git um at home, kaze he wuz totin' um dar when we fust run across 'im; he ain't git um in de woods, kaze pullets an' puddle-ducks ain't grow on trees—an' ef dey is, Brer Fox can't clim' no higher dan he kin jump. Now, you kin put it down an' carry four, dat wharsomever Brer Fox lay han's on um, he ain't buy'd um, an' needer wuz dey gun ter 'im. Dat much you don't hatter

ble seat for a chair.

"I'm mighty glad you spoken'd up an' say what you did, honey," he remarked, "kaze a leetle mo', an' I'd 'a' up an' 'a' whirled in, an' 'a' tol' you de t'er pert er dat tale 'bout Brer Rabbit an' de pullets an' de puddle-duck; I sho would, an' den you'd 'a' felt so mighty sorry 'bout de way de creeturs look at things, dat you'd 'a' went behime de smoke-ouse an' 'a' boo-hoo'd des like yo' gizzard wuz gwine ter break in two."

The little boy gave the old negro a quick glance of reproach. "Why, Uncle Remus!" he exclaimed, "I thought you always finished a story when you begun it; you said so yourself."

In spite of a desire to treat the child seriously, Uncle Remus grinned broadly. "De way I look at it, honey, you hatter harness two hosses one at a time, less'n you got a man fer ter he'p you; an' when youer tellin' a two-hoss tale, you hatter tell um one at a time. Ef I wuz ter try fer ter tell

um bofe at once, you'd run ter de house an' tell yo' granny dat ol' man Remus had done gone an' got rid er his sev'm senses, an' wuz tryin' fer ter gi' you a good strong dose er Chineez; an' when you done dat, Miss Sally sho would preach my funer'l march. I wan't born'd yistiddy, an' I take notice dat yo' daddy ain't got de double-bairl gun, an' dat Miss Sally don't have but one hoss fer ter haul her ter church Sundays. Dat ar double-buggy dat yo' daddy use ter drive up dar in Atlanty would look mighty funny ef it had mo' dan one hoss hitched ter it. Lawsy, yes! Eve'ything is mo' lamer now dan what it use ter be; an' I bet you right now dat ef de trufe wuz know'd we er stan'in' on our heads."

The little boy was obliged to laugh at this whimsical explanation, and this gave Uncle Remus as much pleasure as the stories gave the child. "Ef you'll wet yo' thumb, an' turn back in yo' min' 'twon't be hard fer you ter reckmember dat Brer Fox tol' Brer Rabbit dat ef he kin git dem two fine, fat pullets fum his ol' 'oman, he's mo' dan welcome fer ter git um. But when Brer Fox say dat, de pullets wuz hangin' up at Brer Rabbit house; he done got um wid dat piece er paper what he tuck an' show ol' Miss Fox. Dat what make him laugh so loud an' so long.

"Well, suh, attar Brer Rabbit git done laughin', he mosied off home whar his wife and chillun live at, an' Brer Fox, he went on to'rds his house whar his ol' 'oman live at. Ef he'd 'a' had his eyes shet, he'd 'a' know'd when he got dar, kaze ol' Miss Fox wuz stan'in' in de do' waitin' fer 'im. She g'gun ter jaw at 'im, long 'fo' he got in lis'nen' distance, an' you mought 'a' hear her a mile er mo'. When he got whar he know'd what she wuz sayin', he ain't say nothin'; he des amble 'long twel he come ter de do'. By dat time ol' Miss Fox wuz so mad dat she can't say nothin' an' do jestic ter her-sef, so she des stan' dar an' make motions wid de broom what she had in her han'.

"Brer Fox, he wipe de persweat off'n his face an' eyes, an' say, 'It seem like ter me dat I hear you talkin' ter some un des now; what wuz you sayin', sugar-honey?' Soon ez she kin ketch her breff, she 'low, 'I'll

sugar you! I'll honey you! What make you fetch vittles home ef you gwine ter sen' it off ag'in? What you wanten put yo'se'f ter de trouble er totin' it ter dis house, when you know you gwineter gi' it 'way des ez soon ez you turn yo' back on de place? An' what business you got sen'in' ol' Miss Rabbit de two fine, fat pullets what you brung home, which dey made me dribble at de mouf de fust time I seed um? An' I ain't mo' dan seed um 'fo' here come ol' Brer Rabbit, a-bowin' an' a-scrapin', an' a-simperin' an' a-sniggerin', an' he 'low dat you done sont 'im fer de pullets. Ef it had 'a' des 'a' been his own 'lone sesso, he'd 'a' never got dem pullets in de roun' worl'—I'd 'a' gouged out his gooze fust—but here he come wid a letter what you writ, dough you know'd good an' well dat when it comes ter writin' I dunno B fum Bull's-Foot."

"Brer Fox shuck his head; he say he ain't never writ no letter, kaze he dunner how, an' it seem mighty funny ter him dat his sugar-honey an' dumplin'-pie don't know dat much. Ol' Miss Fox, she 'low, she did, dat dumplin'-pie ain't chicken-pie, an' den



"HE WUZ SO NERVOUS DAT HE'D KICK OUT IF A WEED TICKLED 'IM."

she rail at Brer Fox. 'How come you givin' pullets ter ol' Brer Rabbit an' his fambly, when yo' own chillun, 'twix' yo' laziness an' de hard times, is gwine roun' here so ga'nt dat dey can't make a shadder in de moon-shine? You know mighty well—none better—dat we ain't never is neighbor'd wid dat kinder trash, an' I dunner what done come over you dat you er takin' vittles out'n yo' own chillun's mouf an' feedin' dat Rabbit brood.'

"Brer Fox vow an' declar' he ain't done no sech uv a thing, an' his ol' 'oman vow an' declar' dat he is, an' she shake de broom so

"But whiles he laughin', he laugh too loud, an' Brer Fox hear him. He say ter his ol' 'oman, 'I'm gwine ter git some



"HE KEEF SECH A CLOSE WATCH ON UM DAT 'TWUZ E'EN ABOUT ALL HE KIN DO FER TER KEEF BRER FOX FUM KETCHIN' 'IM."

close und' his nose dat he hatter sneeze. Den he 'low, 'Does you mean fer ter stan' dar, flat-footed, an' right 'fo' my face an' eyes, an' whar yo' own chillun kin hear you, an' tell me dat you tuck an' gi' Brer Rabbit dem ar fine, fat pullets what I brung home? Does you mean fer ter tell me dat?' She say, 'Ef I done it, I done it kaze you writ me a 'pistle an' tell me fer ter do it.' Brer Fox 'low, 'Is you got de impudence ter tell me dat des kaze Brer Rabbit han' you a piece er paper, wid sump'n n'er marked on it, you ain't got nothin' better ter do dan ter up an' gi' 'im de fine, fat pullets what I brung fer ter make some chicken-pie?'

"Dis make ol' Miss Fox so mad dat she can't see straight, an' when she git so she kin talk plain, she vow she gwine ter hurt Brer Rabbit ef it tuck a lifetime fer ter do it. An' dar wuz Brer Fox des ez mad, ef not madder. Dey bofe sot down an' grit der tushes, an' mumble an' growl like dey talkin' ter deyse'f. Brer Rabbit wa'n't so mighty fur off, an' he laugh an' laugh twel he can't laugh no mo'.

rabbit meat fer ter make up fer de chickens what you done give 'way. You be sweepin' here in front er de do', an' I'll slip roun' de back way, an' come up on him when he ain't thinkin' 'bout it; an' whiles you sweepin' make out you talkin' ter me like I'm in de house.' So said, so done. Miss Fox she sweep an' sweep, an' whiles she sweepin' she make out she talkin' ter Brer Fox whiles he in de house. She say, 'You better come on out'n dar an' go on 'bout yo' business ef you got any. Here I'm constant a-gwine, fum mornin' twel night, an' dar you is a-loungin' roun', waitin' fer Brer Rabbit fer ter play tricks on you. You better come on out'n dar an' go fin' sump'n n'er ter eat fer yo' fambly.'

"Dat's de way she talk, whiles she wuz pertendin' ter sweep, an' des 'bout dat time, up come ol' Brer Rabbit wid a mighty per-lite bow. He tuck off his hat, he did, 'Good evenin' dis evenin', Miss Fox. I hope I see you well, ma'am.' Miss Fox 'low dat she ain't ez peart ez she look ter be, an' mo' dan dat, her ol' man layin' in de house right now

wid a mighty bad case er de influendways. Brer Rabbit say he mighty sorry, but it's what we all got ter look out fer, kaze 'zease an' trouble, an' one thing an' an'er, is all de time makin' de roun's er de places whar folks live at. Den ol' Brer Rabbit kinder hol' his head on one side an' sorter smile; he up an' ax, he did, 'Miss Fox, how you like dat cut er caliker what King Lion sont you fer ter make a frock out'n? Reason I ax, I'm a-gwine ter see 'im dis evenin', an' I 'most know dat he'll ax me ef you like de pattern.'

"Miss Fox lean her broom ag'in de house, an' put her han's on her hips, an'

beat my time!' Brer Rabbit, he put his han' over his mouf an' cough sorter sof'; he 'low, he did, 'You'll hatter skuzen me, ma'am,' sazee. 'I'm afeard I done gone an' said sump'n dat I oughtn'ter say. When I knows what I'm a-doin', I never likes fer ter come 'twix' man an' wife, ef I kin he'p myse'f—no, ma'am, not me! Yit Brer Fox is right dar in de house an' you kin ax 'im, ef you don't b'lieve me.'

"Fer one long minnit, Miss Fox wuz so mad dat she hatter wait twel she catch her breff 'fo' she kin say a word. Lot's er wimmen would 'a' stood up dar an' squealed, but Miss Fox, she helt her breff.



"DEN BRER RABBIT MAKE OUT HE 'BOUT TER CRY."

make Brer Rabbit say over what he done tol' er. 'Well, well, well!' sez ol' Miss Fox, se'she; 'de King sont me a caliker frock, an' I ain't never lay eyes on it! Ef dat don't

Quick ez she kin, she holler out, 'No, he ain't in de house; he's out yan' tryin' fer ter slip up on you 'bout dem pullets.' 'I'm glad you got dat idee,' sez Brer Rabbit,

sezee, 'kaze it's liable fer ter keep down trouble. Ef you wuz a man, Miss Fox,' sezee, 'you mought git de idee dat he seed me comin' an' wuz hidin' out kaze he fear'd I'd ax you 'bout dat frock what de King sont you. It sho wuz a mighty purty piece er caliker, an' ef I'd 'a' know'd den what I know now, I'd 'a' got it fum Brer Fox an' gi' it ter my ol' 'oman—I sho would!'

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit make his bow an' light out fum dar; an' he wa'n't none too soon, nudder, kaze he ain't mo' dan got in de bushes whar he kin hide hisse'f, 'fo' here come ol' Brer Fox. He look all roun', but he ain't see nobody but his ol' 'oman, kaze Brer Rabbit done gone along. Brer Fox say, sezee, 'Whar is de triflin' scoundul? I seed 'im stan'in' right here—whar is he? Whar he gone?' Ol' Miss Fox, she up wid de broom an' hit him a biff side de head dat come mighty nigh knockin' 'im inter one er de j'inin' counties. 'Dat's whar he is,' se'-she, an' she fetch her ol' man a whack 'cross de backbone, dat soun' like ol' Miss Jenkins a-beatin' dat ol' rag kyarpit by hittin' it ag'in de fence.

"Ol' Brer Fox tuck a notion dat he been struck by lightning; he fell down an' roll over, an' 'by de time dat ol' Miss Fox had mighty nigh wo' de broom out, he fin' out what 'uz happenin'. He holla out, 'Why, laws-a-massey, honey! What de matter wid you? What you biffin' me fer? I ain't Brer Rabbit! Ow! Please, honey, don't bang me so hard; I ain't gwine do it no mo'.' Ol' Miss Fox says, se'-she, 'Ah-yi! you owns up, does you? You ain't gwine do it no mo', ain't you? Now, whar my fine caliker frock what de King sont me?' An' all de time she wuz talkin' she wuz wipin' 'im up wid de broom. Mon, de way she beat dat creetur wuz a start-natchul scandul.

"Well, when Brer Fox got out'n reach, an' she'd kinder cooled down, she up an' tol' 'im bout de caliker frock what King Lion had sont 'er, an' she ax 'im what de name er goodness is he done wid it, an' ef he ain't brung it home onbeknownst ter her, who in de dashes an' de dickuses is he gi' it to? He vow he ain't seed no caliker frock, an' she 'low dat he done say, whiles she wuz a-biffin' 'im, dat he ain't gwine do it no mo'. Brer Fox say he ain't know what she wuz beatin' 'im fer, an' he was mos' bleeze ter promise not ter do it no mo', kaze she wuz hurtin' 'im so bad.

"Dey put der heads tergedder, dey did, an' collogue an' confab 'bout how dey gwineter git even wid Brer Rabbit, kaze de King ain't sont no fine caliker frock, an' needer is dey got der two fat pullets. Dar dey wuz, no frock, no pullets, an' Brer Rabbit still cuttin' up his capers an' playin' his pranks on eve'ything an' eve'ybody. Dey say dey wuz gwine ter ketch 'im ef it kilt eve'y cow in de island, wid a couple er steers thow'd in fer good medjur. Dey wuz gwine ter hide close ter de places whar he hatter pass by; dey wuz gwine ter do dis an' dey wuz gwine ter do dat, but whatsomever dey done, dey wuz gwine ter ketch up wid Brer Rabbit.

"Now, den, it takes two ter make a bargain, an' one mo' fer ter see dat it's done all right. Brer Rabbit, he know mighty well—none better—all de gwines-on in dat part er de country, an' he make his 'rangerments 'cordin'. He been use ter keepin' his eyeball skunt when all 'uz peace, but when dey wuz any trouble ahead, he wuz so nervous dat he'd kick out wid his behime foot ef a weed tickled 'im. When it come down ter plain nervousness, he can't be beat.

"Brer Fox can't make a move but what Brer Rabbit would know 'bout it; he know'd when he went out an' when he went in, an' he keep sech a close watch on um dat 'twuz c'en about all he kin do fer ter keep Brer Fox fum ketchin' 'im. Atter so long a time, Brer Rabbit got tired er leadin' dis kinder life. He could 'a' put up wid it maybe a fortnight, but when it run over dat, he got plum' tired, Brer Rabbit did. Yit it look like dat luck wuz constant a-runnin' his way, kaze he ain't been dodgin' roun' in de bushes, tryin' fer ter keep out ol' Brer Fox's way—he ain't been doin' dis mo dan a week, when dere come word fum ol' King Lion fer go an' see 'im. It seem like de place whar he stuck de brier in his han' wuz kyo'd up too quick, an' had done turn inter a bile—a great big un—an' it got so dat de King had ter walk de flo' all night des like yo' pappy use ter do when he had de toof-ache.

"Well, Brer Rabbit ain't no sooner git de word dan he run right straight ter de place whar dey done der kingin' at, an' 'tain't take 'im long, needer, kaze I let you know, honey, when Brer Rabbit take a notion fer ter go anywhar right quick, he des picks up de miles wid his feet an' draps um off ag'in, des like a dog sheds fleas. He got dar, he

did, an' when he see how bad de bile wuz, he kinder shuck his head an' rub his nose des like de sho' 'nough doctors does. He ax um whyn't dey tell 'im 'bout dis when de bile 'gun ter show, an' dey say dey been huntin' fer 'im high an' low, an' dey can't fin' 'im nowhar an' nohow.

"Brer Rabbit put on his specks an' 'low, 'Tut, tut, tut! Ef dis ain't too bad! I'm fear' dey ain't but one kyo fer a place like dis. I hate might'y ter be de 'casion er any trouble, but it look like I'm des a-bleeze ter.' King Lion kinder flinch an' frown when he hear dis, but Brer Rabbit say dat de trouble ain't for him, but fer one er his ol'-time'quaintance. 'Ef you wan't de King,' he say ter de Lion, 'I'd des let you go on an' suffer, but bein' what you is, I'm bleeze ter pull ol' frien'ship up by de roots. Ef you wanten git well, you'll des hatter

wrop yo' han' up in a fox-hide. Not only dat, but de hide mus' be so fresh dat it's warm.'

"Den Brer Rabbit make out he 'bout ter cry. He 'low, 'I can't b'ar ter tell my ol' frien' good-by, kaze we done had many a night tergedder, up an' down an' roun' de worl'. De sooner you gits Brer Fox here de better—but I'll hatter ax you fer ter le'me out de back way, an' I'll go off some'ers in de woods an' wonder at de flight er time an' de changes dat de years is brung.' Den he bow ter King Lion; he say, 'De nex' time I see you yo' han' will be well, but whar will Brer Fox be?' De King he say, 'Why, I'll sen' you de kyarcass,' but Brer Rabbit say, 'No, please don't, kaze I couldn't b'ar ter look at it. Des sen' it ter Miss Fox; it mought be some sort er comfort ter dat po' crectur.'"

THE EVENTFUL DAY

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

At six in the mornin' Pat Henry got up
And, smashin' his saucer and wavin' his cup,
Says, "Pass me the liberty!" Then he took breath
And says, "If you're out of it, give me some death!"
George needn't hoot us;
Cæsar had Brutus,
And Cromwell turned Charles to a Guyasticutus.

At seven fifteen Tommy Jefferson rose,
Not waitin' to put on his collar or clo'es,
And wrote, "Men are equal and also are free,
Though mighty few of 'em are equalin' me."
Words of promise
Written by Thomas!
Where's the gazabo can pilfer 'em from us?

At eight forty-five Franklin sent a report,
He had captured King Louis and all of his court;
So wise was his wit and so shining his sallies
That Frankie and France very soon became allies.
Benny, the bright man,
Also the kite-man,
Got France on his string to prove he was the right man.

At ten in the mornin' George Washington fought
All the British could crowd in a ten-acre lot.
And when he had licked 'em, he muttered, "Oh, bother!
This country will soon be a-callin' me 'Father'!"
First in scrappy
Times, or happy;
No wonder the country has christened him "Pappy."

Some time before noon, then, the eagle was set
To hatchin' out states and they're hatchin' out yet!
E pluribus unum and where can you match it
What the eagle and George did with their little hatch-it?
Fizz—Boom—Ah!
Hip, hurrah!
Ain't we the best that the world ever saw?



HOME FOR THE SUMMER.

ILLUSTRATION BY C. D. HUBBARD.

HOLT OF THE ALCANTARA

BY F. WALWORTH BROWN



WHAT are you going to do about it?" Allen leaned back in the wicker and lazily rolled a cigarette.

"It's a hold-up, of course, but there's no justice to be had down here. The only thing we can do is pay."

He was a big man, was Allen, assistant manager of the Alcantara Coffee Plantations, and indispensable in his way, for the lazy peon needs the visible evidence of authority, and Allen was visible for a long distance. But sometimes it seemed to Holt, the general manager, that Allen lacked something which a white man in a half-breed country ought to possess.

Holt, black-headed, black-bearded, black-eyed, short and stocky, leaning forward in his chair, looked like a bad man to mishandle, and he bore that reputation. But his voice when he spoke was smooth, impassive, calm, with a rather affected drawl.

"Of course we can pay—and skip the quarterly dividend. That means explanations. Besides, I hate being held up. It's time Caballa was shipped anyway. He's squeezed this country long enough. Better send your sister home."

Allen sat up with a jerk.

"Do you mean—"

"I'd rather spend the money exploiting Porcos than buying protection from Caballa," said Holt.

"Is the country ripe for it?"

"Always. Only thing it isn't ripe for is peace and quiet."

"And that's the reason for the guns and the everlasting drilling in the sun."

"Exactly. Wonder you didn't grasp it before." Holt's tone bore a hint of sarcasm. "I've invited Porcos to make us a visit. He'll be here to-night. And say, send your sister home by the first boat."

"I will—if she'll go," said Allen doubt-

fully. "I don't exercise such a wonderful authority over Dicky, you know."

A girl came out on the veranda, a tall, athletic girl, with a mass of dark hair, and eyes that looked one slowly and calmly in the face. Holt rose instantly and offered her a chair.

"You've got to go home, Dicky," said Allen abruptly.

"Home! Why?" asked the girl.

"There's going to be trouble down here. Revolution, you know."

"You're going to stay, aren't you?" she asked innocently.

"Why, yes, I'll have to stay. It'll be no place for girls, though."

"Oh, I guess I can stand it if you can, Billy. I think I'd rather stay and see the fun."

Holt eyed her admiringly. She was worth two of her brother, and Billy Allen wasn't a bad sort, at that.

"I've been down less than a month and you want to send me home."

"Really, Miss Allen," said Holt, "we may have very rough times. Don't you think—"

"What are you men planning, anyway?" cried the girl. "Do let me in. I can keep a secret."

Holt regarded her for a moment in silence.

"It's very important that this secret be kept, Miss Allen. I've only just told your brother."

Dicky held up her right hand with mock solemnity. "I solemnly swear," she said, but at Holt's unsmiling face her hand dropped and her eyes became grave.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I didn't understand. Of course, I don't want to pry. And if you wish it I'll go home."

"I'll tell you," said Holt instantly, "and you can decide for yourself. We'll—Billy will be rather lonesome if you go."

Dicky turned toward him and their

eyes met in a swift glance of understanding. Holt's iron orbs never wavered. Dicky's dropped and she flushed the least bit.

"You see," said Holt, with perfect control of his well-modulated tones, "we do business down here under a concession from the government. It has fourteen years to run from next May. Well, they've canceled it. Caballa's at the bottom of it. He's the dictator, you know, and his country's particular curse. I could go to him and fix things up in fifteen minutes."

"You won't do it," said Dicky eagerly.

"No, I won't do it," said Holt with a quick smile. "I prefer to use the money in another way. We've been looking for a move like this. He's been trying to blackmail us for months. I've armed our peons—there are two hundred of them—and Billy here has drilled them pretty thoroughly——"

"Not knowing why," interjected Billy in an aggrieved tone.

"And that's what the range was for," cried Dicky.

"Exactly," said Holt. "They can shoot fairly well even now. Over in Madura, living in exile, is a gentleman named Porcos who will fill our bill, I think. He's no better than the rest of them. It's hard to find one that *is*, down here. They're all grafters, but I've had dealings with him—he was president till Caballa ousted him—and he understands that blackmail doesn't go with the Alcantara. We pay our taxes but we don't pay anything else."

"There's going to be the deuce of a ruction, Dicky, and you'd better go home. That's the truth," said Allen.

"It was left to me, wasn't it?" Dicky appealed to Holt.

"Yes," he admitted, "but——"

"No 'buts' about it, please. If you think I'm going to miss it, you're mistaken. I choose to stay."

"But listen, Dicky," said Allen with genuine concern, whereupon she went over and sat on the arm of his chair and gagged him with her open hand.

Holt watched her approvingly through half-shut eyes. She was a kindred spirit. It might prove embarrassing, but he was candid enough with himself to admit he should have hated to see her go.

"That's settled," said Dicky. "Now don't fuss, Billy."

"You always were your own boss," said

her brother, as though he washed his hands of her. "It's sheer idiocy, but if you will, you will," and he rose and sauntered off.

Dicky slipped into his chair, facing Holt, who was still studying her out of narrowed eyes.

"Well?" she said presently.

"I was thinking how the ordinary woman would have moved creation to get away," he said slowly.

"Thank you," said Dicky. "I don't believe you meant that to be nice, though."

"I'm quite sure I meant nothing else," said he, and she felt his strong eyes upon her and flushed again, to her great disgust. She was not quite twenty-two.

Ten days later they were awaiting news from Porcos; Dicky with open irritation at the delay, Allen with a nervous expectancy that did not fit his bulk, Holt without the appearance of any emotion whatever. The ex-President had been at the hacienda the week before, a short, black-headed man with fiercely waxed mustachios, and a melodramatic manner. He had bowed to the floor before Dicky, his hand upon his heart, and Dicky had properly despised him.

"He's not to be trusted," was her verdict and no one rose to argue the point.

Holt had supplied him with funds to a limited amount wherewith to start an uprising in Querco district, and he had departed as he had come, between days.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," quoted Dicky at the end of the week. "Suppose he's run away with the money?"

"I didn't give him enough," said Holt. "At least, if it was enough he's a cheaper scoundrel than I think."

Then one evening an Indian runner came into the hacienda and fished a letter out of his dirty loincloth. Holt broke the seal with as steady fingers as though it related to some matter of business detail. The others, watching closely, could not detect the shifting of a muscle in the calm face, whereby to guess its import.

"It's all right," said the general manager. "Porcos seems to have started a very respectable little rebellion up in Querco. Says he has five hundred men fairly armed. Says he'll move on the capital to-morrow. Asks us to cooperate. Guess we will."

"Oh, I wish I were a man," cried Dicky. "What can a woman do?"

"There are people who are glad you're

not," said Holt slowly, and Dicky glanced at him only to turn away very quickly.

Holt sent a message to Porcos saying he would join him with the Alcantara battalion at Santa Cruz, twenty miles south, and fifteen from San Diego, the capital, and preparations were begun at once for starting in the morning.

"I shall go, too," announced Dicky, but there Holt put his foot down. Allen would have to go, for the men recognized him as their military leader. But Mackelvey, the foreman, with a sufficient guard, would remain at the hacienda, and Dicky would be left in the charge of Mrs. Mac.

"And I wish her joy," said Allen when he heard of this arrangement. "You'll turn the poor woman's hair white in a day." And Dicky looked at her brother witheringly and Holt thought he understood.

In the gray of the dawn they rode away south, followed by the trudging column of swarthy peons, each with a Springfield over his shoulder and a cartridge belt about his waist by way of uniform. Dicky watched them go, her heart full of bitterness at her sex. At the edge of the plantation where the road dipped into the rank jungle of the tropical forest, Allen waved a careless hand to her and Holt turned in his saddle and gravely removed his hat. She noted the difference and was conscious of the subtle compliment in that grave salute. Then the jungle swallowed them and Dicky felt very lonely and useless.

The marching column reached Santa Cruz toward evening and found Porcos not yet arrived. Holt led his men through the gaping crowd in the plaza and out to a low ridge south of the town, where the men the next morning threw up breastworks, and sat down to await the arrival of the general. It was an excellent position. The left flank was covered by the Cuerna river and by stretching the line to rather dangerous tenuity and re-fusing his right wing, Holt was able to occupy a knoll which thus afforded protection on that flank.

In the name of the much abused goddess of Liberty, he requisitioned the only printing press in the town and set it running night and day, producing proclamations which set forth in excellent, high-sounding phraseology the evils of the present misrule, and called upon all citizens to rise under the leadership of that tried patriot, Maximo Porcos, and overthrow the tyrant, this thief

of their liberties, the accursed Caballa. Wet from the press these were scattered over the country at the hands of swift Indian runners, preparing the way for the conflagration when Porcos arrived to apply the match.

And Porcos did not come. Day after day slipped by and brought no word even. And Porcos was essential. It was out of the question for two Americans to rouse the country against even so gross a miscreant as Caballa. The proclamations had been issued in the name of the general. There were indications in plenty that the country would rise under the proper leadership. Volunteers came in daily, by twos and threes—good men, too, as first volunteers always are. But they came expecting Porcos and they would not act without him.

On the fourth day reports came of Caballa's mobilization of the forces. The regular standing army of the Republic consisted of only 900 poorly drilled soldiers, but all males between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five were subject to emergency call. With Porcos leading a revolutionary movement, Holt felt certain few of these would obey the summons of Caballa.

That afternoon found Holt closeted with Allen in solemn conclave on the situation. A scout sent to Querco had arrived with the news that the first intimation of rebellion in that district had been the arrival of their own proclamation.

"Porcos has skipped, or sold us out—maybe both. Anyway, we've got to do without him," said Holt. "We're in too deep to back out. We've got to put the thing through or quit the business—and the Lord hateth a quitter."

"But we can't stand up against the whole country," objected Allen.

"Very true," said Holt, and outlined a startling plan.

"Gad, it's risky," was Allen's comment.

"The whole thing's a risk," said the general manager. "But it's a ground-hog case. I'll be back to-morrow night."

Half an hour later Holt mounted and rode north with somewhat ostentatious regard for the eyes of men.

"That man's a maniac," said Allen to himself, and spent the evening and all the next day spreading the news that Porcos would surely arrive within thirty-six hours. And quite according to schedule, in the short tropical twilight of the following

evening, a horseman rode up, unattended, to one of the sentries.

"I am General Porcos," he said. "Conduct me to Colonel Allen."

The sentry called the officer of the guard. The lieutenant found a short, stout man, whose mustachios twisted wickedly upward in waxed points, and who wore a tarnished military uniform and a slouch hat. He was very pompous and condescending and the lieutenant took him at his own valuation and himself conducted him to headquarters.

Allen looked up as the two entered and instantly clinched his teeth to repress a wild desire to laugh. Porcos, just within the door, stood twisting his belligerent mustachios into fiercer effrontery, meantime looking down upon them in the acme of gratified vanity. Then Allen played up.

"Ah, General," he said. "Glad indeed to see you," and led Porcos to a seat with every appearance of the sincerest deference.

The lieutenant departed duly impressed and Allen lay back and let himself go. The pomposity fell from Porcos like a garment, and Holt emerged, shaven as to the chin, and waxed as to mustachios, but no more Porcos than Allen himself.

"You'll do," gasped the latter. "Gad, if I hadn't known I'd have swallowed it myself."

"It's got to do," said Holt. "How are things?" and Allen plunged into an account of the situation. The situation was bad.

"Caballa's moving against us with not less than a thousand men," said Allen. "Ought to be here in the morning. We have three hundred at the outside, counting volunteers."

Holt mused a moment while Allen looked him over and went off laughing again.

"Get all through with it," said Holt. "You've got to act like a judge on the bench, in public."

"Did Dicky see you?" asked Allen.

"She cut down these clothes," replied Holt as though the recollection was rather amusing. "This is your old academy uniform with subtractions and additions. I've been practicing for twenty-four hours. She thought I'd do."

"You'll do unless Porcos himself turns up."

"If Porcos turns up now, he'll meet with a severe frost," said Holt rather savagely.

The news of the general's arrival spread

like fire during the night, and morning found volunteers coming in from all directions. Half the male population of Santa Cruz was in the trenches by daylight and when Holt and Allen emerged from their quarters and rode along the crest inspecting the position and making final disposition of the troops, they were received with tremendous applause.

Porcos had been out of the country for three years, a political exile, and if he had lost flesh in that time, who would wonder at it? Besides it might be doubted if a single man in the hundreds who greeted Holt so enthusiastically had ever laid eyes on the actual Porcos.

From time to time Holt raised his hat in pompous salutes to the shouting men. His dignity was that of one greatly wronged but bending graciously to accept amends, his gravity imperturbable, his condescension all-embracing. And the men went wild, while every hour brought fresh instalments of eager volunteers.

By noon the forces of Caballa were in sight deploying in the valley below and evidently the dictator was bent on crushing the rebellion at a blow. At three o'clock, after a useless bombardment of solid shot from a couple of ancient smoothbores, which did no damage whatever, he drew up his troops in platoon formation and sent them forward to assault the position.

That was more than Holt had dared to hope for. If they did come as skirmishers in extended order, the affair might have been doubtful. As it was, however, once he was certain of the point at which the column aimed, Holt massed his men in the trench at that part of the line, and he and Allen rode back and forth along the ridge holding the excited men firmly in check. Here and there a man loosed his piece at the approaching column, but in the main the two succeeded in holding the eager riflemen in leash till the front rank of the enemy was not fifty yards from the crest.

Then in the slow, calm tone that breeds deliberation, Holt gave the word to aim, and the men leaned forward on the parapet and snuggled to their pieces.

"Fire!" snapped Holt and the crest leaped with a sheet of flame. It was an overwhelming volley, not to be faced a second time. The column was thrown into instant wild confusion. Caballa had miscalculated the resistance to be met, and

his troops knew it. Without giving them a moment to reform, even had they been inclined, Holt rode his horse over the trenches on to the slope, and lacking a sword, seized his battered hat and swung it round his head.

"Forward!" he yelled. "For Liberty! Down with the tyrant!" He was melodramatic to the last degree and the result approved his wisdom.

Roused to enthusiasm that would not recognize denial, the men in the trenches followed as one man. The government troops had already had enough and did not await their arrival. Throwing down their arms, howling with panic, they fled away headlong, madly, utterly undone. Some begged quarter and received it only to seize again their weapons, and shouting for Porcos and liberty, join in the pursuit.

It became a rout. Caballa got away on horseback and was never headed till safe in the palace. Some of his men were dispersed over the country. More changed their politics like a garment and joined the victors. At dusk Holt and Allen halted for the night at Cuerna, a village only five miles from San Diego. The victory was complete. The whole country was shouting for Porcos. It remained but to march to the city and take possession.

"Won't this make Porcos sick when he hears of it?" said Allen with the laugh of a boy.

"He's playing some game of his own," said Holt. "I don't know what, but we'll find out before we're done. I shouldn't be surprised if he's bought his peace with Caballa by selling us out."

About nine that evening while the two men were making plans for the entry into the city next day, an altercation arose without.

"I must see the general," said some one in English.

"No one is to be admitted," said the guard in Spanish.

"What does he say?" came the first voice.

"He'll no see ye."

"That's Mac," said Allen, getting up.

Holt was already on his way to the door. He spoke to the sentry, and Dicky, followed by the dour-faced Scotchman, entered.

"What does this mean, Dicky?" said Allen. "Don't you know it isn't safe? The country's all up."

"She wad come," said Mackelvey wearily.

"Your excellency," said Dicky with a bow to Holt. "General Porcos is back. He passed the hacienda this afternoon."

Holt offered her a chair.

"You saw him?"

"I interviewed him," she said. "He seemed rather angry."

"Why?"

"Because he said some one had used his name to start a revolution. He says he and Caballa are good friends. He's coming down to straighten things out. I'm afraid I've ridden Mr. Mackelvey rather hard to get here ahead of him."

"I'll no deny it," said Mackelvey.

"How many has he with him?" asked Holt.

"He had eighteen when he left the hacienda," said Dicky. "He expected to reach San Diego to-night, by way of Cordova."

"I'll have to send you, Allen," said Holt. "It's three miles west. Take enough of our own men, and if you catch him, send them back to the plantation with him, under Mac's command. Mac, you go along."

Allen and Mackelvey departed, and Holt turned over his and Allen's quarters to Dicky. The roads from the city were clogged with people hurrying to hail the victor, thirteenth hour converts, who hoped by excess of present zeal to hide the tardiness of their change of heart. And among them came none other than Canozza, Caballa's secretary of state.

Holt received him with pompous dignity. Canozza looked at him closely with a startled air.

"Your excellency is not well?" he questioned. Then suddenly he started back.

"It is a remarkable disguise, Señor Holt," he said sarcastically. "But I have seen General Porcos within the week. I am not deceived. The army shall be informed."

He turned to the door with an ugly look.

"Porcos—yes. An American impostor—never!" he cried, striking his breast.

Then Holt laid hands of iron on him. There was a short scuffle and Canozza dropped into a chair. Holt sat down opposite him.

"I think we can arrange this," he said

coolly. "In fact I need you. So Porcos sold us out?"

"You moved too quickly for us," said Canoza sadly.

"And where is Porcos?"

Canoza raised his hands and shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I know, Señor?" he said.

"We thought him yet once more a traitor when we heard of you."

"Well," said Holt, "since we can't lay hands on him, I'll have to use you. You won't object to being president, I suppose."

It was not the scheming Canoza to evince any timid shrinking from such a call, and the details were soon arranged. At midnight Allen came in with the news that Porcos was on his way to the hacienda, escorted by Mackelvey and forty of the Alcantara guards. The capture had been quite bloodless and simple, Porcos' valiant eighteen having incontinently taken to their heels.

Next day came the triumphal entry into the capital, Holt riding at the head of his victorious troops through streets lined with the shouting populace. Dicky rode with her brother in the crowd that followed and seemed to enjoy herself immensely.

A provisional government was immediately proclaimed, Porcos being named as president, and Canoza, as per agreement, vice-president. One of the first acts of the new government was the renewal of the grant to the Alcantara Coffee Company, for an extended period, "in consideration of the services rendered by the said company during the recent disturbances."

That accomplished, Porcos sickened and died. The disease was announced as of a malignant nature, and the desire of the stricken public that the remains should lie in state, was reluctantly overlooked. An immense concourse of citizens followed the funeral cortege to the grave after private services in the palace, and many were moved to tears as the body of that great and noble patriot was lowered into the earth.

Canoza immediately assumed the reins of government and in the event proved equal to the emergency. Holt, clean-shaven, and clad in civilian's clothes, departed unobtrusively for the Alcantara Plantation with Allen and Dicky and the balance of the formidable two hundred. Dicky and the general manager seemed to find each other's company highly entertaining and rode together most of the way up.

"What do you think of it?" asked Holt, with a laugh. "I wish I could have gotten off about ten feet and looked at myself."

"You were worth it," said Dicky cheerfully. "You're better looking though without a beard."

"I'm glad you didn't go home," said Holt. "Porcos might have made us trouble."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Oh, he'll be glad to get over into Madura again when he learns that he's officially dead and buried."

"And to think that I had a hand in his taking off," mused Dicky.

"Why," asked Holt slowly, after a half mile of silence, "did you intercept Porcos when he passed the hacienda?" and the girl felt his eyes on her face.

She leaned forward pretending to rearrange her bridle.

"Because," she said, "at first, you know, I thought—it was you."

"Do you think," said Holt steadily, "you like this country well enough to live down here?"

Again Dicky leaned forward and fumbled with her bridle. Then she straightened up and looked him straight in the face.

"I might," she said, smiling, "if an Ex-President of the Republic should ask me."

As they rode up to the hacienda, Mrs. Mackelvey nudged her husband.

"Look at the two o' them," said she.

"I'm o' the opeenion," said Mackelvey judicially, "that Meester Holt wull be gittin' himsel' a general manager."

"An' no harm neither," said Mrs. Mac. "Most men need 'em."





Photograph by Alice Boughton.

"WHERE ONCE THE WOODLAND PORTAL GAPED, WIDESPREAD,"

THE FOREST

BY LURANA W. SHELDON

WHERE ONCE the woodland portal gaped, widespread,
To lure our steps to scenes all desolate,
Now green-clad trees their branches twine o'erhead,
To hide, with pall of shade, each tempting gate.

Dare not our footsteps, O ye sentries grim,
Nor seek our weary glances to delude;
Long have we hungered for thy vistas dim—
Long have our hearts desired thy solitude.

Sad and distraught are we from all our weary way;
Frenzied of grief and heartsick of man's strife;
So must we brave thine anger for a day
And in thy dim retreats behold the joy of life.

MINNIE VS. DANNIE

A Story of San Francisco before the Earthquake

BY WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN S. GROESBECK



FOUR o'clock spoke glumly through the musty corridors of City Hall. The day's serious business of dodging issues and begging questions under the Grecian nose of Justice, of roguery defending knavery, of keen blades splitting hairs between sheepskin covers, was now over, and the shoddy, blundering, ill-lighted building was sinking into torpor like a monster worn out by ugly deeds. The shysters had withdrawn from the police-courts to the police-station; the District Attorney was stepping into his cab at the curb; the janitors, jovial and noisy officials, were swabbing down the pretentious tiles of the "Grand Rotunda," piling the spittoons in high and perilous columns along the wall.

Two reporters met in the hallway in front of Superior Court No. 10. The elder and taller halted the other nervously, holding him by the shoulder, much as a deputy stops a runaway witness. "Great thing you got out of the Murdock trial yesterday—great! The 'evening' fellows are going all over the files at the County Clerk's office; but I know it's no use looking there. Come along, I'm going down to the office."

"Can't go yet," said the younger man with a grin. "Got to telephone—and look up a few things."

A deep line appeared over the elder's thick, black eyebrows.

"Nothing doing, I suppose," he ventured carelessly.

"Nothing at all," said the younger. "I'm just going to stay awhile and watch 'em take a turn at the divorce mill."

The dark, oval door of Court No. 10

swung open. A fat man with a black beard was stolidly leading a little girl by the hand. She was crying softly. A large woman in bright lavender seized the child at the door, the hairpins falling from her loud, bronze hair as she leaned over.

"O honey, dear, you ain't a-going to forgit your mamma, are you?" she said. "You ain't a-going to let 'em keep you away from me always—always——"

The child buried her face in the mother's vivid tresses.

"No, mamma," she wailed, "I want to go with you—I want—I want you to go with papa!"

The woman set the child down and arose melodramatically.

"Go with him—go with that—that——"

"Come on, Babe," said the man, lifting the child carefully to his shoulders, "she don't know what she's a-talkin' about—she never did."

Judge Leggett, sitting enclosed in his high rostrum, resembling an elephantine throne of black walnut, stroked his lean, gray jaw and gazed out of the window over the dingy roofs of Mission Street. He sighed. "Well, to-morrow's a holiday—good fishing at Sausalito—I wish some of these operations—the painful ones—could be performed under anesthetics," he thought. He, too, had been having a hard day.

A bailiff arose and closed the door. The Clerk smiled mechanically, consulting his records.

"Minnie McSweeney versus Daniel McSweeney, desertion," he drawled.

Among the shadows in the rear of the courtroom three figures sat drawn into a melancholy knot; the plaintiff, the plaintiff's mother and the plaintiff's

gentlemanly witness. Mrs. Baumgarten, who flanked the plaintiff on the right with a look of vigilant disapproval, was an elderly, full-faced German woman who, with roving black eyes and convex nose, decorated and overtopped by a hat of green plumage, presented the appearance of a warlike and cynical parrot. To the left the gentlemanly witness, a short man of huge shoulders, grinned with careful diplomacy from mother to daughter. His gray eyes shone warily from a face which glowed uncomfortably like a hot stove; his thick hair, rolled and pasted over his forehead, had been carefully parted and combed with a florid sweep behind the left ear. His coat was buttoned very tightly across a white, starched, collarless shirt, on the breast of which, as if to explain the absence of a necktie, a diamond scarf-pin glared.

"Vy don' you go up to der Chooch, Min?" the mother was saying, nudging the girl.

"Naw, let 'er alone!" said the man on the other hand in the tone of the practised peacemaker, "she knows all right!"

A pink-cheeked lawyer came down to them the full length of the courtroom.

"Well, come on," he said, "hurry up, the Court's waiting! Mrs. McSweeney, this is your mother, I suppose—and this—this gentleman—is this Daniel McSweeney?"

"Nix, it iss not!" squawked the parrot-like Mrs. Baumgarten. "Please tell me, if you are dot schmart, how can Tannie McSweeny been present ven he iss deserted already? Vot you say?"

"Hick Geary's me name—H. J. Geary—and I come to fix de lady——"

"Call the witness!" roared the Judge, and Minnie McSweeney walked palely to the stand. She was pretty, small and neatly dressed. Her black eyes constantly sought the floor, her small, red fingers lay meekly in her lap.

"How long ago were you married to Daniel McSweeney?" asked the pink young man.

"Two years a-comin' nex' July," answered the girl, her eyes still fixed upon the floor.

"Did he support you up to last May?"

"Sure, none better."

"Was he ever cruel to you—did he ever beat you?"

The black eyes suddenly snapped from the carpet like twin firecrackers.

"Say, dat's funny—reel odd!" she shrilled while the young lawyer involuntarily shrunk back a few steps. "Daniel McSweeney crool to me? W'y he was tame! I had 'im dat trained an' docile I could of harnessed 'im with bot' me eyes shut——"

"Order!" snapped the Judge while the



"NAW, LET 'ER ALONE! SHE KNOWS ALL RIGHT!"

bailiff turned away and the clerk smiled behind his book.

The questions continued. Daniel McSweeney had been an efficient 'longshoreman until he got into difficulties—drink, irregular work, periodical idleness.

"And then what happened?"

"Wha' d'ye t'ink?" asked Minnie reproachfully. "Dan quit, dat's all—plain quit."

"Have you anything more to tell?" asked the Court impatiently, for the shadows were now lengthening into five o'clock.

"Jest one t'ing, yer Honor," the fireworks again blazing in her eyes, "I want me walkin' papers an' I don't see w'y I don't git 'em! I didn't come here to be——"

"Trim it, Min! Don't rag de Court!" came the even, diplomatic voice of Mr. Geary from the rear of the courtroom.

The witness dismissed, Hick Geary took the chair. He mauled his black felt hat with a beefy fist and sat painfully erect, his tight, blue trousers stretched to crack-point over his enormous knees.

"Did you know Daniel McSweeny?" asked the lawyer, consulting his watch.

"Yes, sir, sure I did," answered Hick in his even, diplomatic tone, "an', honest,



"MRS. BAUMGARTEN, OVERTOPPED BY A HAT PRESENTING THE APPEARANCE OF A WARLIKE AND CYNICAL PARROT."

I'll always t'ink dat he was a vurry dis-appointed man——"

"Irrelevant!" said the Judge.

Witness knew that Daniel's habits were bad, his work intermittent and his sleep irregular. He had left his wife without proper maintenance and vanished to parts unknown.

"But," said the undaunted Hick in the same mild, forbearing voice, "if yer Honor will excuse me, I want to say dat I sh'll always t'ink dat Danny McSweeny was a vurry dis——"

"Incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," suggested the Court. "The witness is dismissed and the divorce granted, grounds desertion and non-support."

The young lawyer folded his papers in an inside pocket and walked briskly away down the corridor. The plaintiff and her escort filed sadly out.

"You don'd git no ali-money," Mrs. Baumgarten was explaining, "pecause der defender haf deserted."

Mr. Hick Geary continued in a voice of immeasurable calm, "Dat's all right, but I sh'll always t'ink——"

"Vell, oplige oder peoples py t'inking mit yourself!" shrieked Mrs. Baumgarten as the party separated at the portals of justice.

* * *

The coastwise sailor and the deep-sea tar, world-weary and throat-parched, perhaps from unaccustomed contact with dry land, turn eagerly from the piers to the gaudy-faced saloons which smile brilliantly, like volcanic islands, along the dun and troubled billows of the water-front. The more discriminating 'longshoremen shun these rather too obvious grottos of enchantment and steer a direct course up Pacific Street to scatter careless silver at "The Old Anchor" or "The Sailor's Rest." Here, with boastful electric-blue front, lures "The Grapevine"—or at least it is so officially recorded in the city directory and telephone book. But to its regular patrons it is known briefly and always as "Otto's," out of respect for Otto Hahn, Prop'r, whose gold-leaf signature gleams from the ground-glass windows, from the brass plate on the bar, from the prodigiously high beer glasses, locally entitled "stovepipes." Otto Hahn, Prop'r, as if further to establish his claim and title, has caused a delicately tinted crayon enlargement of Otto Hahn, Prop'r, bravely attired in the uniform of a local Scheutzen Verein, to be hung in the place of honor behind the bar, flanked on the left by an oil painting of the "Clio," one of the first famous clipper ships to round the Horn at racing speed, and on the left by a portrait of the late celebrated Jack Dempsey, fists raised defiantly over the stars and stripes around his girle.

It was seven o'clock and Otto, his dappled apron tucked above his short, fat legs, stood on a chair, reaching painfully to adjust the blinding acetylene lamp which swung from the center of the ceiling. A drowsy Chinaman was slicing bologna at the sideboard. Leaning over a table,

almost directly under the light, sat Mr. Hick Geary in the act of flicking cigarette ashes from the lapel of his Sunday coat. A half-empty "stovepipe" loomed before him.

"Vell, Hickory, you are gitting to be sooch a great dood already—so?" wheezed Otto. "Sooch a grand clo'es vot you are vearing—maybe you vill be calling mit der Balace Hotel und ordering more loppers und champagne as you can git mit Otto's. Ven vill der vedding—"

"Cut out de coddin', Otto," said Hick. "Every beautiful gazabo's got to butt inter sassiety sometimes, ain't he? I've been de leadin' lady at a divorce party dis afternoon."

"Diworce! ach! Who iss it?"

"Minnie McSweeny versus Dannie McSweeny, desertion," said Hick dispassionately gazing into the depths of his "stovepipe." Otto stared blankly, holding a blazing match till it smouldered low and seared his fat fingers.

"Don'd tell me sooch t'ings!" said Otto, tears springing to his pale eyes. "Minnie und Tannie! I vould rader pelieve dot mein hand vas separated from mein wrist!"

"You ain't next, Dutch—you never was like me," said Hick in his even, diplomatic tone. "I sh'll always t'ink dat Dannie McSweeny was a vurry disappointed man—and if yez say it's 'irrelevant,' Dutch, I'm a-goin' to soak yez.

"Wasn't it me dat was responsible fer dis? Wasn't I de hand o' Providence dat bumped dem two souls togeder—chucked me pal Dannie up against Min Baumgarten w'en she was de main fairy at a scheutzen picnic out to Shell Mound Park?

"You know Dannie—six feet t'ree of 'im, all man and t'ree fourt's heart. Strong? Say, it was easier fer him to make 'is four and five dollars a day truckin' car-wheels and railroad irons dan fer me to make six bits shovellin' fog off a ferryboat. Seems to me Dannie done more'n half de dray-horse work along de Front. It was, 'Dannie, go put on dat boatload o' grand piannas fer Belvedere,' and, 'Git McSweeny to unload dem billiard tables down to Pier Seven'—I reckon if de Oakland ferryboat had brought over a ten-story buildin' some afternoon dey would of hired Dannie to put it on 'is truck and shove it a mile or two up Market Street.

"So Dannie was de real Frenchman w'en he worked—but it was w'en he drew 'is pay dat he passed 'em all. You know, Otto. He was Willie-off-de-yacht a-hangin' out de free drink sign till 'is friends was lined up like bums before de ticket window at a soup festival. Beer never seemed to cost nobuddy nothin'—'ceptin' Dannie. Den Monday mornin' come. Dannie tired? Aw, say! fresh as a fifteen-cent bunch o' vi'lets—and jest about as poor. Plain, common guys like you and me, Otto, it's up to us to economize—but w'en a feller's horn like Dannie wit' ready money in de muscles of 'is shoulders, he don't worry. He makes it easy and he



"HE MAILED HIS BLACK FELT HAT WITH HIS BEEFY FIST."

shakes it easy—and usu'lly dies in de County Horspital.

"An' I says dem moral t'ings to Dannie onct. 'Come on in wit' yerself,' I says, 'go scare up a lady and blow yerself to a marriage license,' I says. 'Because ye're six feet t'ree in yer bat'robe ain't no sign ye're big enough to blow around wit'out a caretaker. Jest a small-size Tessie-gurl is all yez want—somp'n wit' a pompadour and great, sad eyes what'll rubber inter yer

pay-envelope of a Saturday night and pull it away from yez wit'out pain or inconvenience.'

"I says dat to 'im. And de nex' day was Sunday. De Journeyman Butchers' Entertainment and Beneficial Soci'ty was a-givin' ther annual picnic at Shell Mound Park—dat was de fourt' annual picnic dey gave dat summer. Early in de mornin' I dropped Dannie inter some swell clo'es and we went. Took de ten o'clock ferry-boat and say! it was grand. Everybuddy was dere. Tony Lorenzo Association from Lombard Street, every Dago of 'em diked out in lily-white pants and red



MINNIE.

badges; Sunflower Club from Mission Street, carryin' star-spangled canes; Billy West's Highlanders' Brass Band, a-rippin' off rag-time in such quantities dat it almost scuttled de ship. And gurls! Say, femynine blossoms was draped over dat ship like floral offerin's at a Chineese funeral.

"But oh, it was *her* dat was de candy! You couldn't look at no tulips, because Min Baumgarten was de whole bouquet! Honest, she was lovely. Pink dress and white lid—golden hair a-hangin' down 'er back like taffy. Couldn't git near 'er unless yez had a ticket of admission. Best gents on de boat—and it was sure a swell cluster—hung around 'er t'ree deep all de way over.

"And where was Danny? A-leanin' agin de rail, never raisin' 'is eyes from de water, blushin' red like a toy balloon.

"Come on, Dan!" I says, nice and curtyus, 'starch up and I'll interdooce yez.'

"Scratch me," says Dan, swallerin' a lump, 'scratch me. I ain't in. I was raised a pet an' some o' dem mutts might walk on me.'

"Well, we blowed inter Shell Mound and it was a *el*-egant picnic. Everybuddy felt good, 'cep'n' Dannie who was a-lookin' nervous like a hen what'd jest laid a egg in a coffin. W'en de gurls was around Dannie was far, *jar* away. But he spent money. Bought w'en it was necessary an' w'en it wasn't; bought a dollar 'n' a half's wort' o' pops at de shootin' gallery; got 'is tintype took nine times an' behaved everywheres like a gen'leman and a free spender. But it made 'im unhappy. At t'ree o'clock in de afternoon dere was a gran' ball in de dancin' pavilion. 'Come in and join de merry twistin', I says to Dan, and he come along, pullin' back every six steps.

"W'en we got to de pavilion de band was a-rippin' a waltz right up de back. Twenty couple was a-circulatin' over de floor and more a-comin' in. All de lads seemed to be makin' a scramble fer Min Baumgarten, but Tony Lorenzo got dere first, and de nex' moment dey was a-skatin' over de wax like a pair o' candy angels. 'Bout dis time Danny come out of 'is trance all of a sudden and gheeked at Tony a-clinchin' Min in a hammerlock. He squeezed me arm tight and sort o' coughed de frog out of 'is t'roat before he spoke.

"Say, interdooce me!" he whispers.

"Min was busy fer about twelve more dances, but durin' a breathin' spell I drug Dan 'round to where she was a-settin' 'longside of Tony.

"Miss Baumgarten, dere's a fren' o'

mine wants to know ye, and here he is,' says I, a-pointin' to Dannie.

"Min looked up, wrinklin' 'er nose reel scornful.

"Who is yer fren'?' she in-quires wit' a giggle.

"McSweeny's me name,' says Dannie, speakin' up reel bold and jaunty, 'Dannie McSweeny, ma'am, and de nex' dance is de lancers.'

"Oh, is it?' says Min.

"Sure, Flossie,' says Dan a-settin' down nex' to 'er—an' wha' d'yez t'ink he done? Took 'er lily hand in dat great mitt o' his, an' de nex' minute had kissed 'er, a good, loud one, right on de cheek! An' wha' d'yez t'ink Min done? Reached out like a cat and lifted Dan a lovely paste 'longside de ear. *Smack!* she went—reg'lar bulls-eye. Jest den de music struck up and Min an' Tony clinched an' went slippin' away agin, leavin' Dannie a-hangin' to de wall paper like a misfit overcoat. Dere was a red streak acrost Dannie's cheek an' everybuddy jest yowed w'en dey seen it. One yap danced up clost and pointed to it, sayin' somp'n awful cheerful, till Dan hollered, 'Rubber!' t'rowed out 'is foot and sent de guy slidin' on 'is block.

"An' de woist of it was dat Min an' Tony got a five-dollar prize as de han'-somet couple 'on de floor.

"Well, from dat minute on Min had a mortgage on Dannie McSweeny's life. He kep' 'is searchlights a-playin' right on 'er de rest o' de afternoon. W'en de picnic broke up at five o'clock, and Min started for de train hitched to Tony's side-gear, Dan was a-follerin' 'bout t'ree yards to de rear, smokin' a cigareet and lookin' awful careless.

"On de way acrost in de ferryboat Dan got de seat behin' w'ere Tony and Min was a-singin' 'I Don' Know W'y I Love Yu,' all de members of de Tony Lorenzo Association tearin' off barber-shops in de chorus. Between verses Dan 'd chuck me in de ribs an' say right out loud, 'I don' know w'y annybody loves a dog-eyed Eye-talian, do you? I don't like a Dago nohow—but dey do cert'nly learn a lot o' tunes a-hollerin' all day off a vegetable wagon.'

"Onct in awhile Dan 'd open 'is mout' an' yell, 'Bananas! bananas!' till all Tony's Dago fren's 'd rubber around. Den Dan 'd blow cigareet smoke in deir faces an'

holler, 'Hullo, spaghetti! ye reco-nize de langwidge, don' yez!'

"I seen trouble a-comin'.

"We got back into 'Frisco 'bout supper



DANNIE.

time and blowed inter Luchetti's restaurant fer a swell French eatfest. Tony an' Min sat like bride an' groom at a big table in de middle of de room wit' all de members of de Tony Lorenzos 'round 'em an' side by each a bunch o' pretty gurls off de boat. Me an' Dan had a table to ourselves 'way off one side o' de room, Dan a-lookin' cheerful like de wet side of a Oregon fog.

"Well, de ladies an' gent'men of de middle table cert'nly did have a swell time. Tony Lorenzo an' Toby Angellotti was de twin flowers of Italy. Dey sang

solos an' dey sang doo-ets, and dey joined hands an' gave a Neopolitan cakewalk up an' down de aisles atween de tables. Toby, who was short an' fat, an' Tony, who was long an' slim, cert'nly did look comical prancin' along de room, dodgin' chande-

"Ladies an' gents," he said, "Mister Lorenzo, bein' a fruit peddler, is ust to fightin' wit' cabbages an' seltzer-water. I don' do it dat way. Will Mister Lorenzo please step out onter de sidewalk, or will I be obliged to carry 'im wit' me?"



"MISTER LORENZO, BEIN' A FRUIT PEDDLER, IS UST TO FIGHTIN' WIT' CABBAGES AN' SELTZER-WATER."

liers an' kickin' over chairs wit' ther high-steppin'.

"It sure made a hit wit' Min, but yez couldn't measure Dannie's face wit' a yardstick. An' Tony? It was nuts fer him—kep' a-watchin' Dan outen de corner of 'is eye, an' w'en he seen 'im a-gittin' madder an' madder it made 'im happy. Den he got chesty and swallered some more red ink an' felt called on to make a speech, 'dough I couldn't hear nobuddy hollerin'. 'Is talk was in Eye-talian, but I'm wise dat he was a-tellin' how good he was. And at de conclusion o' de ceremony he sudd'nly turned to Dannie's table wit' a grin, picked up a siphon o' sody-water an' squirted Dan square in de eye wit' it.

"Dan rose up from de table, an' gee! how big he looked! He wiped 'is face wit' 'is napkin an' made a reel nice spiel.

"Tony's mout' dropped open an' 'is face went green. He laid down de siphon an' made a sky-oot fer de door, like he was in de wrong place by mistake. Danny follered 'im out, not far behind. Every-buddy dropped ther knife to onct. De gurls squealed like a bushel o' ginny-hens; de Mission gang yelled, 'Fight, fight!' an' de whole picnic made a break fer de door. But dere wasn't no time fer excitement. In less dan a whisper Dan come back—alone. He had a grin on 'im like a open trunk. 'Don' git excited, gurls,' he says, 'it's all over. De dead an' dyin' is bein' tenderly cared for,' he says, 'an' de survivors is still a-runnin' in de direction of Nort' Beach.'

"So sayin' he turned up 'is coat-collar an' set down nex' to Min in de vacant chair w'ich had been vacated by Tony Lorenzo. De members of de Tony Lo-

renzo Association went right on eatin' spaghetti.

"You're pretty fresh, ain't yez!" says Min, kind o' soft.

"Sure!" says Dan, layin' 'is hand acrost hers on de table.

Hick Geary emptied the schooner before him in one Thor-like draught.

"Und den dey was married," said Otto, who was busy filling a decanter with green syrup.

"Dey was dat," said Hick, "an' a right rough-house marriage it was. Dey went to live in a t'ree-room shanty on de East slope o' Telegraft Hill, jest above de quarry on de very flagpole o' Creation, w'ere yez could stand wit' de billygoats in de still o' de ev'nin' an' look 'way acrost de docks over Goat Island an' Alcatraz an' de Gate wit' de Dago mackerel fleet a-blowin' in ahead o' de fog.

"Min she started in to rag Dan somp'n turribul; but Dan he didn't care if she t'rew 'im off de hill, so long as she come down an' tied up 'is head afterward. Dan worked pretty reg'lar dem times; made wages an' bought Min clo'es—de swellest bunch o' sweeps on Telegraft Hill, all right, all right. Did Min t'ank Dan kin'ly fer wat he done? Not while ye're livin', Otto. W'enever ye'd see 'im in public Dan 'd be a-reachin' out kind o' bashful to take Min's hand. She'd jerk it away quick an' say, 'Aw, quit yer foolin'!' Den Dan 'd try to explain, an' Min 'd say, 'Say, Dan, ye got a head on yez like a bell—nuthin' in it but a tongue, an' dat's all de time a-clappin'.'

"Dan didn't mind. He was *proud* of it. He'd wink kind o' sly an' say to me, 'Ain't she de 'cute one!'

"After dey'd been married 'bout six mont's Dan got fightin' de bottle agin an' Min growed hostile. One Saturday night he come home a-rollin' a distillery in front o' 'im. He'd no sooner hit de house dan dere was a racket like a truck-load o' furniture a-fallin' t'rough a bay windah. Min was arguin' wit' 'im. Nex' mornin' Dan come down to work wit' a bandage draped 'round 'is left eye. He was a-chucklin' and a-laffin' to hisself. An' w'en de Sacramento Swede, a-pilin' orange crates, suggested he didn't see no such awful funny joke a-hangin' 'round, Dan says, 'See dat fracture?' he says, a-pointin' to 'is eye an' jest bubblin' wit' joy; 'she done dat wit' a stove-lid. I tell yez, *she's* a corker!'

"Well, by de end o' de first year Dan had joined de Saturday Night Club pretty reg'lar. Every time he'd come home wit' a ballyhoo Min 'd *re-fuse* to give 'im anny supper—ust to toss cups an' saucers at 'im an' tell 'im to help hisself. Dan was most a cripple from de way she mauled 'im, but he never took it serious. Ust to come down to de wharf an' tell us how Min had busted a rockin' chair over 'is head, an' laff as if he'd married de sweetest lady atween Nort' Beach an' Rincon Hill.

"Onct he arrived at 'is peaceful cot at about half past two g. m. in de mornin'. It was Janoary an' a ice-cold drizzle was a-drippin' in from de Gate. Dan climbed up de hill reel tired. Set down on de front porch. Lights out, door locked. Pretty soon Min peeked out t'rough a windah. 'Sippose ye t'ink ye're a-comin' in?' she says. 'Dat's wat I expects I was led to t'ink,' says Dan quite merrily. 'Well, set dere an' tink awhile,' says Min. 'Dis ain't no all-night hotel!' an' wit' dat bang goes de windah. 'She knows wat to do all right!' says Dan, a-chucklin' an' a-laffin' to hisself as he stretched hisself out in a comfortable puddle an' went to sleep. I reckon he'd o' froze to deat', but Min sneaked out an' covered 'im wit' a rubber slicker as soon 's he was fast asleep.

"Well, dem was sure happy days fer Dan. Always some excitement; an' he never quit a-feelin' proud o' Min an' de way she was nex' to 'er job.

"But come las' May somp'n busted. Dan come up to 'is qui't home nest as usu'l expectin' to be greeted wit' a ton o' coal. No such t'ing. Min had de table all set fer 'im white an' pretty. Floor swept, bed made. Dan walked in an' set down to de table, kind o' watchin' out o' de corner o' 'is eye for a chunk o' china-ware to up an' hit 'im. Nuthin' did. Min, who was busy cookin' beefsteak an' onions, smiled qui't an' pleasant an' put de grub on 'is plate as gentle as a maiden's prayer.

"Say, Min, I reckon I stayed out kind o' late fer supper, didn't I?' says Dan at last.

"Oh, *did* ye?' says Min in a mother-come-fan-me-I'm-dyin'-away tone o' voice.

"I blowed most o' me pay, but I paid de grocery bill down to Coster's," says Dan, gittin' ready to jump.

"Dat's good," says Min, a-lookin' out o' de windah.

"Dan never et much supper. He went to bed worried an' got up worried. Nex' mornin' he come down early to de pier an' worked like a steam derrick all day, but he drunk neat w'iskey at noon, an' by eight o'clock at night was pretty good wit' himself. Never went home dat night or de nex'. Stayed away a week.

"Fin'ly, after he'd spent all he could make or borrah—struck you fer a stake, didn' he, Otto?—he drawed togeder 'is nerve an' climbed up Telegraft Hill agin. De door of 'is shanty was a-waitin' ajar fer 'is return. De front room was as neat as wax. Min was a-settin' by de door a-smilin' dat gentle an' fergivin' smile. De fam'ly broom was a-leanin' up agin de wall, but she never reached fer it; dere was a nice empty beer bottle a-settin' handy an' convenient, but she never grabbed it, stove-lid stayed on de stove, cups an' saucers on de table, all peaceful an' harmonious. Dan seen dem t'ings an' gazed all a-blank, not knowin' w'at to do.

"A warm an' comfortin' supper was bein' kep' fer Dan in de oven—reg'lar blanket w'en it was all laid out on de table. Min led Dan gently over to de table an' helped 'im into a chair. Placed before 'im a large-size plate o' corn beef an' cabbage an' a cup o' coffee. Dan lifted de

plate twict an' set it down. He looked de saddest way at Min, who was a-sewin' by de door, not a-makin' anny disturbance. He started to lift a mout'ful o' corn beef, but dropped 'is knife on 'is plate.

"Sudd'nly a turribul t'ought twisted up 'is face like a jumpin' toothache. He got up, walked over to de wall an' put on 'is hat. He opened de door, stoppin' a minute to swaller 'is tonsils as he looked at Min.

"I'm on now, Min," he says, 'I tumble. You don' love me no more.'

"I never seen 'im since, Min never seen 'im since. Wher's he gone? Search me an' de water-front—you won't find 'im."

A tall, sad Jackie with a "Wyoming" ribbon around his cap was eating cloves from the tray on the bar. Two Swedish 'longshoremen sat in the corner, their bland, square gaze turned stolidly in the direction of Mr. Geary.

"Say, Otto, wat's de matter wit' yer steam beer to-night?" asked Hick, shoving forth his schooner.

"Vat iss der matter mit it? Does it nicht come cold enough?" asked Otto.

"Yes, Dutch, it comes cold enough."

"Does it nicht come sharp enough?"

"Sure, it comes sharp like a razor."

"Vell, vat iss der matter mit it?"

"It don't come often enough," said Hick, winking to a Swede as he sifted some mealy tobacco into a brown cigarette paper.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER

BY WITTER BYNNER

TURNING the secrets from her pack of cards,

Warning of sickness, tracing out a theft,

Guarding from danger as an omen guards,

Her hand grew withered as it grew more deft,

Till in the stuffy parlor where she lies,

Now to these clients, neighbors, debtors, friends,

Truest is proven of her prophecies,—

"I shall be dead before December ends."

That old man, facing us, who many years

Boasted the subtle wonders of her art,

Now hear him, how he tells us with his tears

The simpler, larger wisdom of her heart.

For she was quick to share the good that came,

So that pale mothers turned at last and slept,

And loafers gruffly revered her name. . .

Yet more than all she gave away, she kept!

Kept red geraniums on her window-sill,

Kept a gay garden in that narrow plot

Fenced in behind the house,—you'll find there still

Her hoe, her rake, her rusty watering-pot!

Bright, in the midst of all these dingy yards,

Her roses, hollyhocks and pansies grew;

As though some happy jester in the cards

Whispered the sweetest secret that he knew.

SIC TRANSIT—GLORIA

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

That it's jolly in a trolley it were jolly to pretend.

"Ting-l'-long! Ting-l'-long-long-long!"

Ij there's ever any room it is at the other end!

"Ting-l'-long! Ting-l'-long-long-long!"

Knees and elbows all around you, jolting, jabbing. I'll be bound you

Wouldn't care to have to stand it very long,

All this clutching and this clinging, all this swaying and this swinging,

And this gong!

"Ting-l'-long-long-long!"



NATURALLY, there is only one person for whom I am qualified to speak, but, so far as he is concerned, he infinitely prefers to walk rather than to stand—which latter, all said and done, is about all that riding amounts to, nowadays. That does not alter the fact, however, that, with the coming of automobiles and rapid transit of one kind or another, Shank's Mare is going out of fashion together with other equines. Modern society is well-nigh as shy of using its legs as it is of talking about them; and presently, if we go on at this rate, these hitherto useful appendages will have become, before we know it, merely rudimentary, and our arms abnormally developed and strengthened as a result of hanging on straps, as are those of our alleged ancestor the anthropoid ape, as a result of hanging on branches. I use the word "alleged" advisedly. Surely there is little enough to be proud of in the contemplation of the average family tree, without chasing back some millions of years for the purpose of populating it with the unsympathetic and avowedly plain-featured chimpanzee. We may have descended from the branches, but from the anthropoid ape? Perish the thought!

Admitting the need of public conveyances, which one is compelled to do so long as babies, bundles and locomotor ataxia

continue to flourish, is not to admit the need of their manifold inconveniences. For it is manifest that we are working out the problem of transit by the process of multiplication of the public to be provided for, and of addition, if not subtraction, of the accommodations. That is no kind of arithmetic. Already, rapid transit is walking with a limp. Sooner or later, it will be going around on one leg. *E pluribus unum* is a very noble sentiment. The same cannot be said of *plures in uno*—particularly if the *uno* be a public conveyance.

We Americans are notoriously good-natured and long-suffering, but there is such a thing as carrying good-nature to an extreme. At present, it is pertinent to inquire whether we are prepared to stand anything and everything from the companies who pretend to transport us in comfort from one place to another. Apparently we are; and the mightier the company, and the more modern the conveyance, the more we stand. The which is no mere idle figure of speech.

Whatever it may be in the way of an injustice, a discomfort and an imposition, your crowded trolley is a fertile field for the study of human nature. Primarily, it teaches you that, whatever your lack of beauty may be, it cannot compare with that of others. If it is true that beauty is only skin deep, it is plain that beauty, like the eel, has become used to being skinned. The operation has been performed, with consummate efficacy and dispatch, upon

the faces of an overwhelming majority of those whom one meets in the average trolley. This is undeniably true, but none the less uncharitable. After all, they can't help it, the poor things! But then, after all, one can't help being uncharitable. It's more comfortable than the other thing. Charity, you know, suffereth all things. That's a pretty hard load on the shoulders of charity!

To come back to our fellow-trolleyers—*place aux dames!* The ladies—bless 'em!—are not to be judged by appearances. Were they, we should arrive at the conclusion that not one in fifty of these who board a trolley has the most remote conception of where she is going, or how to get there. They scramble on, with an eagerness which seems to suggest that this particular car is the last which will ever pass, and when they have recovered breath (I am merely a man; I cannot know how this is done in the case of a woman, but it seems to be accomplished by turning her veil up across her nose), they appeal to the conductor:

"Does this car go the Asterisk Avenue?"

"Yes, madam."

"Oh, pshaw! Please let me off at the next corner!"

They depart with an air of wronged innocence, leaving their fellow-passengers consumed with curiosity to know whether their object in getting on was to be taken somewhere as a surprise, an object at once defeated by learning the name of their destination. Such evidence of instability is fatal to contemplated matrimony, and some one is always contemplating matrimony—even in a trolley. The latter has confirmed more bachelors than the supposedly sage advice of *Punch*.

Provided she remains, the fair passenger has to consider the question of annexing a seat, for a trolley with a seat already available is a trolley unworthy of the name. The woman of experience makes a rapid survey of the field. At once to be eliminated from her calculation are the Italian laborer, the fat man with a newspaper, and the Irishwoman's child. The first wouldn't if he could, the second couldn't if he would, and the mother of the third has something for which she has not paid. All three are satisfied. They have no further ambition; and it is the class without ambition which is not apt to rise, or cause to rise.

There remains the awkward youth, with

ill-fitting clothes, searching a well-worn Euclid with near-sighted eyes. It is harder to give up Euclid than his seat, but he does both, with a sigh. He is never so near-sighted that he cannot see a woman standing. There remains, also, the man escorting another woman. He yields his place promptly. He does not dare to retain it. And this is the only instance in which one woman has cause to be grateful for what another woman will think!

Failing these, there remain yet others: the white-haired gentleman with an old-fashioned air; the employee of the road, who has no right to be there at all; the well-brought-up little boy; and the nervous old lady, who is looking over her shoulder to see if she has passed her street, and is liable to get off at any moment. All these are possibilities, if not probabilities; but if it is to be by deliberate sacrifice and not mere chance that our lady gets her seat, she must be pretty, or white-haired, or burdened with a baby. Otherwise, she stands not the ghost of a show.

Those desiring to make an elevated train will find the following recipe useful. Take one trolley-car, multiply its capacity by four and its contents by eight, pack tightly, and leave to simmer.

Yes, it is the trolley all over—four times over—with three unintelligible youths instead of one bleating the incomprehensible names of ought-to-be familiar localities; and in some sense it is the Declaration of Independence as well. For here "all men are created equal"—in sharpness of elbow and heaviness of foot! And "all men are endowed with inalienable rights"—in particular, the right to make every one else consumedly uncomfortable, in consideration of a five-cent fare! Here, however, quotation from the immortal document ceases to be applicable. Reference in this connection to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" would be sarcasm too painful to be pardonable.

Where do they come from, these people? Where to are they bound? What have they in those parcels? What have they in those hearts? What a mystery! Here, in little more than the compass of an ordinary room, are packed some two hundred persons who have never seen each other before, and will never, it is likely, see each other again. Side by side, they sit or stand: The man who will reach home to find that he has a

son, and the man who will reach home to find that he no longer has a father; the woman desperately in need of money, and the woman who could and would give it did she but know the want; those who will never see another day, and those who would be glad of that assurance; the sick, the sound, the poor, the rich; the wretched and the happy; the bank president, and the thief who will rob his vaults six hours later; the bachelor, and the woman he will marry; the churchman, and the criminal; the saint, and the sinner; sorrow, joy; hope, despair; courage, cowardice; all herded together, and knowing as little of each other's to-days as of their own to-morrows! What a tragedy! What a comedy! What a farce!

There is, withal, a rare touch of humor in the situation. The offensive shove, which under other conditions would be a swiftly resented insult, is here no more than an unavoidable inconvenience. A sacrifice of comfort which one would begrudge one's nearest and dearest is here yielded freely to total—and extremely unprepossessing—strangers. The man whom you would not invite to your dinner table is here pressed close against your heart—or spinal vertebrae, as the case may be. *Laus Deo* for the sense of humor! If it were not for that, the elevated train must long since have been howled down by its infuriated victims—and we should have had something worse!

We hear much of the brutal gameman, of his coarse voice, of his slave-driving methods, of his surly replies. My dears the creature is a saint upon earth! He is a fig growing on the thistles of human imbecility, and it is little short of a miracle that he is not more wizened, and crabbed, and sour than he is. Let us reason together upon this.

And it isn't any better in an ordinary lift.

"Going up? Going down? Let 'er go!"
When you're hustled, and you're hustled,
and you're bundled, and you're biffed.

"Going up? Going down? Let 'er go!"
To the upper story speeding, you arrive all
bruised and bleeding;

The stairs are surely better, though they're
slow,
Than this thing that makes us dizzy, keeps
us busy, takes us whizzy!
And it's Oh!

"Going down? Let 'er go!"

"Lift"—with intention; not because it is English, you know, but because it is impossible to concede that there is anything elevating about the modern process of getting from the "gurr-r-round" to the top floor, or *vice versa*. The Great Trunk Line, that's what it is—and every trunk packed!

There is some curious fatality about a lift, whereby those seeking the first floor inevitably get in first, and having been firmly wedged in at the back by later comers who are going higher, are compelled to fight their way out when the time comes, with heaves and convulsions which rend the crowd asunder. The operation of getting out in this fashion or of having others do so is extremely cheerless.

There is always room for one more, more commonly for half a dozen, and as the latest arrivals are packed in at the rear, there are "oomphs" which suggest maltreated ribs. The limit of endurance is calculated to a nicety, and, when it has been reached, the starter touches a metaphorical match to us, and the rocket ascends. Siss! Boom! Ah-h-h! We are at the first floor, with our brains and esophagi below our lungs. The man with a stump of a Communipaw third between his thick fingers has his back against the "No Smoking" sign; the fat woman's lap-dog (and she must have a hard time finding the lap to put him in) has been twice stepped on, and has twice remarked "Yip!" reproachfully; and your derby, and mine, and the next man's are "blocked." One would suppose that the operation of "blocking" (as advertised) would produce quite another effect. In brief, we have gone up in an elevator. *Facilis descensus*—and that's more than can be said of *ascensus*!

Pity the elevator-boy, man though he be! Well-nigh as great a martyr as his fellow sufferer, the elevated guard, he is the brown-liveried and brass-buttoned Charon of a modern, perpendicular Styx. He pulls the rope, and we do the unrest. He runs the only elevator which goes against the grain. He is the human mercury which rises in the tube, but, while others hurry away to business or friendly calls, is left out in the cold, and so—comes down again. He is the victim of mistakes of others, and constantly downs the things he ought not to have downed, and leaves

undowned the things which he ought to have downed. Pity the elevator-boy.

Sic transit gloria mundi:—such is transit, the glory of the world!

And the transatlantic liners? The conditions are the same.

"Write from Havre! Bon voyage! All ashore!"

Every berth thereon is twins, and there's nobody to blame.

"Write from Havre! Bon voyage! All ashore!"

We may eat if we are able, but we'll take the second table!

Every year our fellow-victims number more;

And our steamer chairs they crowd as should never be allowed.

What's it for?

"Bon voyage! All ashore!"

Here, on the pier, the crowd which is transit's prime characteristic reaches its limit. Each of us has six friends to see us off, and each of the six arrives in time to see us on. How nice it is of them to come, and how deplorably in the way they are! In the bustle and confusion one has barely time for a word with them, so, as a matter of fact, they might better have stayed at home, for a friend unheeded is a friend unneeded. And their tears are an infliction. There is more brine above the water-line than below. Their parting injunctions are an infinite discouragement. It is depressing to find that life is going to be all wrong until we reach Havre, and all write afterward. Then they give voice to the time-honored sentiment, "Say *au revoir*, but not good-by," and our thoughts fly forward to meals to come, and recognize in the words a bitter, unnecessary truth. They introduce us to people we might have been so happy as never to have known, and never by any possibility know the people to whom we might have been so happy as to have been introduced. They dwell upon future meetings when we are going abroad for the express purpose of avoiding them, and express the conviction that we shall never meet again when we would give our heart's blood to remain with them. They are very singular, the friends who come to see us off—and very, very plural!

But at present they are raising a riot in the saloon—in the only saloon wherein one can raise a riot without imperilling the proprietor's license. They are disparaging

other people's floral tributes, and wondering if we will give due credit to their own. Above all, they are covertly referring to the first meals of the voyage, when it is not a *table d'hôte*, but a *table d'hate*—which is quite a different thing.

The bugle blows. "All ashore that's going ashore!" Thank goodness! We are alone, with a vista of distinctly waving handkerchiefs, and the thought of the inevitable—and mortally disagreeable.

Alone, did I say? The steamer chairs are so close that the arms overlap, and grind in a fashion to rend the nerves. Consultation with the bath steward reveals the fact that others have already consulted, and that as a result we must bathe at five bells (a thought to make cowards of us all!) or else at three bells (when one meets all one's acquaintances in the gangway!). Alone!

Are the passenger-lists out yet? *Oui, monsieur*—all out, half an hour ago. Are the table seats assigned? Not all the second table seats as yet, *monsieur*. And my steamer trunk? *Mille pardons, monsieur*, it is in the cross gangway, quite near; the other gentlemen arrived before *monsieur*, and their trunks were put in the cabin. There is no more room.

Yes, that's it exactly. There is no more room—nothing but other people's elbows. The world is full of public vehicles, and the public vehicles are full of the public. It has been said that it would be possible to crowd the entire population of the globe into the State of Texas. That may or may not be true. Frankly, I don't know. But I do know that it is manifestly impossible to crowd the entire population of the globe into one trolley car, or elevator, or even elevated train, and I move we stop trying! Oh, give us back the horse car of the prehistoric time.

Give us "Ting. Ting-a-ling. Ting-a-ling."

The horrid, torrid horse car, with its lazy little chime.

Give us "Ting. Ting-a-ling. Ting-a-ling."

It smelt of mackintoshes, and of rubbers and galoshes,

That rusty, musty car without a spring,
But its ways were not as rapid as the transit
that is rapid.

Drat the thing!

Give us "Ting. Ting-a-ling."



From a Painting by Emile Hering.

WHARF RATS.

MISS HERMAN—MISSIONARY

BY H. T. GEORGE

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT



IN the interim between her letter to the Bishop and the bell for evening service, Miss Herman packed her trunk. It seemed to her a very long time since, dazed into numbness by new sensations, she had unpacked it. Plunged into new worlds, our system of reckoning time suffers a change. In reality it was but a week and a day—the slippers in her hand had not been loosened from the newspaper wrappings in which her maid had encased them. Miss Herman's fastidious soul loathed newspaper wrappings. As she frowned down at this, tossing the paper aside, a line, half torn through, caught her eye.

"Miss Herman, in black lace and diamonds, assisted—" it was an account of her last reception, the night she met the Bishop. The slippers fell from Miss Herman's hand. She sat on the floor and stared at her own name, at herself "in black lace and diamonds," the insignia of her complacent guild in that lost life she had renounced. The vapid little description brought it all back sharply—her friend's brilliant drawing-room, the gay gowns, the soft laughter, the empty, weary, never-ending pretense of pleasure. What did they know of life, Miss Herman had wondered, resting in a moment of unsolicited ease behind her punch-bowl. What did she know herself? And yet surely, somewhere, life held a Meaning? Be it never so stern, never so forbidding, how she would welcome a meaning!

Women of thirty, even women who find vague comfort in limp leather Swinburnes, and deem death only less sad than life, can smile at their own soul weariness when, incongruously as now, it comes upon them.

Miss Herman, a leader of society and a pillar of the church, knew that somewhere simply life was very good. Had not she herself drawn breathlessly near to that great goodness? And been snatched most swiftly away?

To Miss Herman, leaning listlessly against the oriental draperies behind the punch-bowl, came her rector, bringing the Bishop.

Now Miss Herman, as has been said, was a good church woman. She remembered all the Saints' Days, she omitted no genuflection, she knew the list of the Bishops by heart.

This was a missionary Bishop from the far west, and Miss Herman knew him by glorious reputation, what he had done, what he had suffered, what he had accomplished, in the forty years of his great life poured out among a savage people. Now that she saw him—a slender little man with delicate white hands that seemed, in their black coat-sleeves, to miss the soft frills of his robes—she knew that here was one who had found it—The Meaning of Life.

So she welcomed him with the pathetic eagerness of one idly groping for one who has richly found. She coaxed a substitute for her place, and she drew the Bishop away—into a shadowed corner where the music and the laughter came to them as from a far distance, and the solitude made them a holy place.

And the Bishop talked to her of his work among his people—the mysterious dark people of his choice. Unconsciously the Bishop was an actor. What he had seen he made her see, what he had felt she felt—the loneliness, the tragedy, the ache of it all—the glory of sacrifice, the passion of pain. She leaned to listen, this woman of the world "in black lace and diamonds," and he saw that she was hungry-hearted, and



MISS HERMAN--MISSIONARY.

had proved the husks of life. He saw, too, a fanatic's glorious vision of what she might do, a woman like this, refined and pitiful and strong, among his people.

"Come," he said to her softly, his delicate fingers stroking her tensely clasped hands subtly. "Come to us, child. We need you—women like you. Your life is empty? Fill it with the joys and wants of other lives, darkened lives, lives going out for want of you!"

Meanwhile in St. Mary's school for Indian girls, on the farthest confines of his district, there were only two teachers and the matron. The Bishop, a little dismayed when, apart from the shadowy lights, the soft music, the woman with the hungry eyes, he began calmly to consider the placing of this very new material, decided to send her as a teacher to St. Mary's school for girls.

Miss Herman, reading the line in the torn newspaper, fell to laughing, silently and not hysterically, and the tragedy of the past week was relaxed. After all, it had escaped being a tragedy. It had even come dangerously near the farcical. She would go back to the old order of things—that was all; to the well-bred raillery of her friends, the round of well-bred social duties, the long empty hours, when one has such cruel leisure for memory. She shivered a little, remembering, and then frowned because she had shivered.

"You cannot eat your cake and have it too," she told herself, severely. "And you have proved that loathing afternoon teas does not argue your fitness for a mission. You are not big enough for a mission!" She stamped her letter to the Bishop conclusively.

The seamstress put her head in at the door. Little formalities of knocking were unknown at St. Mary's—an omission which, like the steel knives and forks and many minor items, was to an aesthetic degree annoying to Miss Herman.

The seamstress was a consumptive with big eyes and a lisp, and her rapid ascent of the stairs had set her to coughing.

"Well, Miss Mason?" asked Miss Herman, rather sharply.

"It's Jane Lasange, Miss Herman," gasped the seamstress, with very horrified eyes. "She's locked herself in the pantry now, and she says she won't come out till her mother comes to take her home!"

Miss Herman sighed. "Really, Miss Mason, it isn't my business to get Jane out of the pantry," she said. "Let her stay if she likes. She can't starve there. Indeed, it's a pretty tenable position. She may starve us."

Miss Mason shook her head over the new teacher's levity. "You don't know the child," she said. "She's been here two years now, and we've had the same experience every time."

"Then there's no danger," Miss Herman retorted. "If she has given in before she will this time."

The matron, a portly woman, asthmatically inclined, appeared panting at Miss Mason's elbow and, finding herself superseded in her errand, took up the conversation at this point.

"But it was her father who brought her here before," she explained. "And he has a wonderful influence over her. This time he sent her mother—and her mother is a fool."

"Yes. They were late, waiting for her father to get back to the reserve and bring her. But he had to go away again, and sent her with her mother. And now she's in one of her mad fits, and her mother wants to take her home. She thinks we're abusing her, and if that idea spreads we'll have every girl taken away when they break camp to-morrow—else we'll have trouble!"

The matron moved heavily away down the bare echoing hall, and the seamstress followed timidly.

Behind them the grim import of the thing came slowly to Miss Herman. To have trouble—the words carry always a vague and fearful threat even to those who have worked longest among the people and scoff most easily at the chance of harm. And to Miss Herman, a stranger among them and loathing them, there was a possibility in the phrase the more ominous because the less understood.

Miss Herman looked down at the row of tepees in front of the school. Behind them were the lumber wagons which had brought them; among them the sturdy little prairie horses grazed. And in front of them, peaceably enough, the fathers and mothers of the St. Mary girls sat contentedly in the slant of the afternoon sun, waiting for the outdoor services to begin. Dark-faced, inscrutable, eternally mysterious, they faced this woman from an

ancient civilization with the question of their race—the question their generation has never answered—"What would happen if they should decide to make trouble?"

Peaceable enough to look at, surely. The matron or the missionary, at that moment donning his robes, would have laughed at Miss Herman's vague fear. She herself laughed, looking down at Jane Lasange's mother, who sat a little apart from the others, cross-legged in the sun-burnt grass, her bead eyes fixed anxiously on the square-whitened mission building.

An old woman or a young one? Miss Herman could not say. A wicked woman or a good one? Her face did not tell. She differed in no way from the thirty other mothers who were there. Sitting blanketed and bent and uncomely in the sun she was the pitiful type of the motherhood of her race—ugly, ignorant, grotesquely suspicious. Who was the white man who had taken her to wife, Miss Herman wondered. For she had heard of John Lasange, the richest squaw-man on the reservation, and the blue eyes of the fierce little creature who had cowered opposite her at supper the night before had spoken strange tales to Miss Herman's unaccustomed curiosity. Did the man mistreat her—this uncouth squaw of his who had borne him his children? Or was he kind to her in a contemptuous fashion because she was the mother of his children, and belonged to him like other of his cattle? Because she was the mother of Jane? They said that the love between Jane and her father was a wonderful thing to know. Did the woman know what love meant—or the man, low-fallen as he must be—or the child, with her brown skin and her blue eyes, poor helpless little mixture of ignorance and passion, rebelling against fate?

She tried to laugh at her own defeat, but her eyes fell upon a picture on her bureau—a picture that had not dared to face the light for twelve years, until now, in a strange land, where no one knew the lines of it.

Suddenly she stooped to it, kissing it not with her lips, but with her eyes. "O, my dear, my dear," she cried softly, "I am so worthless a thing, and you were so full of promise. If I had only one thing to spend my life on save your memory. If you could only come back to point me out the way!"

She waited before it with clasped hands,

humbly. But what dead man turns from his eternal rest to look upon the fierce unrest of life?

Out of the Sabbath stillness a cry—a child's cry—rang in shrill reply to her musing. Standing at the top of the narrow stairway she saw a sudden backward wave in the line of blue uniformed girls in the hall below. Then a clamor of voices, guttural and excited, broke forth among them, the matron's storming above them, the seamstress pleading tearfully, the two other teachers mingling warning with advice. But after that first wild cry—the cry of an animal trapped, of a hawk caged—the first voice was silent. Miss Herman went quickly down the stairs.

Against the outer door, crouching like a sinewy little panther to face the demoralized line of her mates, the uncannily blue eyes glaring through the veil of night black hair, Jane Lasange defied the host of her oppressors. And in her lean little brown hand a carving knife, gleaming cruelly, assisted her materially in her defiance. A sudden passion of admiration made Miss Herman pause to watch her—and then she saw the matron's mottled white face and realized the danger of the situation. If the child's mother responded in animal fashion to the cry of her cub—if the madness of revolt spread among the children in the hall and their people without, no less childlike in reasoning—what not might happen if they made trouble?

"What did she say?" Miss Herman demanded of the matron.

"She said she would kill the first one who tried to hold her—and she will," the matron added grimly. At the door Jane Lasange, one hand behind her, was turning the knob cautiously.

The matron took an ostentatiously firm step toward her—and retreated precipitately before a savage thrust of the gleaming blade. Her voice shook a little as she addressed the rebel.

"You may go home, Jane," she said with futile cajolery. "Your mother shall take you. Be a good little girl, and come to church quietly with us now. Then we will see."

Jane Lasange flung her head back, shaking the long straight mane from her eyes, and Miss Herman saw that they were mad with fever.

"I go to my father—so—with my knife

in my hand, else you stop me. Stand here till we are gone—my mother and me. If you stir—I kill you.”

There was a grewsome finality in her words.

She opened the door slowly behind her, still facing them. They saw the congregation without, standing stoically as the priest began the service, with a reproving eye on the door behind which the tardy members of his flock inexplicably lingered.

“Itancan kin lipi wakan tarwa kin en un —” Miss Herman heard the strange words ring out resonantly, and her knowledge of the service translated them.

“The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.”

The irony of the situation swept over her, and a strange, lawless triumph in the child.

But the matron caught her arm sharply.

“If she goes out to them so there will be a riot,” she said. “They will say we abuse them—God knows what will happen. You are a stranger—try! Tell her she may go home to her father.”

But Miss Herman went straight up to Jane Lasange. The knife flashed to meet her, but she caught the wild blue eyes with her own, and held them.

“Give me the knife, Jane,” she said very quietly. Through the hush that had fallen on the hall the harsh voices of the people chanting the general confession came in to them. The child closed the door, and stood staring at this new woman, the knife between them.

“Give me the knife, Jane,” the woman repeated. There was silence while they looked at each other. Suddenly the child laid it in the woman’s outstretched hand.

And then she fell at the woman’s feet, sobbing wildly.

And Miss Herman, stooping with a swirl of dainty skirts and floating laces, lifted the little blue calico figure in her arms.

“Go out to the service,” she said softly to the matron. “Tell her mother she is with me.”

And she carried Jane Lasange up to her room and laid her on her own bed gently.

Then she knelt beside her, and held her close, until at last the small body ceased to shake in the paroxysms of the child’s tearless sobs.

She laid it gently back against the pillows then, and watched the ugly little brown

face and the closed lids in half-disdainful pity.

“This is what would happen if they made trouble—her people,” she thought. “Some one would take the knife away, and they would go to sleep again.”

The opening of the door below called her to the head of the stairs, and she saw the child’s mother coming up to them, noiseless as a panther on her moccasined feet.

“Say she cry,” the woman said, lifting her dull, unlighted little eyes to Miss Herman’s face. “Think you beat her. Let me see.”

Miss Herman led the way gravely. “We have not beaten her. She was homesick for her father. That is all over now. She is asleep.”

Very softly the mother stole to the bedside and looked down at the little savage, lying like a blot against the pillows.

Miss Herman waited. “Her father would be very angry if you took her home,” she hazarded. “He wants her to stay and grow very wise.”

The mother’s eyes met hers calmly. “Grow like you,” she said. And Miss Herman learned how carefully expressionless eyes and voice may carry a mockery that stings. “Think she grow up white. Ugh! Take us for wives to them—these white men—then think the child grow up like white women they know before they come to us. Her eyes his—but I am mother to her—me!”

She bent above the child and touched the wide-spread masses of her hair with a dirty russet finger. Then she straightened herself and drew her blanket closer. “Yas. Be very angry if she come back. So I go now—while she sleep.”

Miss Herman would have spoken to her comfortingly, but there had come upon this rude lump of flesh the dignity of the eternal mother-pain that forbade words.

“Good-by,” she said softly. “We will be very good to her.”

Far down the mist-gray prairie road she saw the huddled figure of Jane’s mother riding away silently in the dumb ache of her loneliness. The pathos of it all rose up blindly before her, and she knew of a sudden the meaning life holds for men and women who have grown to love this people. Even she whose every previous instinct loathed them would tarry among them for a little, that she might lift a cor-

ner of the darkness from the perplexed soul of a child.

She turned to meet the child's eyes and started and shivered at their wide blueness in the dark face. Then she came swiftly to the bedside.

"You have been sleeping," she said cheerily. "Are you rested?"

"I was not sleeping," Jane Lasange said very distinctly. "I was dying. I heard my mother—I felt her fingers on my hair. Then I was almost dead. Something go break in my heart. But I let her go because you spoke truly. My father would be very angry if I do not stay. I promise him to stay and be very good and not make him sad. Only I forget and want to kill people—all the white people in the world except my father—and then you. He has told me about a woman like you—a woman very white with eyes not afraid—like a man. I thought about it all when my heart broke and I was dying. And now I think I will not die, because it is very good to live beside you. But I must see my father. I must call to him. All night I will call to him, and then in the morning if he does not come I will surely die."

Miss Herman looked at the child again, and a cold little fear—the horror of the unseen and the unknowable—grew in her heart. Yet the fever was no longer in the blue eyes. They were very quiet eyes and the light in them was like the light in white stones that glitters but does not burn.

"You cannot call your father, dear," she said, but not convincingly—rather appealingly. "He is—how far?—thirty miles from here across the prairie!"

Outside on the grass the matron was superintending the distribution of supper for her guests. Her voice came up to Miss Herman in consolingly material dictation as to dried-apple pies and corned beef. But in her own room, facing her unblinkingly, Jane Lasange explained the matter in hand simply.

"Oh yes, I can call him. I have called him before and he came in the night when it was very dark—his soul—and smiled at me. Then I went to sleep. And once when he was hurt and near to die—it was the first winter they have sent me here—his heart called to me softly—so—'*Esta tola win!* Blue eyes—little blue eyes!' And I ran away and went to him and he

smiled and held my hand and did not die."

And Jane Lasange smiled, a weird, unchildish little smile, wise with a great wisdom.

"You do not understand because you are all white. But you will not laugh nor tell me I am very wicked, and you will not let them take me away while I call him. So I have told you a secret thing. If you love very much, so much your heart cries in you always, and you are so lonely, lonely, lonely you are dying—then you call very hard and the soul you love comes to you. His body will come if it can, but if it cannot, then just the soul of him. And you must be very brave, else you are frightened and die when you see his soul."

She nodded her head very wisely, smiling again the strange, unchildish smile. She had slipped from the bed and knelt by the window—not the window facing the feast-scene of her people, but the one looking to the hazy autumn western sky.

And Miss Herman knelt beside her, clutching the bony little brown claws on the window-sill.

Her face was very white—Miss Herman's. None of her friends had ever seen that face where the desperate hunger of her heart peered from her burning eyes—the primitive, impotent anguish of the starved soul. It was a terrible face if there had been any one to see it—and the most terrible thing in it was the cunning hope that lit the horror in the eyes.

"Tell me!" she whispered—"is it more frightful than death—to see a soul? Could it do more than kill you? It wouldn't drive you mad, would it? Even if it were the soul of a dead man? Even if his body—his dear, beautiful strong body—were eaten—by worms?"

Her voice rose into a wail—she shook the child's slight body in the tempest of her longing. "Tell me—would it drive you mad? To see a dead man's soul?"

The child drew away from her impatiently. "Be still!" she whispered commandingly. "I am calling him. He cannot hear me if you talk so loud. If you are afraid, you do not call. Only if you must see him or die."

Miss Herman laid her face against the window. "I must see him or die," she said clearly. "And I am not afraid."

Downstairs the heavy doors were bolted

for the night—the tramp of many feet passed their door as the girls went to their rooms. The matron bade the missionary good-night—the seamstress and the under-teacher went creakingly to bed in the next room. The lights in the Agency store a mile away blinked in the darkness and were gone. The slender thread of the new moon slid back below the rim of the empty earth. The stars came out and a far coyote barked at them through the prairie stillness.

And the child of two races and the woman of an arrogant wise one knelt together by the window.

At last a cock crowed, shattering the heavy darkness. A cow lowed to her calf in the pasture; a dog howled at the scent of day. In the west a faint gray shadow of the dawn was cast.

And then Jane Lasange, gazing wide-eyed into unseen distances, let her hands slip from the window-sill. "He is coming," she said, drowsily. "At first I could not tell—he was not listening. But now—he is coming."

And lying straight in every line of her after the fashion of her mother's race, she slept, breathing softly in the dawn.

But Miss Herman still knelt, her eyes straining into that empty west until it filled with golden clouds, like flame-shot smoke from the burning glory of the hidden east. Then she rose from her knees, staggering with cramped muscles, her eyes blind with seeking visions.

"It is when they love you that they answer," she explained to herself, very quietly. "And he did not love me. I have tried to think he did, but now I know. Living, I loved him shamelessly, unasked. Dead, I have called to him shamelessly: she and he would not come."

Suddenly she leaned to the window again, looking out, and then she put her hands over her eyes. "I have gone quite mad," she whispered—"or else—he loved me!"

And she waited, smiling and unafraid.

He rode through those smoke trails of the morning, straight, and strong, and beautiful, his lifted face catching the fiery splendor of the east. Suddenly, the sun itself burst somewhere into the sky, and a low shaft of white light shot to meet him, so that he rode down it glorious, like Sir Galahad of old.

A dog ran barking forth to meet him,

and he quieted it with a word. She saw him wave his quirt in greeting to some one stirred among the tepees below the school. Then he rode beneath her line of vision and she faced again the morning-flooded prairies, and her own awakening.

As the matron tried her door, she turned and unlocked it. The matron viewed her with astonished and unwontedly approving eyes.

"Dressed already?" she exclaimed. "Jane must have kept you awake all night. Well, thank Heaven, Lasange is here to see her. I call it a blessed coincidence."

She stepped aside to let him enter, and then, being a very busy woman with breakfast for many to order, she went away.

As he hesitated in the doorway, Miss Herman saw how he was changed. Without the glory of the rising sun upon it, the face was a marred face, seamed with other scars than the crimson relic of an old fray that ran from chin to temple. There was much gray in his hair, and his eyes, deeper set, she noticed vaguely, than she had known them, were eyes old with much seeing.

He brushed his hand across them as he looked at her. "I—I beg your pardon—" he began, and his voice died. So for a moment they looked at each other. Then he laughed, and the laugh too was new to her and not good to hear. "I—I was seeing visions—that was all," he explained. "I thought at first you were some one I knew."

"I am Grace Herman," she said simply. And then—"We heard you were dead. Your father died thinking you dead, and your mother is dying." She spoke with no reproach—how should she reproach him?—and he answered certainly with no humility.

"Isn't it best? Only, my mother believed so firmly in two lives she will be disappointed in not finding me ahead of her. Tell her there are two lives and I have lived both of them. There is not even"—his laugh hurt her as a knife thrust hurts, not at first with a sense of the pain, but of the cruelty of it—"there is not even hell left for me."

She looked at him gravely for a long moment—remembering the man who had left her twelve years before, in the sober beauty of young hope and great aspirations. He broke the silent scrutiny with another short laugh.

"You think I have changed? Well, I have. I am not exactly the sort of man Grace Herman ever knew. But Grace Herman"—his blue eyes on her face were black with the old-time fervor of admiration for all things beautiful—a picture, a woman, a horse—"Grace Herman, after twelve years, is much the same girl I lost my heart to twelve years ago. Only—you have—improved. You were a shade too thin then. You have improved."

His eyes, with something deeper and darker than admiration in them—something she had never known in any man's eyes before—called the blood to her face, scorching it, and leaving her heart cold.

"I think we have both changed in twelve years," she said quietly.

And then suddenly the eyes changed—left her—forgot her—were glorified with love and pride and longing. And Jane, waking with eyes as wide as though they had never slept, flew like a dart straight to her father's arms.

Her voice, no longer strained in shrill intensity, crooned in childish, broken murmurs against his shoulder, and her little brown hands stroked his rough cheek in very ultimate bliss of satisfaction.

And the man held her high in his big hands, caressing her, holding her so from all the world.

"*Esta toto win!* Blue eyes, little blue eyes! Father's daughter!" he whispered. And the child answered in a contented babble of soft gutturals.

The woman, watching them, thought with a sharp little contraction in her throat that she could have wished, twelve years ago, no greater blessing for the man she loved than to see him so, with the child of his love in his arms. Also she thought of the woman who had ridden away in the twilight the night before—the woman who had said "I am mother to her—me!"

And she went out at the doorway and left them alone together.

In the early morning while the girls of St. Mary's slept, she went down to the stables and climbed the narrow ladder to the hayloft.

All her life she had dreamed dreams—sad, beautiful dreams to which the hysteric mysticism of the night before had come as an ecstatic climax. And now she had awakened, and in the awakening crept away like any wild hurt thing to nurse her

wound in the sweet smell of dead grasses, whispering comfort against her heart. She had left very far behind her that woman who had found comfort in Swinburne and the intoned prayers of a dim cathedral.

After an hour she saw John Lasange ride away. He shook hands with the missionary and the matron. The girls gathered in the sweet young morning to watch the going of Jane's father, and he flung small coin down among them, laughing, and the people who had come up from their tents nodded to him, grinning.

There was something vaguely medieval about the scene. The head of a clan flinging largess to the rabble—a knight riding forth among his henchmen. There had always been about him potential dramatic effects, a certain kingliness, a physical need to be a leader among men. And now—he was the richest squaw-man on the reservation.

Suddenly he swung sidewise in the saddle, and reaching down, caught his daughter against his breast and held her, silently, closely. Then he set her down gently, and waving his broad hat in a final, inclusive farewell, he galloped down the long white road that led into the east.

Miss Herman watched him with grave eyes until he rode into the horizon, and then with her head upon her outstretched arm, with her crumpled Sunday finery flecked with straws, with the field mice scampering beneath her, she slept in the hay-mow. And her sleep was empty of dreams—for the first time in twelve years. When she woke the sun had crept into the mid-roof of the heavens, and Jane Lasange sat cross-legged in the hay, watching her with unwinking eyes. Miss Herman smiled, stretching out a drowsy hand to the child.

"So you have seen your father, little Jane?" she said gently. The small black head nodded proudly.

"It was as I said. While he slept he heard me call him—he said it was very strong—the voice of my heart going out to him. He said it was as two voices—and he rose, and rode. All night he rode, so that to-day he may go to the far place where men wait for him. And all night he heard the calling."

And Miss Herman, in the material wisdom of the garish day, had no better explanation to offer for his coming.

"And now you are very happy?" she asked softly.

Jane shook her head gravely, her somber eyes narrowed to two pale slits of fire.

"My father is gone," she explained. "And all my heart. But this I was to give you—only you—and you must make me glad."

Miss Herman read the note, scrawled in the old reckless hand on a page torn from a tobacco-reeking notebook.

"I am leaving the child with you, and you must be good to her. Because in the old days the boy you used to know loved you, and all his dreams of angels had your face. He did not tell you then. He waited until he should be a greater man—more worthy of your womanhood. And while he waited, here in a wild land, he went wrong. He got into trouble. The man who was killed was not the greater victim. So he ran away from himself, and now he has left himself so far behind that he can give you no news at all of the boy you used to know. But all that was best in that boy—all that he hoped might sometime make you love him—is in the child, and all that is least bad in the man he has come to be clings to the child. But the child—do you know what is in store for her—little Blue-eyes with the fire heart? Unless you take her into your heart—for the sake of the boy that was? Take her away with you. Lift her out from among us. Help her. And some day, when she is a woman, forgetting her father but not hating him as she must do if she stays—tell her why you made her white—for the sake of the boy that loved you—Grace!"

Miss Herman folded the paper softly in her fingers. He had loved her then—in the days when she had wondered. And there had dwelt in him the possibility of—this!

Jane Lasange lifted her eyes to Miss Herman's face. "It is very good to do what my father says," she advised calmly. "My father is the richest squaw-man on the reservation. And he says you are to make me glad."

Miss Herman leaned and kissed the ugly brown forehead softly. "You shall be

glad, dear," she promised largely. And then her spirit quailed before the task she had set herself. How should she make her understand—little Blue-eyes with the fire heart—that her happiness lay through pain, and ultimate gladness through gates of parting?

"Will you understand then," she asked humbly, "that all I do, I do because I love you?"

The child looked at her with swift suspicion.

"You shall not take me from him," she cried. "You shall not! You shall not!"

The eyes that were like her father's darkened; her brown hands clenched until the knuckles were white blurs upon them. Miss Herman hesitated. She thought of her awakening, of the real man who had stood above her dead ideal, crushing it forever. She thought of the child's brown skin and savage passions, and all the hideous meaning of them. And she thought of the dear, sad, beautiful secret that had been hers these many years. The delicate illusiveness of her grief had made it sweet to her, but she saw with a flash of inspiration that only the truth could help her now—that in the child's barbaric brown hands she must lay her secret.

"That it is because I love your father?" she asked firmly.

Then Jane Lasange laid her hand trustingly in the hand of this alien who a week before would have shuddered at the touch of the dark fingers.

"If you love my father you will do all things to please him," she said assuredly. "And all things that please him are good. For my father is the best man in the world—and the richest squaw-man on the reservation," she added wisely.

As they came down from the haymow the matron met them.

"I think," she said acridly, "you have made a mistake in choosing your mission, Miss Herman. Do you realize that your classes have waited all the morning?"

"I am sorry," Miss Herman apologized humbly. "But I think"—her warm fingers closed more tightly upon Jane's—"I almost think I have found my mission."

THE SHADOW

A Story of a Future Day

BY OWEN OLIVER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK PARKER

I.

How the Shadow Came



HERE were three of us who knew the truth about the shadow that came upon the earth. God will remember that we bore the horror of it and said no word. Henryson died a week ago, and Vassall is dying. Henceforth I shall bear the burden alone; I shall walk among the men and women who are branded with the shadow, change words with them, shake hands with them, lean on them in the little things of daily life. I shall know that they will do evil and see it done. The truth will tremble on my lips, and yet they will make no sound. At least I can write it down.

It was on the 12th of March, 1907, that the explosion happened in the laboratory of John Denton, F. R. S., whom some called the greatest scientist of modern days. I was the surgeon on duty when they brought him into the hospital ward. He was unconscious from concussion of the brain and spine, and the end was only a matter of time.

The papers attributed the calamity to an experiment with high explosives. That was true, so far as it went. Vassall told me the rest. He was a high official at the Home Office, and he came post haste to the hospital when he heard that Denton was there. Henryson, the specialist in "shock" cases, arrived a few minutes later. He was a friend of both, and Vassall had summoned him by telephone. They were in a state of intense excitement, though I did not judge

them to be excitable men. They whispered less softly than they intended, and my ears are keen.

"I warned you both," Henryson declared. "You can't outrage nature beyond a certain point. Can you tell how far he had gone with the preparations? You've been there, haven't you?"

Vassall shook his head. "The whole house is a wreck. Even the lodge which stands a hundred yards off is damaged. Heaven grant it's all blown up; but I don't know. Will he recover consciousness?"

Henryson examined the prostrate form carefully.

"I fear so," he said at last.

They looked at one another meaningly, and then at me.

"He may say things that must not be repeated, Dr. Fieldings," Vassall warned me. "There are grave reasons for silence; political reasons."

"Human reasons," Henryson corrected. "There must be no babbling nurses. We will watch him in turn, the three of us. You can manage that, Fielding?"

"I can," I said; "but I should like to know a little more about it."

Henryson looked at Vassall. "You can trust Fieldings," he said; "and if you couldn't you'd have to tell him, all the same."

Vassall coughed and cleared his throat. Then he told me the story in a dry, unemotional voice, as though he were dictating an official minute.

"Dr. Denton was the inventor of the process of branding criminals by ether-rays, which excited so much controversy and finally turned out the government. They were to be marked with a shadowy letter and number, for purposes of identification,

you will remember. We should have preferred to mark them obviously to warn people against them; but we conceded to popular clamor that the rays should be applied in some inconspicuous place. Personally I thought it the most valuable idea of the century. I think so still. However, the public wouldn't have it.

"Denton was grieved at the abandonment of the scheme. So was I. He was not a man who struck at trifles. Neither am I. We decided to work the process ourselves. His first idea was to brand convicts from a distance, somewhat in the manner of wireless telegraphy; but the difficulties were insuperable. So many prison officials would have had to be taken into confidence that the matter was sure to leak out. Therefore he conceived the idea of generating and loosing upon the world a large quantity of the rays, which would automatically settle upon persons of criminal intention, and brand them. I approved of this scheme. Henryryson disapproved."

"It would have branded the whole world!" Henryryson cried. "You and me and Fielding—all of us. Criminal intention! We all have it; but most of us fight it. Who shall say that it will prevail till it does? God and man judge us by our deeds. You promised me not to do it."

"We recognized Henryryson's objection," Vassall corrected him calmly, "and promised not to use the rays until we found which would act only upon persons of marked and preponderant criminal tendencies. The original rays would mark the skin of anyone with whom they were brought in contact—good, bad, or indifferent. Denton found, however, that they could be modified so as to act only in certain cases; and that their selection of persons was governed, not by the nature of the skin, but by the temperament of the individual and the physical organization which is so closely connected with this. At last he invented a variety, which he termed the malfactory rays, having a special affinity for the criminal classes. By experiment with a dilute form, which marked temper rarely and almost imperceptibly, he found that, out of 100 cases, 37 were undoubtedly criminal, 32 were probably so, 19 were doubtful, and 12 were wrongly marked, as far as we could judge. Henryryson insisted that we must improve upon this result before freeing the rays, and Denton was ex-

perimenting to this end when it happened. Poor old Denton! If ever a man labored with an unselfish desire to benefit society it was he. You will help us to suppress it, Dr. Fielding, if only in the interests of other people? Suppose some unscrupulous person got hold of the idea, for example."

"I will help you to suppress it," I agreed, "in the interest of other people; not from sympathy with you or the injured man. I consider the project a diabolical one."

We arranged to watch Denton in turns, and I took the first spell. He did not stir, or open his eyes, and I fed him by injecting concentrated nourishment. Henryryson relieved me at four o'clock.

"Nothing has happened," he announced with a sigh of relief.

"What did you expect to happen?" I asked.

"I didn't know. You see he had accumulated a huge amount of the rays—you can't make them in small quantities—and if they had been set loose? But I suppose they were all destroyed by the explosion. You were right when you called it a diabolical project. I ought to have stopped them."

"You really believe they could have done it?"

"I *know* they could. Well, well! You go and have your tea."

My tea was waiting in my little room as usual. I sipped it while I read the afternoon paper. I was pouring out the second cup when my eye caught a paragraph in leaded type, under the late news.

The Brand of Cain—Astounding Mark on a Murderer.

At Bow St. Police Court an extraordinary blackish-grey mark suddenly appeared on the face of the man Smith as he pleaded "Not Guilty" of the murder of Maude Farringdon. Her sister, who was in court, shrieked out that it was the brand of Cain. On being shown the mark in a looking-glass, Smith lost all control of himself, and called out, "I did it! I did it!" The court was adjourned for a medical inquiry into the state of his mind.

I dropped the teapot, which broke upon the table, and rushed down to Henryryson. I do not recollect how I told him; but I think I could only point to the paper. I remember that he kept pacing the room and

muttering, "The Judgment Day! The Judgment Day before its time. Good Lord deliver us!"

We telephoned for Vassall, but he had started before the message arrived. He brought all the evening papers. One of them had a facsimile of the mark. It was like a blotchy, four-leaved flower, like this:



"There's enough of the cursed stuff to brand all Europe," Henryson said, after a long silence.

"If it only brands murderers and evil-doers the world will be better for it," Vassall retorted. He tried to speak confidently, but his voice shook.

"It won't," Henryson cried. "You know it won't, Vassall. There will be the doubtful cases; and the cases of those who are innocent. Suppose it marks some of your own friends? Your mother, your sister, the little niece you are so fond of, who is just going to be married—?"

"Don't," Vassall cried suddenly. "Don't!" He put up his hands as if to shut some sight from his eyes. "The explosion must have destroyed most of it. A stray ray has escaped, that is all. Send a boy to get the next edition, Fielding. Whew! It's hot."

It was a cold day for March, but he mopped his forehead.

There were three more cases in the next edition. A lawyer of repute had been marked as he sat in his office, advising a company promoter about a prospectus. His client was marked also. A lady living in Cromwell Road, South Kensington, had gone out shopping at noon, and arrived home at three. She did not know that she was marked till the housemaid opened the door. She had been hysterical since, and could give no account of her movements.

The following edition reported twenty cases. The last edition gave nearly a hun-

dred. All sorts and conditions of people were attacked, and under every variety of circumstances. Two low women were marked as they fought in a courtyard, and two society ladies as they whispered scandal over afternoon tea; a missionary as he visited in a slum, and a brute as he kicked his wife; an employer as he gave witness against an embezzling clerk, and the clerk as he stood in the dock; a prominent member of the Stock Exchange as he closed a deal, and a Cabinet minister as he answered a question in the House. One or two of the victims had almost lost their reason with fright.

"They must have intended doing—something," Vassall said; "but we don't know that they would have done it." He had altered his tone since Henryson suggested that his own friends might be attacked.

"The evil that will come would have come anyhow," Vassall persisted. "You would only add to it. Some of those who are branded may repent. Some of them may be quite innocent. Some of them may be your friends, and Fielding's, and mine. You shan't do it, Henryson."

"I will," Henryson shouted. "I shall go and tell the police, the press—everybody."

He made for the door; but Vassall seized the poker from the fender and sprang toward him. He stopped suddenly, dropped the poker, and stood pointing with a shaking hand to the looking-glass. A blurry, shadowy black, four-leaved shape had come upon his forehead. He swayed a little, and I took his arm and helped him to a chair.

"Mark or no mark, Vassall," I said, "here's my hand."

Henryson paused with his hand on the door-handle, and looked at us both over his shoulder. His face twitched.

"The mark ought to have fallen on *me*," he said in a slow, hushed voice. "You were right, Vassall. I swear by the shadow to keep silence."

II.

How the Shadow Stayed.

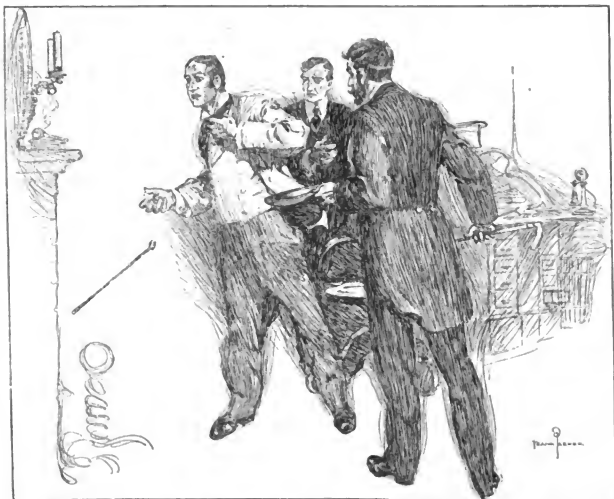
Three hundred cases were reported in the morning papers, and the leading articles discussed the matter at length.

"They must have meant to do something," Henryson stated; "but Heaven

knows if they would have done it. They are entitled to the benefit of the doubt."

"They will do it," Vassall said. "We shall see if we watch them. We can't help watching them. If only we didn't know."

had obtained them through the Home Office. He sat beside the unconscious man with a revolver in his pocket. Henryson and I had revolvers too. We always carried them now.



"A BLURRY, SHADOWY BLACK, FOUR-LEAVED SHAPE HAD COME UPON HIS FOREHEAD."

"Isn't there any remedy?" I asked. My voice sounded listless. I hadn't slept all night.

"If there is, only one man can find it." He jerked his hand towards the unconscious man on the bed. "Can't you doctors bring him to for a moment? Henryson? Fielding?"

We shook our heads. We could only wait for nature. Interference meant death.

About this time one of my fellow doctors suggested to me a connection between the shadow and Denton's experiments. It was common gossip at the clubs, he said.

The next morning the rumor was in the papers. A mob howled around the hospital in the afternoon. The following day there was a larger mob, but it was kept back by a couple of dozen policemen. Vassall

In the afternoon the mob threw things and broke some of the windows, but fortunately they had no great supply of missiles. Then they threatened to lynch Denton, and made some ugly rushes. The police had to take refuge within the hall, and we barricaded the place as well as we could, but the mob brought straw and tar-barrels and threatened to burn the building. Vassall addressed them from a window, and reminded them of the harmless and helpless patients, but they only hissed and howled at him. They were an evil-looking set of ruffians, and most of them were marked upon their faces with the shadow. We stood at a side window with our revolvers, ready to shoot anyone who tried to fire the pile, and ultimately some troops arrived from Chelsea Barracks and dispersed the

crowd. Vassall proposed to make a clean breast of everything to the prime minister in the morning, and ask for a permanent



"HE SAT BESIDE THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN WITH A REVOLVER IN HIS POCKET."

guard. Denton must be saved, he said, if it took all the troops in the kingdom. He was the only man who could dispel the shadow, if he could.

In the night Denton recovered consciousness for a few moments. Vassall told him what had happened, and asked if the shadow could be removed, and he nodded feebly. But when we asked how it was to be done he could only mutter incoherently. He made signs for writing materials, but after he had scrawled a few rambling marks on the paper the pencil dropped from his hands. Then he died.

To mingle with the people who were not marked unnerved me even more. I felt that I was a traitor who had not warned them against the evil in their midst, though

Heaven knows I did it for the best—I feared them, too, suspecting that they were marked in some hidden place. So I dropped away from my friends, till at last I mistrusted all men; and all women—but one.

The one was Margaret Landon; and she was the reason why I did not run away from the world, like Henryson and Vassall. We had been friends for three years, and we were growing better and better friends. We knew what it would come to, but we were both busy with our work (she was an artist) and had not hurried the inevitable. Now, however, that the shadow had come, I wanted to shield her from the evil that I could not warn her against. About a fortnight after Denton died I called at her house and proposed to her. She accepted me very frankly.

"You have made me very happy," she said. "Do you know, I have been foolish enough to wonder if you liked someone else better. You seem to have changed so lately. You have been worrying about something, haven't you? Tell me about it, dear."

"I have been overworked," I apologized, "like most doctors. That is all. Well, I have been worried. It is—the shadow that has come upon the world."

"Is that all? I shouldn't trouble too much about *that*, dear. It is distressing, of course, if it shows, and if people mind it. Some call it a beauty-spot, you know. It's becoming quite fashionable. In Paris they are beginning to wear shadow patches. Would you like me to wear one?"

She glanced up at me with her eyes laughing teasingly. She looked very young that afternoon, almost childish.

"Don't just about it, Margaret," I begged. "It is horrible—horrible. You don't understand."

"Horrible?" she shivered and held my arm a little closer. "Is it anything *bad*, Fred? Anything that would make you feel differently to—to anybody? If I were marked?"

"Don't," I said sharply. "Don't speak of such a thing. It wouldn't mark you because—" I stopped quickly.

"Because your skin is too fair," I said. I had to say something. "It is nothing really, Margaret—just a foolish prejudice of mine. Humor me, there's a good girl. I dare say I am unreasonable; but I hate it—*hate it!*"

She drew her hand from mine and looked at me strangely.

"I am sorry that you hate it, dear," she said quietly. "So very sorry. I could cover it skilfully with my paints; but I'd rather hurt you than deceive you—and perhaps you love me more than you hate the mark." She drew her sleeve back a few inches from her wrist, and there I saw—what I saw! Merciful God, don't let me think of it! I shall go mad—mad! I stared at it and made no sign.

"It makes no difference to my love of you," she whispered pleadingly. Her eyes were moist and shining.

I did not decide for myself between Margaret and the shadow. The room seemed whirling around, and I could not think for myself. They fought it out between them in my mind; and Margaret won. I raised the slim, white wrist to my lips and kissed the disfiguring mark; and then she lost her calm and flung herself into my arms. I caught a glimpse of my face in a mirror, looking over her fair hair. It was working horribly. I wondered if I had gone mad, or was going. When I got back to the hospital I fainted, and they told me I must take a complete rest. So I went away.

I spent a week with Vassall. He was almost worn out from his unceasing labors in the laboratory, but brave and cheerful. He intended to devote his life to finding a way of obliterating the shadow, he declared, and when I retorted that the memory would remain, he said that no one had any right to remember the intention of evil, when no evil was done. "I bear the brand of Cain," he said, "but I am not a murderer. The mark makes me charitable toward men, because I misjudged Henryson. I *would* kill him rather than let him ruin the world by divulging the secret."

"Sometimes I think I shall have to divulge it or go mad," I confessed.

"Then go mad," he said, setting his lips squarely.

That was the conclusion of all our discussions. We could not lift the evil from the world, and by disclosing it we should only make others suffer as we suffered. Therefore we must suffer alone.

When I left Vassall I went on to Henryson. He had taken to mission work in a low slum, crowded with marked men and women, and had turned his house into a refuge for them, hoping to keep a few from

doing the evil that they intended. About three per cent. of "his poor people" were wrongly marked, he thought. "And none of them are wholly bad," he protested. "The shadow has taught me a lesson, Fielding. You will not be so unhappy if you learn it too. It is to look for the good in people as well as the evil. The shadow isn't so terrible when you do that." Like Vassall, he was cheerful; but he had aged greatly, and he was troubled with a cough that seemed to tear him to pieces.

"But I do not matter," he said, "or you.



"I STARED AT IT AND MADE NO SIGN."

It is these poor people that we must think of, and those on whom they prey. Let us give our all—our lives, if need be—for the world."

It did me good to be with these men; and I went back to my work determined to look for the good in those who were branded with the evil. Instead of avoiding them I made friends with them; and if I could not trust them, I acted as though I could. But some

of them cheated me, others robbed me. Two made a murderous assault upon me, and I was laid up for a fortnight.

After this my horror of the shadow and those who bore it grew deeper and deeper.

make no sign. If I do not speak I shall go mad; and the world will go mad if I speak. Well, I will *not* speak. They kept the secret and died; and so will I——

I am feeling very ill to-night, and my



"SHE BENT DOWN OVER ME AND KISSED ME AND CRIED A LITTLE VERY SOFTLY."

I shuddered with dread of Margaret even, when we were alone; but she was good to me; so very good to me, and I loved her. Nothing could alter that. When I was about again, after my injury, I asked her to name the day for our wedding. She hid her face on my shoulder and whispered it. I was glad she did not look at me.

It is within a week now; and I love her above all things; and I am sick with fear of her. There is no one to help me, no one to take counsel with. Henryson died a week ago, and Vassall is dying. They called it brain-fever and overwork, but it was the horror of this cursed thing that killed them—the horror of it.

Day by day I see the warning of the evil to come; and day by day I see the evil come after the warning. It is I who am branded with the brand of Cain; for I know and I

temperature is high. It is the beginning of a fever, I think—I must destroy what I have written, so that no one shall see it if I die. Where was I?—Oh! The shadows.—They are all over the paper, you know. They—

III.

How the Shadow Went.

I remember that the world reeled away from me as I was finishing the story that I had written. The world sprang back on me suddenly in a private ward of the hospital. At first it was only a window-frame and painted walls, and an ache at the back of my head. Then I began to recollect; and then I saw Margaret. I knew that a long time had passed, because she had

grown so thin and pale. She was dressed all in white, with a gold brooch that I gave her at her neck; and I gave a little cry of delight, because she was such a fair thing to see. Then I remembered the shadow and tried to cover my eyes; and she saw that I was awake, and bent down over me and kissed me, and cried a little, very softly. I liked her to kiss me, even if she bore the shadow, and I smiled, and tried to speak; but the sound would not come at first.

"You must keep very quiet, dear," she warned me. "Don't try to talk."

"I must," I protested feebly—my voice seemed to come from a long way off. "The paper that I wrote. Where is it, Margaret? The paper?"

"All your papers are in your room, dear. It is locked and I have the key. Now you must go to sleep. You can trust me, can't you?"

"The key," I said. "The key! Give it to me!"

She brought the key and put it under my pillow. Then she kissed me again, and I went to sleep. Whenever I woke I felt for the key. It was always there, and I got slowly better. She was very gentle with me, and humored me in everything; and the doctor said that she had saved my life. "You would have worn yourself out with your ravings," he said. "She is a good woman, Fielding; and you are a lucky man."

"A good woman," I echoed; but the memory of the blurry shadow on her wrist came up with my memory of Margaret. I set my teeth and put the shadow against Margaret, and Margaret against the shadow; and Margaret won.

"Roll up your sleeve, dear, and let me look at the shadow," I asked when she came in. There was a pink rose on her breast, and another in her hair, and the roses were coming back to her cheeks, and her eyes were soft and shining. She was as fair as—she is. There is nothing else like her.

"You are not strong enough to bear a shock yet, dear," she said.

I laughed, and my laugh had a ring for the first time since Denton came to the hospital.

"All the shadows in the world cannot shock me if they are on you," I told her, "my dear!"

She sat down beside me, and stroked my hair for a while before she answered.

"There is no shadow upon me any more," she said slowly, "or on anyone. The mercy of God that blots out our transgressions!"

"There is no shadow on my heart," I said boldly, and I raised myself on one arm and put the other round her. "Only a great white thought of you, sweet Margaret."

"You do not even ask how the shadow came," she asked, with a great light in her eyes.

"I do not care," I told her. "You are—you."

She laughed a little and cried.

"I am yours—not so good as I would wish to offer you. But it was because—I loved you so much," she said. "When you changed at that time I thought you cared for—someone else. There was a bad rumor about her. I did not believe it; but I meant to tell it to you. That was how the shadow came. But—" she lifted her head proudly—"I never told you, dear—We are not just one mean or evil deed that we plan; not all the mean and evil things that we plan. They are only the shadows—Our tears wipe them out, and the memory of them—God sets white marks for the good that we do—Hark!"

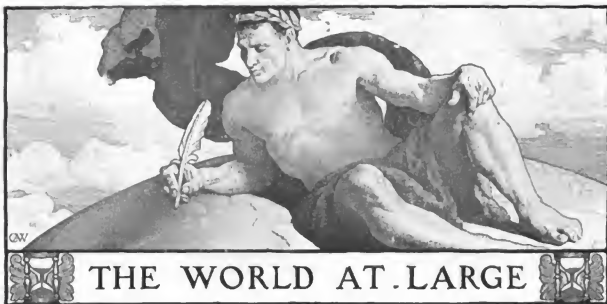
She rose and opened the window. A sound of music and singing came in, and the ringing of church bells and the scent of flowers. The sunlight played in her hair; and she lifted her arm like a saint pointing up the long, long way to Heaven.

"It is a day of thanks for those who bore the shadow and are clean," she said. "They do not know what it meant. We shall never let them know. They will have no memories to hurt. We shall remember—and honor those who wore the mark of their temptation and did no wrong.—Dear love, it is a world of temptation and ill-resolve; but God gives us strength to overcome."

"Margaret," I cried, "Margaret." I struggled to rise, but could not; and she flew into my arms.

"You shall give me a little white flower," she whispered, "to wear hidden on my arm—for token of the love of a brave man that keeps a woman good."

But I gave her a little black misshapen flower, uncertain of outline as the shadow had been, and told her to wear it that all might see. The sun shines brightest where the shadow has been!



THE WORLD AT LARGE

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has a record as a newspaper man, a short-story writer, a war correspondent, a novelist, and a dramatist, all in the space of forty-two years. At

present he is working assiduously in his home in Westchester County. What will come next? Even if this question remains unanswered for the time being, his public cannot but feel sure that he is on the road to the production of something virile, something that he knows about, something that is not hectic, something that is healthy and something that is full of cheerful good humor.

THE Frances Tavern, one of the most famous landmarks of Colonial New York City, at last may hope for permanent future care, thanks to the efforts of the Sons of the

Revolution. Like the Old South Church and Faneuil Hall in Boston, and the Betsey Ross House and Independence Hall in Philadelphia, this New York building has long been coveted by almost every American patriotic society in existence. Persons interested in the city's past were stirred a year or so ago by a movement planning a

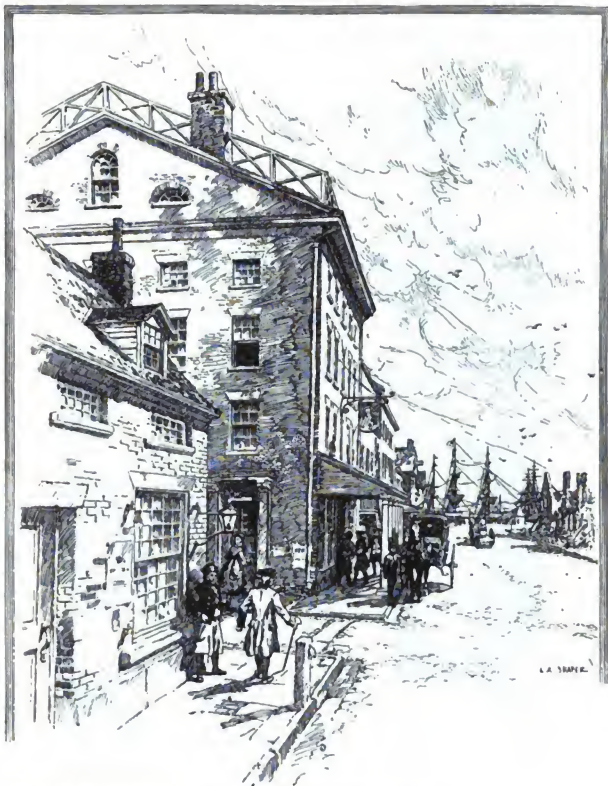
campaign of demolition and restoration that would leave the old building where it is now, but with its old-time aspect, in the center of a city park. However, the scheme fell through and the future of the old hostelry seemed far from bright until last Spring the Sons of the Revolution came to the rescue with fifty-five thousand dollars, whereby they proposed to raise the mortgage and restore the property. The house dates from about the year 1700, when Steven De Lancey, a French Huguenot nobleman, put up the building as a home. Then it must have



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AT HIS HOME IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEW YORK.

building as a home.

set back from the shaded street, a hip-



Courtesy of the New York Herald.

THE FRAUNCES TAVERN IN COLONIAL DAYS.

roofed structure, quite different in looks from its present storehouse-like appearance. The square yellow bricks, brought from Holland, still remain, but the red roof tiles, the gables, the solid green shutters and the roomy out-sheds have given place to modern needs. De Lancey and his wife held the property until their death in 1762, when

it passed to Samuel Fraunces and became the Inn that it has remained until this day. As the years passed, it saw in turn the foundation of the New York Chamber of Commerce, the coming of the English, the evacuation of the Queen's troops, the return of the Continentals, and finally the retirement of the first General of a United

States Army on December 4th, 1783. Surely, there can be no better place to maintain a monument to patriotism than in lower New York City, where every eye is turned to money-getting.

at Broadway and Vesey Street, has not seen such a delightful assembly of maids and dames in furbelows and short gloves, crinolines and side curls, and men in high collars and stock ties, peg-topped trousers and



Photo. by Davis & Eikemeyer.

MISS SOPHIE OLYPHANT IN HER GRANDMOTHER'S COSTUME AT THE ASTOR HOUSE BALL.

ANOTHER incident that should lead modern thoughts toward the New York City of the past came with the Spring, for since the gay days of the ball of the Racket Club in 1848, the gray-pillared Astor House,

white socks as assembled in its halls one evening last April. Some time ago it occurred to several persons bemoaning the quickly disappearing section of "Old New York" that there ought to be a novel in-

terest in a dance planned to recall the days of grandmama's glory. So, under the leadership of Mr. Weymer J. Mills, their plans came to such a successful conclusion that flowered waistcoats were resurrected, old jewels were brought from their chests, dresses were made about hoop skirts, and hats were blocked after the fashion of sixty years past, until the company that sat down to the supper of Saint Kit's Jelly and Jenny Lind round cakes suggested a page out of an old copy of "Punch" or "Godey's Lady's Book." It is many years since lower Broadway has been invaded by such a throng, and though they did come in narrow-door automobiles instead of roomy broughams, the maids certainly tripped in their efforts to meet the demands of their spreading skirts, and the gallants certainly stalked with dignity bred of fear of the strength of ancient stitches.

In these strenuous days, New York City sets the pace with a strenuous mayor. George B. McClellan seems to take even more than the fashionable, modern personal interest in the large and small incidents con-



GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, MAYOR OF NEW YORK, AT A FIRE



PIXLEY KA' ISAKA SEME, THE ZULU WHO WON THIS YEAR'S CURTIS PRIZE FOR ORATORY AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

nected with his administration, so when a fire occurs on Nassau Street, or in the vicinity of City Hall, he bestirs himself to catch an actual glimpse of how the fire department proves its ability. Perhaps, too, he uses such a visit as an excuse for getting out of doors, since he is exceedingly fond of walking, going on foot every morning to the City Hall from his home on Washington Square. At the time of his election, when he went to take his oath of office, two reporters trailed behind him at a respectful distance. They observed, to their astonishment, that through the whole walk downtown only one person, an Irishman, recognized McClellan as the Mayor-to-be of the city.

THE American negro has long since won an accepted place and a cordial welcome in the northern colleges of the United States, but rarely does a *bona fide* native and resident of South Africa study in this land, and only in a week of Sundays is he able to win a prize against his white competitors. This Spring, however, Pixley Ka' Isaka Seme, a full-blooded Zulu from Natal, South Africa, broke all precedents by win-

aining the George William Curtis prize for oratory at Columbia College. Mr. Seme, who is of the senior class, and twenty-four years old, intends to sail for Europe in the near future, that he may study law at Oxford University. If he succeeds there as well as he has succeeded here, he ought to offer a splendid example of how little the color has to do with the man.

THE bitter aftermath of the Civil War has died to a large extent with our grandfathers' generation, yet such a tactless blunder as that recently made by the son of General Sherman on commencing a march from Georgia to the Sea with a military escort from the Twelfth Infantry raised a just wail of indignation that shows how long old wounds remain unhealed. Brigadier-General Duval, commanding the department of the Gulf, has explained that he

sent out the escort primarily in courtesy to Father Sherman, and secondly that the two officers in the squad might make a study of the old march from Chattanooga to Atlanta, sketch the country and prepare an account of their trip that might be studied by the school of officers at Fort Oglethorpe, where the military maneuvers of the Georgia campaign and the last year of the Civil War have been carefully examined. If Father Sherman wishes to study the 1864 campaign between Atlanta and Savannah for sentimental or historical reasons, no one will deny that he has a perfect right to do so, and if he should travel in a carriage as a private citizen, the Southerners would undoubtedly give him hospitable welcome. If it is wise that officers should investigate the details of that campaign in connection with the field of operations, that, as well, would undoubtedly pass without objection. Manifestly there is nothing improper in either the officers or the priest going over the historical ground alone. The rub comes when the two objects are joined together, the research of the officers, and an acknowledged and official act of courtesy toward Father Sherman.



THE COUNTESS GREY, INSTRUMENTAL IN RETURNING A REVOLUTIONARY PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE Countess Grey, wife of Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, recently did much to aid her husband take another step in the interest of the brotherly feeling between the nations of the English-speaking world when she helped him restore to the United States the portrait of Benjamin Franklin that was removed by British officers from Philadelphia in 1777, and has since hung in the Grey home in Northumberland. The restitution of the canvas was most felicitously announced by Mr. Choate at a dinner given to Earl Grey in March by the Pilgrim Society of New York. The portrait



Photo. by Davis & Eikemeyer.

MISS CORNELIA BRYCE IN HER DRESS WORN AT A RECENT COSTUME DINNER.

itself arrived in time for the two hundredth anniversary of Franklin's birth, on April 20th. At the dinner, Earl Grey spoke of how he returned the painting through his love for the American people, and his sense of equity that assured him

that the law of compensation is not the highest law. He emphasized his belief that England and the United States could only fulfil their mission perfectly by approaching the problems of their relations with each other in the feeling that they must do all in



WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL—SOLDIER, WRITER, AND STATESMAN.

their power both for themselves, for America, for England, and for the world. And such words as these, backed by such a deed, are most needed to cement friendship between the United States and the United Kingdom.

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, the son of Mrs. Cornwallis-West, has recently come into unusual prominence on this side of the Atlantic, both through his books on his Boer War experiences and on his life of his father, which yielded his publishers sixty thousand dollars, and through his extraordinarily rapid rise in English politics. His success in all his efforts, both literary and public, seems invariably coupled with a unique power to do the right thing at the dramatic moment. Especially in the latter sphere, though only thirty-two years old, he has attracted much attention through his energetic work in the Colonial office, and his brilliant though short-tempered qualities as a debater in the House of Commons, where he seems to be equally feared by his own party and by the Tories. He first became well known in the United States through the American resentment of the attack of George W. Smalley, of the London "Times," upon the American Winston Churchill after the publication of "Richard Carvel." For Mr. Smalley, in blissful ignorance of the facts, marked our writer as an upstart who was using for a pseudonym the name of an English family already long distinguished in the world of letters.

THE Gaul must have a sensation once every so often. Accordingly, the recent threatened revolutionary outbreaks in the mining districts of France and in Paris have been regarded the world over as a matter of course, and as a subject for mirth. Naturally, rumor first had it that Prince Victor Napoleon, Count Beauregard and others were concocting a plot against the Government. However, the affair passed off without any such excitement, and though the labor movement joined with that opposed to



M. CLEMENCEAU OF THE FRENCH CABINET AND M. LEPINE, PREFECT OF THE PARISIAN POLICE, WHO SUPPRESSED THE FRENCH STRIKES ABOUT MAY FIRST.

the anti-clerical laws, yet the only tangible cause of excitement came from the 46,000 miners who nearly rose to open revolt on May Day, and the election period a week later. Luckily, and in spite of leniency at the outset, M. Clemenceau, the recognized power of the Government of France, and M. Lepine, the prefect of Parisian police, kept the hotheads in check so strictly that the country escaped with little more than a bad scare. The belief that M. Clemenceau sympathized with many of the ideas and sentiments of the working classes caused the radical leaders to hope that the Government would be slack in maintaining order, while the reactionaries looked forward to a like state of affairs in the expectation that they would be accepted finally as the only real haven of tranquillity. Their arguments to this end seemed to have an especially firm base, as M. Clemenceau is a pronounced radical, who for the last thirty years has championed the laborer. Twice of late he had spoken under the red flag and without



DOWIE'S FIRST OFFICE AND RESIDENCE IN ZION CITY.

an escort at Lens, the most violent center of the discontented region. There he had promised his audience sympathy and no troops as long as their demonstrations refrained from physical violence. But to the leaders' disgust, they discovered that as soon as they took advantage of his light hand, he brought the military into action. However, his composure restrained the soldiers from firing, and kept them at the task of breaking up the mobs by the use of cavalry, de-

spite the fact that many privates were injured and one officer killed. The disturbances have passed, but only because M. Clemenceau has succeeded where others have failed.

THOUGH John Alexander Dowie has never reattained the height of notoriety which he gained in his missionary trip to New York in the Fall of 1903, yet his collapse and partial resurrection this Spring has brought him again before his much-craved public. Trouble has continued to brew for Elijah III, with greater or less intensity, ever since the fatal eastern campaign of three years past, but last April active revolt broke out under the leadership of Overseer Wilbur Glen Bolivia. At that time this lieutenant took advantage of the prophet's absence in Mexico to refuse to obey further orders from the man characterized as an immoral, incompetent leader. Before the chief could return the discontent in Zion had spread into a movement by the mem-



THE TABERNACLE AT ZION CITY.

bers of the Church and Dowie's own wife and son, to oppose the elected of God as the religious leader, to suspend him from membership of the Church, to tear him from his temporal possessions in Zion City, and to accuse him of teaching polygamy. But Boliva, as head striker, made hard work of his position in fighting for the assets and in explaining that, while his chief was a charlatan too rank for words, he, the lieutenant, typified all that was noble and solid in character. Besides Dowie, though sick with heart trouble, had lost none of his energy, and like other generals of history waited to clutch at chance as it passed. The

opportunity came in the form of a mild famine, and a general epidemic of smallpox. Then the pudgy finger warned the host in the auditorium that the judgment of God was calling upon "The Children of Zion to forsake their false prophet, Boliva." The effect of the threat was felt so deeply that it was not long before Dowie had won back a large share of his followers, and had established himself in a position, clerical and temporal, equal to that of his enemy. It is hard to guess what will be Elijah's next move. It is harder to imagine a Zion City without Dowie.

THE often praised qualities of German-Americans were never more typical, more brilliant, or more distinctive than when

shown by their leader, the late Carl Schurz. In Germany an excitable college insurrectionist, in this country from 1856 on, a

master of English speech at the age of thirty, a champion of honest money and of civil service reform, a soldier, a journalist, a senator, and a secretary of the interior, he established a record of sincerity and courage.

This fighter for civil liberty, if born at a later age, might have carried to a successful issue his struggles for liberty in his native land. But half suffocated by the pall of inactivity that settled over his people in his youth, he came here to find vent for his still active energies. Here then he fought for the liberation of the

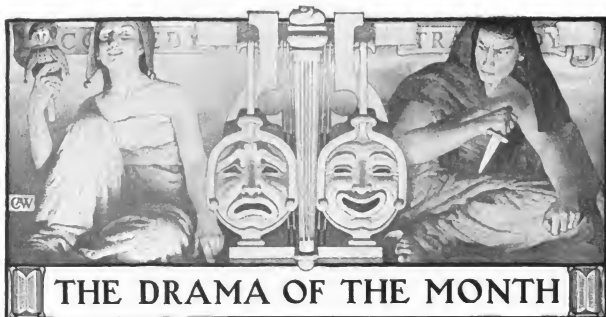


THE LATE CARL SCHURZ.

slave; he disputed the drift toward the lowering of political standards in the administrations of Grant; he marked his name on the reforms of the public lands and the Indian Bureau; and, in later years, he championed the anti-imperialistic party. He gave his best understanding of political byways to make clear to Americans the key-notes of their issues. The land of his adoption must continue to feel his hand for many years. The land of his birth has expressed its sympathy with this message from its head:

"Please convey to the family of Carl Schurz my sincere sympathy on the passing away of this eminent man, who rendered his new home valuable services in war and peace, and at the same time never denied the German blood in his veins.

"WILLIAM I. R."



BY JAMES HUNEKER



A BIG heart should not serve as an excuse for mediocre art. Yet, after the San Francisco catastrophe and the demonstration of practical sympathy on the part of theatrical folk, criticism of their work seems, at the



MRS. FISKE AS "DOLCE."

present time, supererogatory. This is a pathetic fallacy, though not in the Ruskin sense; let us call it the fallacy of pathos. But anyone who has followed the spontaneous outbursts of prodigality on the part of the men and women of the dramatic profession, managers included, must realize that their offerings came from generous natures, and their acts not the result of mere temperamental vanity. One unfortunate person—and parson—insinuated that a desire for notoriety prompted our players in their noble, untiring efforts to aid the stricken city on the coast. He was buried very properly by the press of the country and his obsequies attracted no mourners. The trouble is that the actor, man and woman, is soft-hearted. There is something in the practice of their art that loosens both the heart—and the purse-strings. He may be improvident—the actor—but he seldom turns away from the appeal of a fellow-creature. Skinflints are a rarity among the players. Usually he is a marked man who has such a reputation. The moralizing world has its fling at stagefolk, but in a crisis it is the theatre that is first in the field. The old saying that actors stick together must go by the board after the way they responded to the call of their fellow-man in the far West. They are for humanity, and charity is *lex non scripta* of the craft.

It behooves us to heave our critical brickbats with a light wrist. Aim for the scenery, kill a musician or two, but spare

the actors, even spare the "supers." This *à propos* of the past month in the theatres. There have been many bad plays, the usual number of bad—no! this time, at least, I'll practice what I preach; I'll say as little of the actors as possible. With what joy would I indulge in a "killing"

of the operatic gentlemen who flock here from Italy, Germany, and elsewhere, and quietly decamp when their services are most in demand. To be sure they lost heavily in San Francisco; but so did Sembrich, so did Eames. These two artists and whole-souled women delayed their departure to offer their services in the cause of the unfortunate, while high-priced tenors, basses, and baritones slipped off to Europe. Women are always braver than

men when final tests are applied. There is, for example, Marcella Sembrich, who alone thought of the chorus and orchestra. She deserves a gold crown on this side of paradise. And let us suppose, finally—for this sort of criticism is out of my dramatic bailiwick—that the De Reszkes and Paderewski had been here at the time of the cataclysm. Have you any doubt of their instantaneous response? But we may as well admit that musical people are never so universally generous as the members of the dramatic profession. Experience has proved this, despite some notable exceptions: Sembrich and Eames, Joseffy and Victor Herbert.

As you see, I am pushing off the fatal moment when I must say something about

the theatres. Ah! the circus. No, the circus must keep for another month. Perhaps, as it is the very tip of the season's tail, we had better survey the footlight fruits of the year—most of them dry and dead now. This smacks of a cowardly evasion, but you will see that it is not; lo!

the poor dramatist is left to warm the cruel cockles of the critic's heart, or that malevolent region where a heart is supposed to beat. Let us, at our leisure, traverse the months and coldly scalp the dramatist, the man who writes bad plays and makes good money from their performance. This monster flourishes in every time and clime. A Job-like slogan might be: Oh! that mine enemy would write a play. He has. He does write plays every day. Us-



JULIA MARLOWE AND E. H. SOTHERN IN "ROMEO AND JULIET,"

ually poor ones. And sometimes he is not an American. But as a rule the home-made brand is preferred by the critical chain-gang—am I imparting prison-house secrets to Mr. Brady?—and when a bad play comes along, signed by a simon-pure Yankee name—why, then, sound the timbrel and swing hammers!

I suspect that I am going too far in my desire to escape the inevitable. If I were master of cool, persuasive prose, how might I not trick you along the pleasant paths of empty narrative. But I shall resist the temptation for an obvious reason and begin by firmly stating—of course—that the past theatrical season in New York city was the poorest we have "enjoyed" for years (no dates given, else the fatal parallel

columns might be evoked by one of those inhuman machines known as "an authority on theatrical data"). As a rule it is safe for a critic to damn a season when passed; the bad preponderates over the good in the acted drama; besides, it sounds more ship-shape to blame than to praise. Our motto, you know, is *Nil admirari!* But, at the risk of crying "Wolf" in vain—after all my shilly-shallying—there is hardly anyone who will not bear me out in the assertion that 1905-6 saw a great number of mediocre plays in this city. There were few successes. And they shone by reason of the general dullness of their rivals. In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed is king, a venerable saw that fits exactly the situation during the last nine months.



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "THE SQUAWMAN."

A glance at the old roster shows us a few genuine successes. Mr. Shaw's "Man and Superman," Mr. Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse," and Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan"—the latter heading the best, not

because of its superior quality, but because of the gracious presence of Maude Adams, the good fairy of the American stage. To



DOROTHY TENNANT IN "THE STOLEN STORY," BY JESSIE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

David Warfield's art also must be attributed the extraordinary endurance of "The Music Master," a play treacly in sentiment and in characterization not above the literature of the housemaid. Mr. Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse" hit the country hard for several reasons. It appeared at a propitious moment and it contained two excellent acts. It is not necessary to recapitulate the good and bad things in the Shaw and Barrie plays. We crave our Shaw for the intellectual stimulus he provides, and for a counter tonic we take Barrie. Barrie soothes the nerves. Barrie never makes one think. Thank the gods, Americans have never contracted the vicious European (not English, but Continental) habit of going to the theatre to think. The theatre is a place where one—but stop, else I'll be plagiarizing from Otis Skinner! Mr. Skinner believes otherwise on this subject; he has a reason for so doing, as he participated in another and significant success, Henri Lavendan's "The Duel."

I call "The Duel" significant, for it is a serious play, making considerable de-

manus on the attention of its audiences, and nevertheless it was a winning card, greatly to some prophets' surprise. For



GRACE ELLISTON IN "THE LION AND THE MOUSE."

one, I had expected Hervieu's "The Labyrinth" to sweep the city. But I miscalculated. Julia Bartets and Le Bargys are not to be found among English-speaking actors. And then there was a curious misapprehension of the motives of this piece that forced the heroine beyond the pale of our sympathy. I refer now to the English, not the French version. Mr. Pinero's absence was felt. Mr. Carton, Mr. Esmond, and Mr. Sutro hardly made up his potent presence. Mr. Sutro was the newcomer; his "Walls of Jericho" and "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderfeldt" were full of good, though not wonderful things. Wit is his best invention. Mr. Carton gave us the funny "Mr. Hopkinson," and Manager Hackett the funnier Dallas Welford. Mr. Fitch's play, "Her Great Match," I missed. It came on too early for me. But I saw Eleanor Robson in "The Girl Who Has Everything" at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, and liked her immensely. She is a delightful personality. The play will bear watching. Not very original, it is full of Mr. Fitch's little strokes of wit and characterization. It is to come to New York next season.

Richard Harding Davis was happily inspired in "The Galloper," a genuine farce; while George Ade drew several blanks in the dramatic lottery. "The Good Samaritan" and "Just Out of College" are not pure specimens of this humorist. Augustus Thomas must be sloughing his style, or else, because of his European residence, his work is suffering from a sea change. "The Embassy Ball" suited Laurance D'Orsay better than its public. Winston Churchill was found wanting in "The Title Mart." Belasco's "The Girl from the Golden West" proved another momentous success for the Belasco Theatre. It was staged and acted in a remarkable fashion. The Indian plays I cannot rave over, though "The Squaw Man" struck me as being nearer "the real thing" than Mr. Brady's production with its "real" redskins. The truth is that Cooper and Chateaubriand, from whom the melodramatic and rhapsodic Indian emanates,



DOROTHY REVELL IN "COUSIN LOUISA."

have no message for this century. We still read Cooper and enjoy him; Chateaubriand is *caviare* to all save those who crave picturesque and resonant prose.

"The Little Gray Lady," by Channing Pol-



ARNOLD DALY IN "ARMS AND THE MAN."

lock, was simply conceived and written, and promises better things. Gillette's "Clarice" we did not see. Great things are said of J. I. C. Clarke's dramatization of the late Lew Wallace's "Prince of India," one of the most gorgeous stage spectacles of the season out of town. It, too, is to come to New York next autumn. "Brown of Oxford" ran over a hundred nights, thanks to the popularity of Harry Woodruff. "It's All Your Fault," "The Strength of the Weak," "The Optimist," "The American Lord," "What the Butler Saw," "Cousin Louisa," "A Square Deal," "The District Leader"—but why continue? They came, they were seen, they vanished. Musical comedy and operatic comings, like the poor, we have always with us.

Shakespeare began the season with Julia Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn, and with Shakespeare the season ends at the Academy. These two artists, devoted to the highest ideals of the drama, are in a materialistic age like a breath of ozone in a marshy

country. They give courage to the weak-kneed brethren who are ever praying for a speedy release from our depressing drama. Mrs. Fiske made a timely revival of "Becky Sharp," one of her best creations out of so many. Mr. Fiske must be credited with a splendid production of Maeterlinck's poetic drama "Monna Vanna." And lastly that most energetic young actor, Arnold Daly, has made Bernard Shaw a household word.

No, it was not such a terrifyingly evil season after all. Richard Mansfield was, as ever, a serious factor. The American dramatist hardly did himself justice, and his British cousin followed close suit. The sensation of the season was Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," incontinently snuffed out by a Calvinistic *revenant*; and there is no denying the cold fact that Barrie and Shaw carried off the honors



JOHN BARRYMORE WITH WILLIE COLLIER IN AUSTRALIA.

from William Shakespeare. There is no moral attached to this statement. But best and sweetest remembrance of a variegated year is the loving benevolence of the men and women of the stage during the gripping need of San Francisco. Gentlemen! Charge your glasses! To the actors and actresses of America!



ADELE RITCHIE, IN "THE SOCIAL WHIRL."

U of M



JOSEPH CAWTHORNE, IN SOUSA'S COMIC OPERA, "THE FREE LANCE."



ARNOLD DALY AND CHRYSAL HEARN, IN BERNARD SHAW'S "ARMS AND THE MAN."



ANNIE RUSSELL, WHO WILL OPEN THE NEW ASTOR THEATER NEXT SEASON IN
"FRIEND HANNAH."

Who U



ETHEL BARRYMORE, IN "ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE."



MAY AND FLORA HENGLER, IN VAUDEVILLE.

MAY



MARY VAN BUREN, IN "COUSIN LOUISA."



BLANCHE RING, IN VAUDEVILLE.



THE ADVERTISING SECTION

BY ALFRED S. HARTZELL.

'Tis said that advertising is the life of
business trade,
And industrial stagnation would result
but for its aid.

This is true—we do not doubt it—
What a void there'd be without it!
But it serves a higher purpose in this
strenuous decade.

Cyclopædias are superfluous—ere long
they'll not be seen—
And medical advice can be dispensed with,
too, I ween,

For, from chilblains to dyspnœa,
There's a ready panacea
In the advertising section of a modern
magazine.

Tonsorial devices cause the smooth-
chinned to rejoice;
We discover how a dog is taught to know
his master's voice.

All your dark forebodings banish!
All uncleanness will vanish—
Of ablutionary products there's a most
bewildering choice.

The corpulent read how to grow quite
languishingly lean;
The cadaverous find means their angu-
larity to screen.

Oh, the wisdom of the sages
Shrinks to naught before the pages
Of the advertising section of a modern
magazine.

We're told 'tis very simple to learn
shorthand over night;
Chopin's waltzes may be learned and
played by any one at sight.

If for social life you're headed,
Buy your precious stones on credit.
You are almost sure to find relief,
whate'er may be your plight;

Choice advice on breakfast diet our dys-
peptic friends may glean;
The advantages of learning law at home
are plainly seen.

When confronted with a crisis
Seek infallible advices
In the advertising section of a modern
magazine.





LIGHT STRUCK

FIRST BEETLE: Great Heavens! What's the matter here!

SECOND BEETLE: Matter? Only the boys set Williefreely up to turning on his light in Photographer Mole's dark room and spoilt every plate in the establishment.

METAMORPHOSISED BY FREDERICK J. BURNETT.

THERE was a young brave of the Sioux,
Who tried on a pale-face's shioux,
But it caused so much woe
For his primitive toe,
He decided it never would dioux.

But after a year at Carlisle
He wore Oxford ties all the while,
For he'd grown such a swell
One could easily tell
He cared less for comfort than stisle.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

FEAR not a threatened census;
Fear not a crowded land.
This Law shall recompense us,
True shall our balance stand.

The chloroforming notion
That Osler's speech defends
Offsets the Race Devotion
That Roosevelt recommends.

A BACHELOR'S OATH

I SWORE to be single.

Much comfort it gave me.

A bachelor's ingle.

I swore to be single,

But (how my lips tingle!)

Not swearing could

save me.

I swore to be single.

Much comfort it gave me!

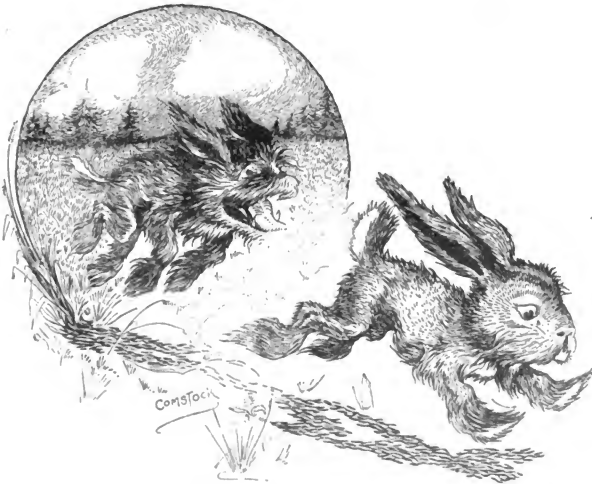
Richard Kirk.



SWEDISH INSTRUCTION

INSTRUCTRESS (to exhausted class, who have been hopping round the room for some time): "Come! Come! That won't do at all. You *must* look cheerful. Keep smiling—smiling all the time!"

—Punch.



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR

BUNNIE: I'd give a cabbage dinner to know whether or not that dog has a hunting license.

FANTASIES

BEWARE! BE WARE!

BY HAROLD SUSMAN.

I SAID to Maude, "Beloved! be loved!"

So Maude was loved and loved again;
Into my arms herself she shoved,
Supreme within my heart did reign.

I said to Maude, "Behold! be hold!"

So Maude was held, and held quite
tight;

Though I was brave, I was not bold—

For Maude said that I did quite right.

I said to Maude, "Benign! be nign!"

So Maude was nign. (Jane had been
eight.)

Upon her heart I did design.

She loved me. I'd not long to wait.

I said to Maude, "Believe! be lieve!"

So Maude was left, and left alone.

Of course, I knew that Maude would
grieve—

But her affections I'd outgrown.



JACK and Jill
Ran up a bill
And called the waiter
"Grafter."

He answered "Pish!"
And dropped a dish,
But the Bill came tumbling
After.

Wheeler



From a Pastel Drawing by George Gibbs

WITH ONE LITTLE MAID THAT I KNOW
IT'S OIL TO BE DOWN BY THE SEA.

See poem "A Ballade of Summertime."

The Metropolitan Magazine.
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THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV

AUGUST, 1906

NUMBER V



THE MEN OF THE DARK

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL



WAS to take a Saturday steamer to Southampton, on my way to Kabinda, on the west coast of Africa. Near the village of Lissongo, on the Ubangi River, lives a certain chief, who is an old friend of mine and one of the finest men in the French Congo, if not in all Africa. I

may have something further to tell about him sometime. My preparations to start were, I say, all but made, when I got an urgent note from Morley Robertson, begging me to accept an invitation which I would receive from Glendower's private secretary, requesting me to call at Glendower's Wall Street office (the invitation came by the same post).

"I have been preaching you to Glendower for months past," Robertson wrote.

"You may have heard hints about the great South American scheme in which he is interested. I told him that you were the only man for the emergency. There will be glory and a fortune in it for you; so don't fail to call, and put your best foot foremost."

Robertson is a good fellow and was once respectable. But he got to know Glendower, and that took all individuality and independence out of him. You cannot chat with him five minutes on any topic but he will drag in the name of Glendower. His type is familiar; I need not further describe him. Unfortunately, he thinks he can confer no greater favor on his friends than to extol them and "recommend" them to his idol. Having no tact or discrimination, this fatuity sometimes gets him into trouble.

Glendower is regarded as the head organizer and field marshal of high finance in this country and is one of the (so called), busiest men in the world. This does not mean that he has ever in his life been worthily and beneficently busy, but only that he is one of our most inveterate and successful players at the great, fashionable game of money-making, possessing as he does a brain and temperament singularly adapted to that sort of misdirection of human energy. He is, in short, a chief factor and victim—both, in our prevalent wealth illusion. Now, for my own part, I have nothing but aversion for all that Glendower does and stands for, and I would take some trouble to avoid men of his kidney. I wished to have no part in his schemes in South America or elsewhere. But, on the other hand, poor Robertson had meant me a kindness, and I did not wish to hurt his feelings or to embarrass him with Glendower. I reflected that it would not take me long to make the call and to explain myself to the man of money, and the end of it was that I presented myself at the office at the hour appointed and sent in my card.

Glendower has the reputation of giving short audiences—the audiences are short and he is short in them. But he once said that this first audience with me was shorter even than he had anticipated.

Opening the door of his private room, I saw seated at the broad mahogany writing table a square-shouldered man of five and sixty, bald, with heavy eyebrows,

which lent a fierce expression to the straight glance he sent me; a heavy mouth and a chin relatively small, veiled with a gray beard. His forehead was capacious; his general aspect hawklike—vulturelike, his enemies might have said. There was a self-conscious dignity and rigidity about him which reminded me of an Oriental idol, but I judged him to be in reality a man of emotions and quick temper, this side of him, which he disguised, having been meant by nature to balance the comprehending and organizing faculties of his intellectual part. Even before he spoke his bearing indicated that, in self-defence against parasites and petitioners, he had adopted the bullying habit, and I was on my guard, because, being upon the whole disposed to like him, I wished to spare him the mortification of running athwart my hawse.

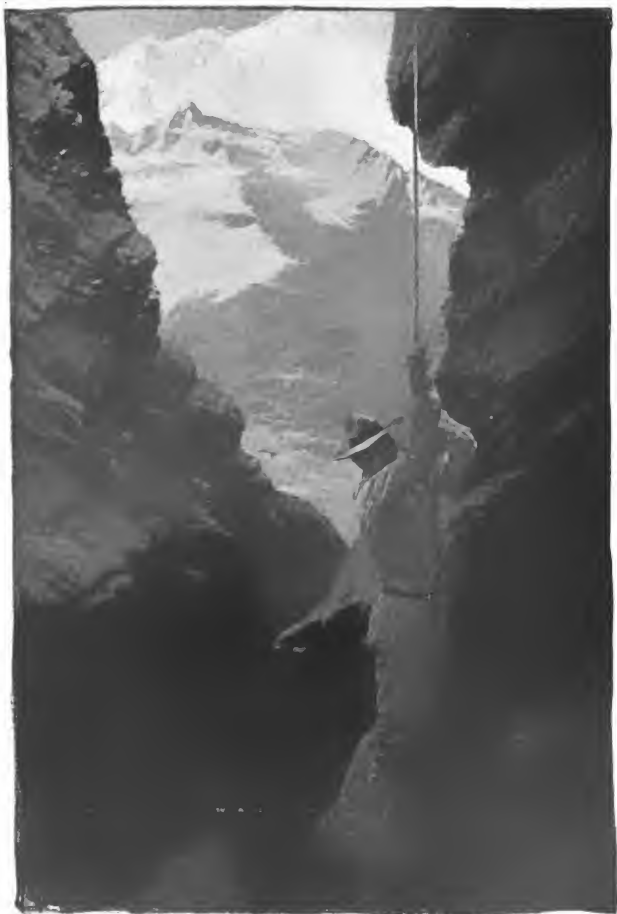
He did not rise from his chair or offer his hand, but indicated the chair near him by a movement of the head, and said in a deep voice: "You are Captain Coventry? Sit down, if you please."

"Thank you," I said, and remained standing.

His black eyebrows twitched, as if heralding an arrogant rejoinder, but after a moment he resumed: "You are commended to me from a source I consider responsible. You must understand, to begin with, that any statements I make to you are in strict confidence."

He gave me time for reply, but as I made none he added, after another inquisitory glance: "If I employ you, you must guarantee me absolute obedience to orders, as well as secrecy. Important interests are involved, possible political complications, and hundreds of millions of capital. Your reasonable expenses will be paid; if your results prove satisfactory you may become independent for life; if otherwise, you get nothing more." This he uttered in heavy, forcible tones, staring fixedly at me. As I still made no response, he demanded, with an impatient movement, "Do you follow me?"

"You seem to have made a blunder," I said, "but don't blame Robertson; he meant to do us both a favor. I came here out of consideration for him. I don't wish to hear your proposition; whatever it is, I couldn't accept it. I feel no interest in your objects, and I'm sure we



"I HUNG SUSPENDED OVER AN ABYSS WHOSE DEPTH I COULD ONLY CONJECTURE"

can be of no service to each other." I spoke with the good humor that I felt, looking him in the eyes, which rounded with stern astonishment, and I added, "I'm willing to believe that you didn't know you were offensive and to regard this interview as never having taken place." Then I went out, felicitating myself upon being so quickly and justifiably rid of the Glendower incubus.

II.

That afternoon I left New York, and while I am on the ocean I will say a few words about myself necessary to make this narrative intelligible.

Meeting me in London, Cairo, Melbourne, Yeddo, or where not, you would give me no second glance; there is no disguise better than a suit of every-day clothes. I am under six feet, not noticeably broad-shouldered, of quiet demeanor, taciturn and low-voiced, and my face shows only the lean, aquiline contours of my New England ancestry. The rudiments of my mental training were got in a New England college; spontaneous reading has familiarized me with the literature of imagination of all ages, and I have theoretical and practical acquaintance with arts and sciences, including engineering and navigation (my title of captain is nautical, not military). Of diplomacy, too, I know something, and can speak the language and adopt the customs well enough for ordinary purposes of most countries that I visit. I feel genuine kindness for my fellow creatures, but have few friends, and of them one only who commands my whole confidence — a woman, of whom it is not now my cue to speak. Nor will I say more of my spiritual and religious complexion than that, in my theory and experience of life, the material world plays but a minor rôle. I love and seek untamed nature in men and things; ambition I have, but it is of the abstracted kind. I may as well add, to explain some passages further on, that I have never met a man, savage or civilized, who was, at all points, my match in physical strength, activity, and endurance. In this I take no pride, since in serious emergencies I rely upon powers other than physical, but I do take real pleasure in it; it is often convenient, affords me healthy pastime, and surprises

and amuses my friends. All this I set down here, so as to be quit of the topic and also to account for my introduction to Glendower, who is understood to be particular about the qualifications of the persons whom he selects to use in his enterprises.

III.

Three days after reaching London Glendower's card was handed to me at my lodgings in Gower Street, and in he walked, with his hand held out. I saw at once that this was the man and not the financier. He was smiling, but there was a curious earnestness and anxiety in his expression.

"I apologize," were his first words, "and this isn't about business, anyhow, not chiefly, but you're the first man who's snubbed me since I was a boy in college, and I had to make sure you were real. When I found you'd left New York I shut my desk and came after you. Going on to Africa, eh? Well, I'd have followed you there. This means more to me than you might believe."

We had a long talk — in fact, we were together thirty-six hours, after which he went back to New York, and I sailed, not for Kabinda, but for Buenos Ayres.

Glendower, with his professional boggy mask off, is a good man wasted. This game of business is an inhuman game, as I told him, and renders solitary and unsocial those who assiduously play it. I was touched by the boyish fervor with which this world-worn old slave of the very means whereby he sought to rule mankind grasped at the companionship of a man absolutely alien from all that was the substance of his life. With incoherent and awkward energy he poured forth thoughts and feelings long moribund in him, in which for years he himself had lost faith. It was pathetic. "I once met Chinese Gordon," he remarked. "You remind me of him in some way; you and he would have been a pair! With either of you within my reach I'd have been another man." On my side, I was frank with him, and we became friends.

Of the "business" he said: "Chili's best revenue is from the nitrate beds on the east side of the Tarapaca pampas, between the coast Cordilleras and the Andes. At present rates of working they'll



"UPON THE BOULDER WAS SQUATTING AN ODD FIGURE, WHICH I TOOK TO BE A DWARFISH MAN"

be exhausted in fifty years, but the peculiarity of nitrates is that moisture dissipates 'em like snow, and if the drought that has lasted in that valley for twenty thousand years were broken the wealth of Chili would be gone like mist. But then the soil of the pampas—it used to be the bed of a sea—would develop immense fertility—grow fruit and vegetables enough to supply a continent. Millions of people could live paradisaical lives there, and the circumstances could be created."

"Yes," said I, "by tapping the Andean lakes on the north and west."

"It would pay better than nitrates in the long run," he went on; "only the Chilians aren't thinking of the long run, but of Now, especially as they calculate on having the Paradise after the nitrates are done with."

"Well, what are your calculations?" I asked.

"Chili's neighbors are her enemies," he said, "and would co-operate to down her. Money and a few engineers could let in those streams upon the desert—then vegetation, clouds, rain, and the end of the nitrates and Chili!"

"How will you do it? And what will you get from it?"

Thereupon he unfolded a project of really Napoleonic daring and ingenuity, of which the world may presently hear more, though not from me. Finally I told him that I would go over the ground for him and make a report, "but for private reasons of my own, different from yours," I added. When he began to make distant hints about remuneration I explained to him that I had inherited from my father a little money, which was invested in the fisheries and brought me an income of about four thousand dollars. So I could not accept even my "expenses," not to speak of the ridiculous fortune he had in mind. I had learned how to travel cheap, and, unless free-footed, I could accomplish nothing. Upon this understanding we parted, and now you know how I happened at this time to visit South America, where I had an adventure which, among many odd ones of mine, seems to me unique. It has nothing to do with that project of Glendower's, at least, not logically, but it discloses one of the many mysteries of the

Andean chain, for a solution of which we might have to go back to a time antedating the Pizzarras, when the power of the Incas was supreme.

IV.

On the Glendower affair I saw persons and things in Buenos Ayres, Santiago, the Tarapaca, Lima, and other Peruvian places, and rounded up in La Paz, more than two miles above sea level, in the Bolivian Andes. There, having been occupied nearly a year, I made up my last report and was released to my own devices.

My chief crony in La Paz was an old German named Dichter, who had lived thirty years in the country and spoke Spanish with a strong Fatherland accent. Small, dry, and stooping was he to look at, with a round head stuffed full of sagacity; a Senator of the Republic and also eminent in the rubber trade. But on his human side he was sentimental and romantic, a student and a collector of old Spanish traditions and Indian legends. On such topics I was an indefatigable listener.

"All accounts agree," quoth he in his slow, emphatic, guttural tones, "that somewhere in these mountains east of Illimani there is a *veta madre* surpassing any other in the world. Once in about a hundred years turns up somebody who has seen it. The last one, I knew him—Juan Coana; it was twenty years ago. But he—" Herr Dichter tapped his bulging forehead and shook his bony hand—"he was crazed, *mein Lieber*: nothing could he tell straight, only that there was treasure, immense, the mine of the Incas. How came he upon it, what happened then, he could not tell, but he spoke of demons who guarded it and tried to kill him. So also say the Indians of this place; it is one of their Maerchen!"

"That there are demon guardians?" said I, resting my elbows on the table.

"Well, it is like this," rejoined the Senator, after relighting the last inch of his cigar. "They have it that the great kings—the Incas—in order to reserve to themselves the secret of the big lode had isolated in the mine a number of workmen, with women, so as to establish a sort of hereditary caste, born, bred, and dying underground, with nothing to do

but to get out the metal, seeing and knowing nothing of the outside world. This race, they say, still exists, cut off from the rest of mankind by the slipping of the strata, ages ago, blocking up the means of exit. In this seclusion they had acquired the character of gnomes, or demons, with supernatural powers."

"What do they live on?" I asked.

"Partly on their own old people and on a certain proportion of the children," replied Herr Dichter. "They also, no doubt, devour chance travelers who may fall into their clutches. But we may dismiss all that as foolishness; it is the *veta madre* that . . ."

"There is only too much gold circulating in the world already," said I; "I care nothing about that, but the troglodytes"—I rubbed my fingers in my hair, the roots of which were crinkling at the conception which my imagination had drawn of them—"I would give all the gold for a sight of them!"

Others matters retired this conversation to the back of my mind, but I had occasion to recall it a few months later.

V.

I left La Paz the last day of October, meaning to journey across Brazil to Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, and thence work up to the west of the Guianas to examine the region of the great buttes. I set out with a single mule and a Bolivian Indian, Yotalu, a short, lithe-bodied, big-headed fellow, with a flat, good-humored face and a ragged sheaf of coal-black hair. He wore a poncho and a loin cloth and carried a bow and arrows and a knife. I had a hickory shirt and deerskin leggings under my poncho, and a long rawhide lariat wound about my waist; with the exception of a stout cudgel, I carried no arms, having found that savages can be controlled by the eye and the bearing. On the mule were packed a shelter tent, cooking utensils, beads and knickknacks for barter, and a few changes of clothing. In a belt under my shirt were some gold and silver coin and my letter of credit. Dichter and my other friends were astonished at the smallness of my outfit, but I relied upon my bodily efficiency and my experience. I expected to make the journey of about two thousand miles in from six to eight months, using the Madeira and

Amazon rivers as carriers, as occasion served.

We took the trail in the early dawn, though the summit of Illimani, ten thousand feet above our heads, had already caught the rays of the sun. We turned his huge flank and set our faces north-eastward. The road led down deep quebradas, or ravines, and the scene was sterile, naked, and sublime. Amid the prevailing masses of gray granite and black basalt I noticed a good deal of quartz and limestone, in some places showing the porous formation with which I was familiar in the West Indies. Yotalu went ahead, leading the mule, and I came after, rejoicing and expanding in the vastness and wildness of the surroundings. I was exhilarated by the thought that for more than half a year I should not look upon the face of a civilized man. Yotalu was to accompany me for a hundred miles or so only, afterward handing me over to another tribe with which he had affiliations. But I looked forward to making the greater part of my journey entirely alone.

At noon we stopped for dinner on a shelf of rock overhanging an almost vertical gorge, at the bottom of which a torrent rolled in music. We had brought from La Paz enough fresh provisions to last two days and a quantity of concentrated food in tins. There was no timber at this altitude for a fire, but Yotalu had gathered some jarilla scrub here and there, and as he squatted at his cooking I climbed to the top of a pinnacle of rock hard by, which hung on the side of the precipice like a turret on a medieval castle. Through a gap in the range this gave me a glimpse of the great valley below, palpitating in the heat of a tropical sun. The air I breathed was, in the shadow, as keen as that of Labrador.

I wore, strapped by a leather thong round my wrist, a small compass, two inches in diameter, but of excellent make, set in platinum. I unfastened it and placed it upon a level surface of the rock to get my bearings. The quebrada which we were following seemed to bear to the south, below, but still further down I could see what appeared to be its continuation, again deploying to the east and north. Doubtless, however, it would be easy to go astray in these tortuous defiles.

A condor, sailing down from the southwest, unconscious of my presence on what was perhaps one of his accustomed perches, alighted so near me that I could have seized his leg with my outstretched hand. But before I could make the attempt Yotalu called to me from below that dinner was ready, whereupon the great bird, with a deep croak of surprise, pitched forward from his station and flapped heavily away. As he did so he revealed something that brought a croak of surprise from me—a broad gold ring riveted round his naked shank, with a bit of chain of the same metal attached to it. The next moment he had sailed away through empty space a hundred yards eastward; then, with a tilt of his wings, he disappeared round a gray profile of the ravine, a quarter of a mile off.

Thinking curious thoughts, I clambered down to Yotalu's dining room, and we ate our meal with good appetite. The Indian was an admirable table companion; he smiled much, confined his remarks to approving and congratulating grunts, and ate stupendously. It was not until dinner was done and we were readjusting the mule's load for departure that I asked him whether the people of his tribe were in the habit of taming condors and chaining them up with gold chains; it was an enlargement of falconry new to me.

Great and instantaneous was the change wrought in Yotalu by my inquiry. His amiable countenance was overcast with trouble and dismay, and he broke forth into ejaculations and utterances most voluble in his native tongue, different from the semi-Spanish jargon which we had been wont to use in our intercourse, the purport whereof was only partially intelligible to me. His smiles were gone, his gestures and bearing denoted lively uneasiness, and this excitement was succeeded by a mood of heavy depression.

By rallying him and breaking jests upon him I tried to restore his spirits, but it was long before he recovered any part of his composure. My Yankee curiosity is, however, insatiable under certain circumstances, and by degrees I began to get light upon the grounds of his manifest agitation.

These gold-ringed condors, it appeared, were not unknown to the local Indians, who called them devil-birds. There were

a great many of them and they were trained to seize and carry off lambs and other small domestic animals and occasionally even Indian babies. They were never seen to devour their prey, but bore it away to some inaccessible retreat in the recesses of the mountains, where they delivered it to their masters, a hideous and bloodthirsty horde of fiends, or possibly—but this was a point I could not determine—the birds were themselves the fiends, temporarily disguised under the form of condors. Yotalu added that any person upon whom one of the devil-birds cast its eye was foreordained to calamity, and my adventure consequently made him augur ill for the prosperity of our journey. Verily, he looked to me as though he would fain embrace any pretext for getting quit of me and the burden of my sinister fortunes.

And it was at this juncture that I missed my compass from my wrist and remembered having left it on the rock turret at our noon camp, which was by this time some five miles in our rear. It was an instrument too useful to be abandoned, but it would not be safe to send back Yotalu for it in his present disaffected condition; it would be the last both of the compass and of him. I must, then, retrieve it myself, and by so doing I should gain the advantage of blocking his retreat back to La Paz, which I suspected him to be meditating. He would have no alternative but to proceed in our present direction, and it would be easy for me to overtake him before dusk—it was now near three o'clock. I was in my usual sound condition of wind and limb and was confident of making an average of five miles an hour.

In telling him my purpose I added the suggestion that it was I, not himself, that the devil-bird was after, and that my temporary absence would therefore conduce to his own safety. My explanations did not put him at his ease, but he probably felt that there was nothing better to be looked for, and he dejectedly acquiesced.

As provision against accident I took from our stores before starting a waterproof box of matches and a roll of Italian moccolo. In one of my pockets I always carried a large clasp-knife with several blades. Thus equipped I felt equal to any emergency, but I did not know then

as well as afterward what secrets those Andean ravines concealed.

At the bend of the path I turned and saw Yotalu standing beside the mule, observing me with a serious and even portentous air. I waved him encouragement, to which he responded by silently lifting his right arm, and the next moment I had the Andes all to myself.

VI.

To lighten my labor I had left my poncho behind with the Indian and the mule, and the cool, thin air, reaching my body through my shirt, made exercise delightful. I maintained a jog-trot up the rugged acclivity, and it was barely an hour when I saw the turret jutting out from the wall of the gray cañon.

Meanwhile, I had observed that a condor, though whether it were the same with which I had already made acquaintance I could not determine, was accompanying me in my ascent; sometimes he hung in the air over my head, with no perceptible movement of his wings; sometimes he would alight on a point of rock ahead of me, resuming his flight as I drew near. I was not unprepared, therefore, to find him perched upon the turret when I came in sight of it round a curve of the way. Nor did he forsake his position until I had actually begun to climb toward him. He then launched himself leisurely into the void and brought up, with much waving of his huge pinions, on the brink of the path below which I had lately traversed. As he swept past me at close range I caught the glint of gold upon his leg, and the moment's glance he sent me recalled by a fantastic freak the inquisitory look of Glendower when I first entered his office a year before.

If a man have any imagination, such perceptions in the solitude of desolate mountains lose none of their effect. I had laughed at Yotalu's extravaganzas, but I knew that there are strange things in the world. And the spirit in a man has its epochs, in which unlikely contingencies and remote associations assume a significance which reason cannot interpret.

I found the compass where I had left it, and I lost no time in beginning my return. The condor, stretching his wings, preceded me. The sun, long past the ze-

nith, was declining toward the west, and it threw his gigantic shadow wheeling along the cliffs. I was shod for the rocks and I held my way at a round pace, the steel rivets in my heels striking sparks from the granite, each impact driving a flat echo into the stillness. There were places where a slip would have had evil results, but I was under the sway of an exhilaration which seemed more psychical than physical; I never slackened my speed and made leaps which appeared preposterous. I shouted with delight and whirled my cudgel round my head like an Irishman at Donnybrook. The devil-bird, sailing with careless indolence in advance, as if he had assumed the function of guide temporarily relinquished by Yotalu, responded at times with his harsh cry, and my brain, intoxicated by vigorous motion in that fine air, amused itself with fancies of a secret bond between us, and even played with the odd notion, which is perhaps common to many, that by a slight additional exaltation of the will I would be enabled to rise from the solid earth and float like a soap bubble. Once or twice, indeed, this suggestion gained such power as nearly to lure me over the precipitous verge of the path, following insensibly the capricious divagations of the condor, but another influence (to which I have already alluded and which is always present in the deepest part of my consciousness), warned me back in season. But as I went on the prevailing rhythm of my movement gradually led my thoughts to the contemplation of interior scenes, until it was only my exterior faculties that took note of the actual environment — the snow-whitened peaks, the shadow-haunted abysses, the steep declivity of the winding trail, and the persistent winged creature ever suspended before me, like the mystic emblem of the Egyptian Osiris. So passed an hour, and another hour, and I was beginning to anticipate overhauling Yotalu, when of a sudden a vast boulder blocked my path and I came to a halt. At the same moment the condor uttered a cry and, plunging downward, disappeared in the lower recesses of the gorge.

The abrupt cessation of motion was confusing for a few minutes, an interval during which my soul resumed her accustomed seat and my sounding pulses subsided to their normal flow. My intox-

ication was past and I became fully cognizant of my situation.

The sun had sunk below the giant shoulder of Illimani, and the entire western slope of the Andes lay in twilight. The profounder depths of the ravines were already obscure. The silence filled the ears like adamant; even the whisper of the stream was hushed; it had apparently passed into an underground channel. Directly athwart the trail lay a rent-off fragment of the cliff, which might have fallen from above or might have been heaved into its position by some seismic spasm, comparatively recent. It rose several times as high as my head; the right end of it was jammed against the wall of the cañon; the other descended into the dry bed of the torrent. I looked back up the way I had come, but all seemed distorted and perplexed; the trail was lost in the general incline of the mountainside, roughened with the tumultuous tumble of amorphous rock-masses. The devil-bird had misled me, after all.

I thought it over. Plainly I had diverged from the right path; for Yotalu and the mule could not have passed this barrier. The point at which I had left it was indeterminable; it might be miles back. Should I return or go forward? Darkness was coming on; the attempt to recover the right trail might lead me more astray than ever, and I should not know it even if I found it. On the other hand, to go on would at least bring me down the mountain; it was probable that this had been a real trail before the obstruction occurred and could be taken up further down, and it was possible that it might rejoin at some lower level the road which Yotalu had followed. The choice I made must be made quickly. I resolved, if it were practicable, to go on.

A short scramble brought me to the top of the barrier. From there I looked down a vertical drop of about one hundred feet, but I saw that by edging along toward the north the height would be lessened. It took me ten somewhat risky minutes to reach the most favorable spot; a protuberance of the rock prevented me from seeing the bottom of the channel, but I estimated that it could not be more than seventy feet. My lariat was fifty feet long; by attaching one end to a projecting knob and sliding down, the fall could be

chanced; there was no other way. I should have to leave the lariat, but that was one of the conditions to be accepted in this duel between the Andes and me.

I spent some time in finding a reasonably safe holding-place for my line; then very cautiously having unwound the slender thong from my body, I made it fast and began my descent. By and by I hung suspended over an abyss whose depth I could only conjecture. Certain memories and hopes near to my heart passed through my mind and I let go and dropped through the air. I seemed to drop a long way.

However, I alighted in a roughly circular basin, ten feet in diameter, filled to the brim with sand and accumulated rubbish, deposited there in past times by the torrent. It was a hard cushion, but it saved broken bones, and I rose none the worse for a few bruises. The loose end of the lariat dangled fifteen feet above my head. It may serve the turn of the next adventurer who follows my trail. Meanwhile, in my first bout with the mountain I had fared well and was ready for the next.

But my path now lay directly down the bed of the stream, which was much encumbered and prevented speed, especially in the gathering darkness. As I advanced the walls of the cañon approached each other and became steeper, leaving overhead a strip of sky, in which hung a bright star, which I took for Antares. I had made up my mind that I must camp alone and fasting, when I heard in the distances a murmurous sound, which grew louder as I went on, the sound of rushing water. The stream, which had passed underground above, had again risen to the surface. I deemed it of good augury; if I could keep to the water it must in time bring me to the great watersheds below and the tropical forest. In half an hour, after not a few stumbles and minor falls, I had reached the spot where the torrent welled up from the ground. It showed black, with whirling eddies streaked with lines of foam. It formed a wide pool, perhaps fifty yards across, from the further side of which the stream apparently pursued its regular course north and east.

I began picking my way round the margin to the right, when I came upon an oblong object floating out upon the sur-

face, a short tether connecting it with the shore. It was a raft of some kind, and near it upon a boulder was squatting an odd figure, which I took to be a dwarfish man, black, with high shoulders and with no visible head. But as my feet crunched upon the loose gravel this questionable figure emitted a throaty screech and hurtled upward into the air — evidently my old companion, the devil-bird. I lost sight of him almost immediately, but he had given my nerves a twang that recalled the supernatural terrors of my infancy.

Whatever I might think of the devil-bird, there was nothing supernatural about the raft, which turned out upon investigation to be an Indian bolsa, a sort of double canoe, made of inflated sealskins, a vehicle common enough in the lowlands, but unheard of at this altitude. There it swung, however, as if provided for my need, and at the stern was the two-ended paddle with which the natives steer and propel such craft.

I reasoned thus: The bolsa could not have come down from above; it must have ascended from below; there must therefore be a possibility of making the return trip. It might be the property of the devil-bird, who might be a gnome in disguise, but even so he had done me a service of which I would not hesitate to avail myself. There was the contingency, of course, that I might be carried over some cataract and be dashed to pieces, but I had the courage of my extremity. I stepped into the canoe, slipped the painter and was off.

Of the features of this voyage I can give no circumstantial account, inasmuch as I could see very little and was conscious mainly of motion. The motion was swift and often much agitated; it was punctuated by collisions, and thrice I passed over rapids which were practically falls; no other craft could have survived such treatment. I was swung this way and that and I was wetted to the skin, but I was not thrown out and I stuck to the steering paddle. Meanwhile the black walls on either hand seemed to grow taller and closer together; at length the star vanished and the altered sound made by the waters apprised me that I had entered a cavern. The darkness was now absolute, but there was still the sense of forward movement. Presently, however,

this seemed to slacken, and on dipping my hand over the side I found that the canoe was nearly at rest. I gave a few tentative strokes with the paddle, and with a light, grating noise the canoe grounded on a low bank.

VII.

Perfect darkness and silence act upon the mind somewhat as physical pressure does upon the body. Kneeling motionless in the bolsa, I felt as if I were in bonds. Or it was as if I were imbedded like a fossil, in black marble, alive, but impotent to move, even so much as to draw my breath. I could listen and that was all. But what was there to hear?

I was finally conscious of a muffled, rhythmical pounding noise, which seemed to come from a great distance; it was the beating of my heart. The oppression became suffocating. I threw my weight on my right knee, causing the bolsa to rock to that side; the ripple thus created resounded with extraordinary loudness and was repeated in numberless echoes, dying away in remoteness and again renewing themselves during several minutes. It was as if I were in the center of a vast drum, and certainly the space around me must have been ample. This perception broke the spell. I got to my feet, drew the canoe up out of the water and stood with the painter in my hand, waiting for the uproar which this occasioned to subside. When all was still again I pulled out the matchbox and struck a match. After the blinding effect of the glare had passed I lit an end of the moccoco and, raising it above my head, looked about me. What a wonder is light!

The infinite black void rushed together to assume form. The human spirit, till now an atom hung in blind space, regained dimension and locality. An irregular dome arched high above me, covered with sparkling points and diversified with pendent, tapering masses. Below extended a rocky floor, merging into the gleaming black mirror of the water. On the margin beside me rested the bolsa which had borne me hither and must be the means of my escape. For the stream, which flowed into the cavern, must flow out of it, and my only security lay in following it through all its windings. But miles might lie between this spot and

the exit, and as light was essential to my progress, at least until the current assumed a decided flow, there was no time to waste; my mocclo would not burn more than two hours. I made my dispositions promptly.

I knotted the painter of the bolsa to the end of my staff (which I carried slung across my shoulders when not in use), pushed the craft back into the water and was thus able to walk on the margin, drawing the canoe along beside me. Holding the mocclo aloft in my left hand and with the staff in my right, I set forth without more ado. Unless the stream ran into a sinkhole, whither I could not follow it, there seemed to be no reason why I might not reach the outlet safely.

Relief from the preoccupation of life and death gave me leisure to observe the changing aspects of the cavern. It did not differ greatly from other caves which have been explored, with their marvels of stalactite and stalagmite, their rainbow crystals and their splendid mockery of fantastic architecture. But this was a magic cabinet, in which all metals and minerals had been assembled. Corridors branched out to right and left, giving glimpses that led to grottos of Aladdin. In some places springs oozed from the walls, embossing them with mosslike forms of bright tints. There were great alcoves of white spar, reminding me of the crystallized sugar candy which I used to covet in shop windows when a boy. The glassy stream reflected the arches and pendants, making a duplicate magnificence, the midway of which I moved. The weight of the mountain rested upon these pillars and architraves, but I forgot it in the illusion of airy tracteries and aspiring lines of ornament. In so gorgeous a Plutonian palace Proserpine might have been content to spend a moiety of immortality.

From time to time I glanced at my compass and was reassured to find that the general direction in which the stream was leading me was still northeast. Presently, too, I noticed that the water had begun to slide gently forward, though I could otherwise detect no variation from the horizontal in the floor of the cavern. And I fancied, but it might have been fancy only, that faint sounds occasionally reached me, proceeding from I knew not what direction, but distinct from those

which were caused by my advance. Sometimes they were like voices whispering dispersedly, or again like the light tread of unshod feet. And once, passing the entrance of a lofty corridor, I heard three metallic strokes, like a signal, but they were so swiftly merged and multiplied into softening echoes that their first suggestiveness was dissipated, though the thought remained that I might not be the first or the only mortal who had found a way into this treasure-house of nature.

All at once the channel of the stream narrowed and turned abruptly toward the north. At the same time the surrounding walls approached each other and the high vault was lowered, till I found myself in a tunnel of black basalt, down which the water swept with a deep murmur, and a breeze drawing through made the flame of the mocclo waver on the wick. There was no longer space to walk dry shod, and I was splashing onward mid-leg deep, while the bolsa, floating in advance, was tugging at the line. In a moment I slipped on a sliny pebble and fell flat, and the mocclo was extinguished with a hiss.

I was up again at once, with the mocclo and my staff still in my hands. Nothing serious had happened, yet I felt as if I had had a world snatched from me and received in return an abyssmal nothingness. It was impossible to relight my taper until I had regained dry land — and where might that be? I stretched out my left arm and moved cautiously forward. At length I felt the contact of the damp side of the tunnel. Keeping in touch with this, I forged onward, step by step, the bolsa all the while pulling like a living creature. There was, I repeat, no new cause for anxiety; nevertheless, a rush of strange emotions was surging within me. I can indicate this vague feeling no better than by comparing it to the attack of a flock of harpies striving to drag my wits asunder. Appositely enough, too, there recurred to my mind a grotesque old Irish superstition — that he who should trip and fall on All-Hallowe'en night was in fairyland when he got up again. This was the night of the hobgoblins, and I had certainly tripped and fallen.

The foolishness that is bound up in the heart of a child reappears occasionally in

the man; fasting and nervous tension play tricks with will and judgment. In that black, bewildered, treacherous tunnel in the bowels of the mountain I had a silent but energetic struggle with the traitor that lurks in every man. Then that deeper influence once more resumed control. I reverently acknowledged her blessed succor, and I was not again recreant to the obligation of her nobility.

I went on again, and soon the recession of the wall on my left and the tread of my foot on the naked rock told me that I had arrived at the exit of the tunnel and was on the threshold of another chamber. I secured the bolsa and had recourse to the matches. The astounding scene which the light revealed paints itself in its every detail in my memory at this moment.

The chamber — floor, walls, and dome — was of white quartz, pure and sparkling; it was oval, about a hundred paces in length by thirty in width and of such regularity of form that art must have assisted nature. The stream which I had been following flowed across its southern end and passed out beneath an archway in the eastern side. The domed ceiling, which rose to ten times my height above the floor, displayed an emblem evidently designed to represent the sun; there was a broad disk of gold, from which descended with regularity long rays, reaching nearly to the base of the walls. At the north end of the hall rose a dais, or throne, on which knelt or squatted a figure about eight feet in height, with a long beard and barbaric ornaments, the whole carved grotesquely but powerfully in pure gold. Supported upon a low pedestal in front of this figure was a circular and polished plate of gold, the size of a large center-table. Behind the statue and the throne there was left a vacant space some yards in depth. The throne itself appeared to be of the same precious metal, curiously elaborated in aborescent forms, and extending from it on either side and seemingly incorporate with it was a solid parapet of five feet elevation, continued till it met the walls of the chamber on the right and left. This parapet — though I could hardly credit the testimony of my eyes — was likewise of gold, so that upon consideration I was impelled to the conclusion that throne and parapet, and possibly the statue also, were in truth bodily hewn

out of a pure vein of the metal, which crossed the chamber and had been wrought *in situ*. If so, I stood in the presence of a mass of treasure equal perhaps in value to all the rest that men had collected since history began. A *veta madre*, indeed! This, then, was the mine of the ancient Incas and doubtless of the more ancient Piruas, in the twilight of old time. This was the spectacle that had crazed Juan Coamo twenty years before. The statue represented the great god Uiracocha, the Founder of the World, and in this lost and lightless cavern, where never a ray of daylight had penetrated since the creation, had been carved these symbols of the faith of the legendary Worshipers of the Sun! I stood long in a sort of trance, gazing amazedly, with no logical movement of thought, till the magic of wealth illimitable began to thrill in my blood. The eyes of the seated god, made of black agate, met my own, and seemed striving to dominate my soul. The heavy, projecting brows drew together under the high forehead; the flickering of the taper gave the stern features life, and for the second time that day the spirit of Glendower looked upon me. Was not he the modern incarnation of the great god of the Hatun Runas? Was not the god Glendower's prototype? Well, then, should I not treat him as cavalierly as I did Glendower?

VIII.

The visible and palpable presence of incalculable gold does, however, a sort of violence to the mind, comparable with what would be the effect of a miracle in nature. It outdoes precedent, reason, and imagination, and by the very vastness of its suggestions of material power bankrupts, as it were, the resources of the mind. Glendower, for all his potential efficiency, was personally only a man, and not a man of the highest type; it had been easy to resist him. But this Glendower of gold was the thing itself that the other stood for — the naked, undeniable, brutal fact. The dominion of the earth could not be offered in a shape more direct and defiant. Let me but follow back the stream to the open air, return to civilization, choose a body of helpers (Glendower himself by preference), and all that this god of gold could bestow would be



"AT FIRST I TOOK THEM FOR A GHASTLY SPECIES OF APE"

mine. With this stupendous force to complement the mental and moral endowments with which nature and training had already strengthened me — now in the prime and pride of my life — what might I not accomplish!

I need not dwell on the visions which this deity of the lower earth conjured up before me; kingdoms of the world and the glory of them — they are sadly familiar to human nature. All the while the inmost recesses of my soul held the answer — in accepting this gift I must surrender the ideals and the faith of my life and yield myself a slave to the giver. Before coining into dollars this insolent effigy I must kneel down and worship him. And how, after such abasement, could I sustain the pure and simple majesty of her look to whom all in me that was worthy was bound? No. My immortal birthright was worth more to me than the contents of this Andean cavern.

Yet I compromised so far (being myself very full of human nature), as to resolve to take away with me some concrete evidence of the reality of this experience. The old Incas, for whose glory their slaves of the mine had, as I supposed, erected this image, had done with earthly riches and would not grudge me a memento. So, leaving the bolsa on the bank, I crossed the floor to the throne. I laid my hand upon it, and what at a distance I had mistaken for foliated carving was in truth the result of natural crystallization — the rarest of all conditions under which gold is found. The throne and the entire parapet were a virgin, untouched mass of the metal thus transfigured, and the vein doubtless continued indefinitely through the walls of the chamber. The statue, which was part of it, had alone been moulded by hammer and chisel.

My hand had chanced to rest upon an aggregation of the crystals which had assumed the semblance of a pair of outstretched wings, and this mass, perhaps a foot in length, was so slightly attached to the main body that by no great exertion of strength I was able to wrench it away. At this moment a noise — a yelping or barking sound — behind me made me whirl about like a boxer in the ring.

The lower part of the chamber between me and the stream (and the bolsa on which my life depended), was occupied

by a dozen or more creatures, the like of which I had never beheld or imagined. At first I took them for a ghastly species of ape; at all events, I realized that Dichter's report of the treasure-guarding demons was true.

None of them was as much as five feet in height — stout, broad-chested bodies on thin and crooked legs, with arms almost as long and muscular as a gorilla's. Stark naked were they all, hairless from crown to sole and with skins having the dead whiteness of unbaked dough; never had sunshine rested on these malformed shapes. And I felt that their blood, too, must be colorless.

Their bald heads were relatively small, contracted in front, protuberant behind, with ears grotesquely exaggerated. Their loose lips disclosed irregular teeth, the canine of the upper jaw enlarged into veritable tusks. Their noses were broad, flat cushions, with open holes for nostrils; their long faces had white, pendulous cheeks and chins shelving back into the throat. Some of the creatures were awful degradations of the female form.

But their eyes! I hesitate to add to the nightmares of the world by describing them. That a dozen generations of total darkness, following perhaps a thousand years of seclusion from the sky, should have made these troglodytes blind — this I might have expected. But the phenomenon which had ensued turned my soul sick.

A nameless instinct, persisting and increasing through ages from parent to offspring, correlated with the sense of sight, had remained within the sightless eyeballs, causing them to project more and more and endowing them with abnormal powers of motion, until now where eyes had been were soft white tentacles, like those of a snail, with similar retractile and protrusive faculty. Creeping and hobbling toward me, whimpering and yelping one to another, the hobgoblins directed upon me the sensitive ends of these molluscous horns, which evidently conveyed some special perception of my quality and movements. May I never again know such horror as was wrought in me by the aspect and onset of these white Men of the Dark!

Meanwhile their number continually increased, one after another issuing from

the eastern archway. Their purpose was not to be mistaken. Though feeding mainly on fish snared in the stream, their craving was for stronger meat, and already in imagination I could feel their slavering tusks tearing at my throat. But I had no intention of making a meal for them. A reluctant fighter, never offering offence and seldom called on to defend myself, when need comes I am not insensible to the lust of battle. But I thought that I might make a rush through this blind crowd to the bolsa, once in which the stream could bear me out of their reach. A knife I had, but I shrank from killing the wretched victims of a monstrous wrong, who but acted out a nature which others had perverted. On the other hand, I had not given due weight to the disability I suffered in having to guard with one hand the precious moccoco. But I had no leisure to devise plans of battle, for of a sudden and with surprising activity one of my adversaries leaped upon me, clasped round my body his muscular arms and sank his teeth, with a snarl, in my shoulder.

It was the shoulder of the arm that bore the moccoco. With my other hand I instantly seized him round the neck—the cold, slimy feel of which sent through me shudder of disgust—and as his jaws and arms relaxed at my grip I whirled his body aloft and dashed it on the rocky floor. It quivered for a moment and lay still.

Forward plunged the others, but to my dismay they flung themselves not upon me, but upon the helpless body of their comrade, and a scene of wolflike bestiality not to be portrayed ensued. I tried to kick them away from their prey, but a diversion occurred that forced me to look to myself.

One of the creatures threw back his head and uttered piercing ululation—a signal to which the response was prompt. Like fowls gathering for their meal at the clucking of the farmer, out from the space behind the statue, where they had been harbored, flew up, flapping and screeching, a horde of the devil-birds. The gigantic vultures, in addition to the office of purveyors, to which they had probably been trained, may have been regarded as sacred by the posterity of the idolaters who carved the golden Uira-

cocha. They were, at all events, more formidable at that juncture to me than all the heathen gods of the pantheon.

The spread of their wings filled the chamber, and in the fetid breeze which they created the little flame of my taper wavered, and in that wavering light I saw for the last time the turmoil of the whole obscene spectacle—the struggling bodies of the hobgoblins, with their clawing arms, dripping jaws and exploring tentacles; the confused evolutions of the condors, turning and swooping in the confined space; the gleam of the golden sun-rays on the walls; the yawning mouths of the tunnels, from which the blackness of darkness was ready to leap forth and obliterate all things, and on his throne the grim god whose creatures these were, saturninely contemplative. Buried a thousand yards deep in the mountain's bowels, with the ransom of the earth within reach, I confronted this hideous offspring of the ancient lust for wealth and sent one thought to the pure stars, and the laughing sunshine and the fragrant forests and the shining rivers, and to her in whose soul that immortal beauty and sweetness found their reason—and then the black wing of a vulture dashed out the flame, and midnight swallowed all.

As the light went out I had noticed the position of the bolsa, twenty paces distant, half out of the water, with the paddle swinging at the stern, and now I was concentrated in the single purpose to hold that direction and fight through to that point. With both hands at liberty I could put my whole strength into the effort. But even my strength, unaided, must have failed. The great wings buffeted my head; my face was torn by the beaks and talons; from below, my legs were seized with an outrageous grip in the struggle to throw me down. The very number of my antagonists was to my advantage: they attacked one another, and snatched one the other away from me, but the battle was still very desperate. Once I stumbled and was brought to my knees, and instantly my shoulders were covered with loathsome, clinging bodies; they hung on my neck, and an intolerable force was bearing me to the ground. But then, verily, I fought a good fight, and power came upon me as upon Samson of old. Some of the blows I dealt went astray, but those

that met their unseen quarry needed no repetition. A condor must have swooped upon one of the creatures mounted on my back, who, to defend himself, took his fingers from my throat; I caught one of his feet in both my hands and swung his body from side to side, clearing a path. But in the fierceness of this work I had lost my direction and knew not where the bolsa lay, and for a moment I faltered, thinking my end was near.

Then in the midst of that blind fury and whirlwind of conflict in which I was plunged outwardly I was made aware of an inward spiritual tranquillity and elevation, from the height of which I looked down, as it were, upon myself at grips there with death, and, without eyes, I clearly saw deliverance. Twice or thrice before in my life has a like event befallen me, when mortal ability had touched its limit; if you call it delusion I make no dispute, because I hold it to be something holy, which it would be futile and profane to discuss. Solve the mystery how you will, I ceased upon the instant to fight and flung down the flail of flesh and blood which I had been wielding. Avoiding, as if I saw them, those that tried to intercept me, I turned and walked to the bolsa, stepped into it and grasped the paddle. And no sooner was this done, and I had pushed off from the shore into the current, than the spiritual vision was withdrawn and I once more groped in thick darkness, with the bewildered din clamoring in my ears.

But immediately the noises became muffled as the boat shot down into the eastern tunnel, though doubtless, unaware of my escape, the fight continued. I made no attempt to paddle, but held the oar at the stern, by the sense of touch merely keeping the boat parallel with the set of the stream. Onward I swept, the breeze of my progress fanning my face, and once more the black silence settled round me, but bringing now a sense of blessed rest after sore labor. At times the course swerved to the right or to the left and my speed increased or diminished; the viewless space about me expanded or contracted, but in the main the journey was even and uneventful, and an hour may have passed by, during which the blood dried on my wounds, which were but superficial, and, though with vigor abated

from lack of food, I became collected and calm. What might await me I knew not, but I knew that the Power which had preserved me was guiding my flight still, and my soul, dwelling at ease, reviewed the scenes through which I had passed as if they were the story of another, to whom it had been given to behold, as in a symbol, the monstrous issues of the thirst for gold and the fate of its victims.

The bolsa took a sudden leap. A blow as if dealt by the mailed hand of a giant struck my forehead, and I fell back senseless.

IX.

As I lay on my back I saw near my face the blossoms of a red trumpet-flower, in and out of the bells of which buzzed a couple of humming-birds. A hundred feet in air outspread the level boughs of a gigantic fig-tree, from which descended toward the earth slender lianas, hanging vertically. My bed was of ferns and plantain leaves; round about me was the riotous luxuriance of the tropical forest, whose fragrant breath I inhaled.

I raised my hand to my aching head; it was swathed in a cloth saturated with some aromatic liquid. The humming-birds darted away and in their stead appeared a flat, broad, brown countenance, with a solicitous expression, as of a nurse for an ailing child, which made me smile. It was the face of Yotalu. It did not seem strange that I should be there and he with me. He gave me something cool to drink and I closed my eyes and slept.

I awoke feeling better and sat up; Yotalu was squatting near me. It was late afternoon by the sun and I was hungry. Yotalu gave me food and fruit; I was refreshed and my strength came back to me. I recalled my adventures to the blow that knocked me unconscious, and then I opened my mouth and asked Yotalu many questions. After answering them he in turn interrogated me. As we talked the humming-birds came back to the trumpet-flowers for their evening repast, and methought how much more agreeable are they than devil-birds; how much more pleasant are trees and flowers than *veta madres*, and the living vault of heaven than domes of rigid rock, however bespangled with precious crystals — nay,

how much sweeter and lovelier was Yotalu than the grisly Men of the Dark! And yet Yotalu was no beauty. Meanwhile the mule, stabled between two of the great flanges of the fig-tree, munched his provender, stamped his neat hoofs and wagged his slender ears in peace.

Yotalu's tale was simple. After I left him he had continued down the trail till dusk. After supper, fearing devil-birds and giving me up for lost, he went on till

bolsa with no visible occupant drifting down the current, turning this way and that as it came, and indolently delayed by here a snag and there a shallow. He captured it, and lo! my lifeless body in the bottom of it, defaced by many wounds, with but the shreds of my hickory shirt remaining and with a great black bruise across my forehead. Upon further examination it turned out that the demons had not altogether made an end of me, and he



"A NAMELESS INSTINCT . . . HAD REMAINED WITHIN THE SIGHTLESS EYEBALLS, CAUSING THEM TO PROJECT MORE AND MORE"

he reached the forest and camped at a point where a stream, descending the mountain from the west, flowed beside the path. He had intended, with chastened sorrow at my fate, to seek the nearby habitations of his tribe and enjoy with them the booty of the mule and its load.

At early dawn, however, going to the river bank for water, he had noticed a

made me the subject of his savage therapeutics. All was now well, but where, he wondered, did I procure the bolsa?

To this problem I could suggest no solution more plausible than that the demons had used it as a bait for possible victims. As a matter of fact, it remains a riddle to this day. I told him so much of my adventures as I deemed it expedient

he should hear, and we agreed that the bump on my head must have been given by the low brow of the archway through which the stream made its exit from the cavern, miles above. The sequel explained itself.

Four days later on the banks of the beautiful Madeira I parted from Yotalu with assurances of mutual esteem, presenting him with the mule and its trappings and with several gold coins from my money belt, but the golden wings which I had wrenched off from the throne of Uiracocha I took with me. For how it happened I know not, but probably at the moment when I had faced about to confront the Men of the Dark I had unconsciously thrust them through the leathern strap round my wrist, where they stuck all through the battle and my subsequent voyage.

When, after further adventures, I re-

turned to New York I had the wings mounted on a stand of ebony, and they now sit before me on my writing table. Goldsmiths tell me that they contain gold enough to make between twenty-five and thirty thousand gold dollars, but I cannot need the money and should regret to lose the wings, recalling as they do an episode exceptionally stirring in the life of a man uniformly peaceable.

The other day I accompanied Glendower to the gallery of the Stock Exchange. "What do you think of it?" he asked me after a while, for it was my first visit.

"Let us get out," said I, turning away from the maniac uproar. "I saw something almost as bad up in the Andes, and I barely escaped with my life. Is Uiracocha any relation of yours?"

He stared, but I have never told him what I meant.

THE HIDDEN ONE

BY ELSA BARKER.

LOVE, in that labyrinthine house of thine

Where does thy spirit hide? Long have I sought

Its door down all the corridors of thought,

In every impulse, every luring line

That is thy being, but the outer sign

Has veiled itself in beauty. Whence was brought

Thy mystic flame wherein earth's dust was caught

And fused with love, reflecting the Divine?

Thou art all mine, in answer to my prayer:

Mine in thy purposes, thy faith, thy will;

My dreams of unity thou dost fulfil;

My secret seal is on thee everywhere.

Yet, when I love thee most I am aware

Of a strange something that eludes me still



THE ROMANCE OF STATE LOTTERIES

AND THE STORY OF THE PEOPLE WHO WON THEM
BY WILLIAM G. FITZ-GERALD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

An account, carefully prepared in Paris, of that fascinating game which has drawn the money of rich and poor since the days of Old Rome; which has propped nations, waged wars, and financed a Napoleon; and which has blown the tremendous bubble of an early Panama Canal project: The history of the system and the human dramas which have grown from it.—EDITOR.



F all forms of gambling, the lottery is the most insidious and, perhaps, the most inconsistent. Many virtuous and moral persons, who would not dream of staking a dime on the turn of a card, the ast of a die, or the name of a race-horse, will willingly put five or ten dollars into a lottery that is organized for some charitable purpose. Such persons try to salve their conscience with the explanation that in ordinary forms of gaming one man's gain means loss to others, whereas, in a lottery, nobody is robbed, and the money subscribed helps some philanthropic or useful cause. Sometimes they

endeavor to strengthen this specious argument by saying that in a lottery there is such a very remote chance of winning in a big event that the price of the ticket is virtually a gift—which is perfectly true. But the fact remains that if the president of some benevolent institution were to ask fifty men to subscribe a dollar apiece toward its up-keep, perhaps not more than five out of the fifty would respond; but if he asked a thousand men for a dollar each, and promised to give back \$500 in prizes, very few of the thousand would refuse to participate in the chance.

Hence we are led to assume that lotteries owe their success to the inherent love of gambling in man. Indeed, this is recognized by the governments of those countries

where State Lotteries still exist. It is argued that as the gambling instinct cannot



M. AUGUSTE CHAUSSARD, A WORKMAN IN AN IRON FOUNDRY, WHO WON ONE OF THE LARGEST PRIZES

be wholly eradicated or even suppressed, and is moreover bound to find an outlet somewhere, it is advisable to take advantage of it for the benefit of the State and Society at large.

This is the view taken in Italy, which may be called the home of the lottery; an institution which, by the way, is said to

have originated in ancient Rome, but is probably as old as man himself. In the days of the Republic, the *adiles* threw amongst the crowd tablets entitling the bearer to certain prizes.

Nero and Heliogabalus had also something of the nature of a "bran-tub," the prizes ranging from a dead dog to the governorship of a province. From what we know of the character of those opulent tyrants, however, we may surmise that the lots were distributed not by chance but by design, and in inverse ratio to the merits of the recipients. The fawning parasite was pretty sure to get a rich province, or a fully equipped *trireme*; whilst to the lot of the honest, capable statesman fell the dead dog, the live locust, or an order for a free lunch.

The lottery, as we understand it, originated in the Republic of Genoa early in the sixteenth century, and was regarded as such a pleasant and convenient method of raising money that it was quickly adopted by other countries. The first lottery in England appears to have been in the year 1569, and the profits went toward the repair of harbors and other public works. There were not many lotteries before the Commonwealth; and the institution was manifestly not of a nature to commend itself to the Puritans; but it flourished from the

days of Anne till the beginning of the last century, and was finally abolished in 1826 on the ground that it injured public morals.

In France the lottery dates back to 1533, but the first that was properly authorized by law came six years later, when Francis I. granted permission to a certain Jean Laurent to inaugurate in Paris as many lotteries as he should think necessary. For this, Jean was to pay "2,000 Tournais livres." Sixty years later the Government took this very profitable business into its own hands, and used it freely for raising funds for the payment of mercenary troops and other war expenses.

Sometimes, however, the lottery was used for more peaceful and amiable purposes. Louis de Gonzague, Duc de Nivernais, is said to have started a small yearly lottery of 1,000 crowns to provide marriage portions for "sixty poor and virtuous maidens of Picardy, Berry, and adjoining parts."

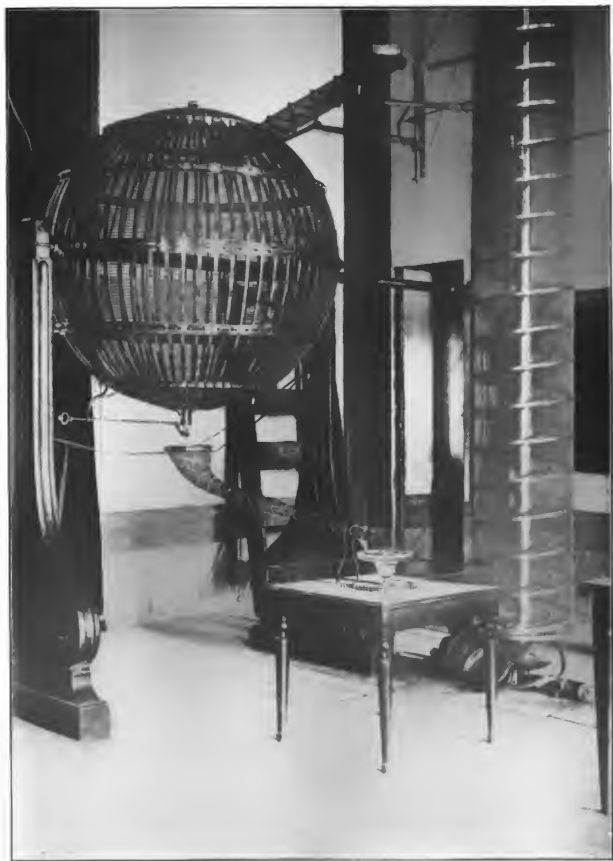
The General Hospital of Paris was founded in 1658 by the proceeds of a lottery, the committee of which was headed by the Archbishop of Paris and the President of the Parliament. Furthermore, in 1701 there was a lottery to buy fire-engines for Paris, and nearly a score of churches and public buildings — St. Louis, St. Roch, St. Nicholas, St. Sulpice, the Pantheon, the Military School, etc. — owe their existence to this means

of raising money. In the case of St. Sulpice, the proceeds of the lottery were not sufficient, and in consequence one tower remains to this day seventeen feet lower than the other.

As the Convention aimed at a Spartan simplicity of manners, the Procureur-Général of the Commune of Paris — Chaumette — had no difficulty in persuading that Assembly to abolish the lottery in 1793. (And yet six years



M. ALPHONSE GIOT, WHO DREW A \$100,000 PRIZE AT THE LOTTERY OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1900



THE SPANISH METHOD OF SORTING THE NUMBERED BALLS IS EVEN MORE PICTURESQUE THAN THE FRENCH. Madrid draws its great Government lottery each Christmas. The total sum distributed is upwards of £1,000,000, and excitement runs high. The crowd that attends the drawing is enormous. The net gain to the Treasury is from £40,000 to £50,000.

later it was re-established, and promptly made up for lost time.) At first there was only one wheel in all France — at Paris — but very soon there were others at Lyons, Bordeaux, Lille, and Strasburg. Napoleon introduced the lottery along with other "blessings" into all the provinces he conquered, and established wheels at Hamburg, Amsterdam, Turin, Florence, and Rome. It is reckoned that the "Conqueror of the World" scooped in about nineteen million francs a year — worth about as many dollars at present currency rates.

A little later (1810) there were one hundred and fifty offices in Paris alone, and over nine hundred in other parts of France. But the public soon began to discover that lotteries were an unprofitable form of speculation, and as a result, the number of offices decreased rapidly. In 1836 a law was passed forbidding the sale of any kind of property by means of "lots" or premiums determined by chance. That law is still in force in France, but permission is readily obtained to organize a lottery for any charitable purpose — all the more readily, perhaps, because the Government claims the questionably modest sum of twelve per cent. on the prizes, in addition to a stamp duty of two cents on each ticket if the price is two dollars (ten francs) or more.

The Municipal Loans of the City of Paris and other towns, also semi-official undertakings like the Panama Canal, are allowed to pay off their bonds by half-yearly drawings, at which the holder of the first number drawn from the wheel receives a prize of from \$40,000 to \$100,000; the next two, half as much each; a score of other prizes of various amounts, and, finally, some hundred or more bonds are paid off at par.

A plan like this or a similar kind may be necessary to lure "stocking-purse" capitalists into investing; and the fact that it is so generally used in certain countries may be taken as proof that it is successful. But it is immoral, and is employed — though not very extensively, it must be owned — as a vehicle for gambling pure and simple.

Anybody who wishes for a chance in one of these lotteries, but does not possess any of the stock, can go to a bank, a day or two before the drawing, and, on payment of twenty cents, he will receive from the cashier a slip of paper bearing the number

of one of the bonds held by the bank. The "punter," in fact, borrows the title to one or more bonds for the day; and if one of the numbers should chance to be drawn, he, of course, buys that particular bond at market price, and receives whatever prize it may have won.

It is possible that if one of these borrowed bonds won a big prize the banker might feel very sore, and perhaps try to prove the bargain invalid; but that contingency has never, so far as I am aware, arisen. In Italy, where the Government Lottery still flourishes and annually brings several million dollars into the Treasury, the method of drawing is peculiar. The purchaser of a ticket selects five numbers, the highest of which must not be above ninety, and these are indelibly printed or punched on his ticket.

On the day of drawing a wheel containing ninety numbered rolls of paper is placed on a platform or balcony overlooking a public place. A child, blindfolded, draws out five of these papers, one at a time, and they are unrolled and posted on a large board. A ticket-holder who has one number right out of the five receives ten times his stake, and ten times as much for each succeeding number.

Thus a man who staked a humble *lira* might get \$20,000 if he had all five numbers right — and more still if he had put down the numbers in the same order in which they came out — but it is considerably over a million to one against him in the first case, and many millions to one against him in the latter.

Luckily for the Government, the Italian peasants, who are the main support of the lotteries, are ignorant of mathematics and intensely superstitious. Every incident of daily life has its proper number; and if on a luck day they meet a funeral, wedding, or a drunken man, see a street brawl or an accident, or a man carrying a ladder, they at once consult a little penny pamphlet and "plunge" on the number indicated thereon as suitable to the circumstances.

Not infrequently, in South Italy, a startled stranger will be implored to give a set of numbers, but he will do well to refuse, or leave the town before the drawing takes place, or he may suffer for his failure or success.

A few years ago a hermit lived in a cave on one of the slopes of Mount Vesuvius.

Being a holy man, he was supposed to know the secrets of Fate, and for that reason was continually pestered by the country people for "tips." For a long time he refused, but one day, to get rid of a noisy crowd who were interfering with his devotions, he mentioned five numbers haphazard.

The crowd went away with vast gravity and backed them, and, very unfortunately for the hermit, three of the five proved winners. After that the poor man's once lonely cell was beset day and night. He was compelled to give another set of figures for the next lottery, and, as might be expected, not one of them proved right. The disappointed gamblers returned to the cell and belabored the poor old man so unmercifully that he died a few days later.

The Italian system is manifestly unfair, for it is more than probable that in many instances nobody wins a first prize. In France, on the other hand, it is certain that all the prizes advertised will be duly drawn. When there are not more than a million tickets, each number is enclosed in a small

in the presence of three officials — one of whom represents the State — and each one

of these has a key of one of the three locks of the trap-door.

The numbers are drawn by a boy from the National School or the State Orphan Asylum, who rolls his sleeve up to the shoulder, takes out a cylinder, and drops it on a silver platter. It is then carried to the chief official, who opens it, and solemnly reads out the number.



THE FARMER, M. BRETON, WHO COULD NOT
BEAR THE THOUGHT OF WINNING
\$100,000



TWO COUSINS, M. JOUVET AND M. LECOMTE, WHO WON A
\$50,000 PRIZE

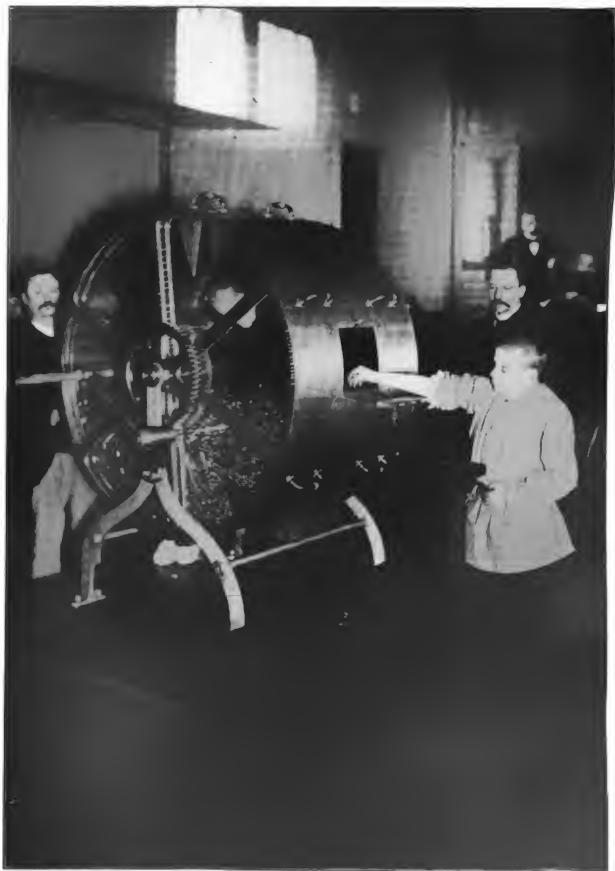
brass cylinder with a tightly-fitting lid, and these million cylinders are placed in a large drum with a small trap-door in it, which is sealed and locked. A drawing takes place

This system is perfectly fair, and there is only one objection to be made to it. Though each cylinder weighs only a few grains, a million of them weigh nearly a ton, and it requires four stalwart porters to give the wheel a very imperfect shake up. To turn it completely would need a steam engine, and it seems likely, therefore, that the cylinders in the bottom part of the wheel do not get a fair chance in the early drawings.

In the drawing of the Great Press Lottery a few months ago this difficulty was obviated by having two wheels, the smaller of which contained the "series," and the larger, the numbers in each series.

Another method is to have six wheels, each marked on the rim with the numbers 0 to 9. Each wheel is enclosed in a box with a window. Six men spin the wheels round, and when they stop, the winning number is displayed. A simple contrivance prevents the motion from being arrested, except when a number is fully opposite the window.

This method answers very well for a "tombola," when there is only one drawing, but for redeeming bonds to be paid off it is not so satisfactory, as it is obvious that the chances of the same number occurring twice increase with each successive drawing. To the disinterested spectator who is not



A PARISIAN LOTTERY DRAWING: A BOY FROM THE STATE ORPHAN ASYLUM TAKING A CYLINDER
FROM THE "DRUM"

the possessor of a ticket or a bond, the drawing of a lottery is a dull business.



MME. HOYER, WHO WON THE LATEST
GREAT PRIZE OF \$193,000

There is nothing amusing about it, unless he takes a cynical delight in watching the radiant hope of his neighbors' faces slowly ebbing away; for there is seldom a prize-winner present, and there is no Henri Monnier in the present day to create a fictitious excitement.

That extraordinary genius, who was author, artist, actor, and practical joker — the last was as much a profession with him as the others — more than once attended a drawing, and when the winning number of the Grand Prize was read out, would shriek excitedly, "I've won! I've won!" and execute a wild dance.

"Here's the ticket!" he would cry, and put his hand in his pocket. But then his face would go through every gradation of expression from the heights of joy to the depths of despair, as each pocket was ransacked without the missing ticket being discovered.

Then he would turn on a neighbor, declare he had stolen it, and finally be led from the hall sobbing convulsively, amidst the sympathetic murmurs of the crowd. But it was all a wonderful bit of histrionic art — to no apparent purpose.

But, matter-of-fact as the recital of a long list of numbers sounds, it finds an echo of joy and excitement in some household — perhaps in some distant corner of France. Some poor person finds himself or herself made suddenly rich; and there are pathetically romantic stories of men and women who have died or gone mad on hearing that they had won.

On the whole, though, winners hear of their good fortune calmly, and even philosophically. There were several prizes of

\$100,000 drawn for at different times in connection with the bonds of the International Exhibition of 1900. One of them was won by M. Alphonse Giot — a house painter at Sury, near Bourges. When this humble artisan was told of his good fortune he displayed no emotion, but said, "Well, I deserved it, for I have five children to keep. But it will make no difference to me. I shall go on with my business just the same, but there will be more butter in the spinach!"

Another of these prizes fell to Auguste Chaussard, a workman in an iron foundry at Paris. He lived with a married sister whose husband kept a wine-shop at Colombes, near Paris. One day her husband brought home two Exhibition Bonds, and his wife said, "We ought to give one to my brother; it will bring us good luck." But the brother at first refused to accept it. At last he said in fun, "Well, if I win the 'Gros Lot' you shall have half."

When the amazed iron-worker was told he had won, he turned to his brother-in-law and said, "I promised you half my winnings, and I will keep my word." Nor did he betray any disappointment when he was told a day or two later that there was some doubt about his success; for a clever rascal had claimed the prize with a "faked" ticket. The fraud was discovered though, and Chaussard received the money and shared it

with his brother-in-law as he had promised.

Another curious story connected with these 1900 Exhibition Bonds is told of two cousins, Jouvel and Le comte, who lived at Dunkirk.

They were both in poor circumstances, one being a ragdealer and the other a hand in a cotton factory. Jouvel asked his cousin to go shares with him in a bond, saying he felt sure he should win. The other agreed, but could not raise his share of the cost



M. ERNEST TOUCHE, ANOTHER LARGER
WINNER

— two dollars — without breaking open his little daughter's money-box. The prophecy proved true, and each landed \$50,000. The one cousin was elated, but the other said, "I care little for the money, for my wife is in such poor health, that I fear she will not live to enjoy it."

One winner — M. Breton, a farmer at Montrouge, just outside of Paris — actually looked miserable when he was told that he had gained a hundred thousand dollars. "For," he said, "I had worry enough before, to look after my little farm and my family, and now I have a fortune as well to bother me."

That is an exceptional case, however, and M. Breton would have found no difficulty in getting one, at least, of his troubles off his hands. Fortunes seldom fall to people who do not want them, though they often do to persons who do not need them.

There have been several instances of bankers winning the big prizes at the drawings of municipal loans and lotteries. This, however, is not a matter for surprise, as they, of course, hold large quantities of stock, and contribute liberally to lotteries held for charitable purposes. A few years ago Baron Alphonse de Rothschild won the first prize of \$100,000 in the lottery organized by the world-famous comedian Coquelin for the Home for Aged Actors, and the great financier generously refused to claim it. Such generosity is probably unique.

The latest instance of philosophical calm on the advent of good fortune is that of Madame Hofer, who only a few weeks ago won the great prize of a million francs (\$193,000), in the Paris Press Lottery. This hard-working woman keeps the canteen of the 28th Regiment of Dragoons at Sedan — of tragic memory — and a reporter who called upon her the day after she had received the good news found her calmly selling refreshments and dry-goods to the soldiers.

"I suppose you want to know how I received the news?" Madame Hofer said. "Well, a gentleman called here yesterday and said he was the manager of the Bank. I guessed what he had come about, for I had three tickets in the lottery.

"How much?" said I.

"The million," he replied. I was overcome for a minute, but soon recovered, for I guess there was nothing to swoon about. I

must own, though, that I felt a bit nervous 'till I got a telegram confirming the news' and, even then, I did not sleep much that night." Having so far enlightened her visitor, Madame dropped the conversation to go and sell a cent's worth of cotton to a trooper, and, when she came back, went on:

"I shall leave here shortly, and live near Paris, where I have a cottage and a bit of land; but I shall pull down the house and build a bigger one. I was going to leave the regiment anyway, so my good luck won't alter my plans, though it will make them a bit more extensive."

"I suppose you will have a motor car, at least," the reporter suggested.

"*Mon Dieu, non, Monsieur,*" she replied, with a laugh; "but I will keep a horse and carriage and a coachman. I have not arranged anything yet though, except that I am going to give each company in the regiment a cask of good wine when I leave, and, as I have no heirs, I am going to adopt the two orphans who drew the prize for me."

It will be noticed that Madame Hofer is no exception to the general rule, for lottery prize winners in France almost invariably pull down their house and build a greater. Not infrequently the number of the lucky ticket is carved or otherwise displayed on the façade of the new dwelling.

Sometimes the money is used to found or extend a business. In one case within my knowledge, Mlle. Antoinette T——, the daughter of a sailor who died at sea, won one of the minor prizes in a lottery — \$4,000 — started a milliner's shop, and is doing splendidly; and Ernest Toche, formerly a clerk in one of the large dry-goods stores of Paris, is now the proprietor of a prosperous business of his own.

But Fortune, being a blind and fickle goddess, does not always bestow her gifts on the most deserving; and though she may enrich a few of her favorites, she disappoints millions.

One of the most singular phases of human nature in connection with lotteries would seem to be that some of the persons who invest in them refuse to accept anything but the very largest prize. There is lying before me as I write a long list of prizes — one of \$60,000, fourteen of \$20,000 each; many others of very respectable sums, and more than 1,500 of \$500 each — not one of which has ever been claimed!



Alexandre

MODERN ENGLISH BEAUTIES*

BY JACKSON CROSS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



THE historic pageant at Warwick Castle last month brought together the most famous beauties in Great Britain. "Where does one find the most beautiful women in the world?" an American once asked a famous globe trotter. "In England," he replied. These women, titled, most of them, and veiled to the many by certain hard and fast social laws almost as thoroughly as the feminine subjects of a Sultan, are of interest to all the world. You could never see them to as great advantage as at Warwick last month. Their setting was not only picturesque; it was romantic. There was more than the sleepy Avon, the long sloping lawns, and the shade trees to throw them into relief. There was the castle itself, the first stone of which, we are told, was laid by the Romans, and which we know surely as the joint work of Saxons, Normans, and Englishmen of every period of consequence. And there was the Saxon Mill and the thousand-year-old farms, and, most striking of all, the pageant itself, with its elaborate costumes, its revival of old traditions, its resurrection, in short, of the spirit and the charm of Old England.

This great spectacle visualized to all who saw it Britain from A. D. 50 to 1694; 2,000 men, women, and children, during six days, brought back to Warwick its former splendor. There were royal processions and tournaments, which sent knights in full armor crashing together; state ceremonies; and even the echoes of epoch-making battles. The barbaric clashes of the earliest days, the stern combats of the Conquest, the bloody battles

of the War of the Roses, the heavy struggles of Cavaliers and Roundheads—all these were played out for the inspiration of English society. So carefully were the details arranged and so precisely carried through that one of small imagination might have fancied Guy de Beauchamp almost first of the line, he whom they called the "Black Dog of Arden," moving among the trees; or, standing at the head of the great hall, the somber figure of Sir Richard Nevil, the King Maker.

Into this atmosphere of the past came thousands of English men and women, but even with their modern dress and manners they introduced no discord. Some of them were as famous—although perhaps in a narrower sense—as the ancient figures whom the actors were impersonating. It is from these that we have made our selection. From amongst so many it was no slight matter to choose the most striking types of modern English womanhood, but this group was brought together as at least the most representative.

Of Queen Alexandra, who as much from her own personality and appearance as from her position always stands forth from those about her, there is nothing left to be said. Next to her in interest was the Countess of Warwick, who, as a matter of course, was one of the chief figures at the pageant.

She is not merely a leader of English society; she is an enthusiastic participant in many public movements. The daughter of Col. the Hon. C. H. Maynard, she married the fifth Earl—for Warwick has changed hands several times since the Conquest. Immediately after her marriage the Countess began to take an active interest in philanthropic work. One of her first enterprises was the founding of a needlework school on her estate, with a depot in Bond Street. She served as a Poor Law guardian for several years,

* The portraits which accompany this article are reproduced by the courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia.

founded a scientific and technical school for boys and girls on her Essex estate, established a hostel in Reading in connection with a college for training the daughters of professional men in horticulture and dairy, poultry, and bee keeping; and offered a permanent home at Warwick for seventeen crippled children. Her real work, one might say, is society, and to these philanthropic schemes she turns as enthusiastically as though they were her recreation. She is the president of the Essex Needlework Guild and has published an account of household gardening.

But this is not the end of her versatility. She is an expert horsewoman and rides to the Warwickshire and Essex hounds, and takes a keen interest in all athletic sports. With all this she finds time to follow contemporary literature, and during her leisure moments is seldom seen without a book in her hands. She owns 23,000 acres of land and divides her time between Warwick Castle and Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex.

The Princess Henry of Pless is quite a different type. Less statuesque than the Countess of Warwick, there is a quick grace about all her movements. Although her home for a large part of the year since her marriage in 1891 to Prince Henry has been Furstenstein, in Germany, she remains an Englishwoman through and through. She is the daughter of Col. Cornwallis West and is seen in English society almost as frequently as in German.

The Countess of Chesterfield has long been acknowledged one of the most beautiful and best liked women in England. The second daughter of Charles Wilson, M. P., she married the tenth Earl in 1900. Mrs. Horminan has recently attracted a great deal of attention because of her unusual beauty. It is interesting to turn from these two women to Edith, Viscountess Castlereagh, whose heavy hair shades a rarely perfect Grecian face. She is a prominent figure in London during the season and at the country houses when London for a space draws into its shell and drowns. Her husband is adjutant of the Royal Horse Guards, but she does

not need this reflected light to bring her into prominence.

The Countess Sybil of Westmoreland is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Roslyn. She married in 1892. Both she and her husband are devoted to the out of doors and she is nearly as expert as he at shooting or following the hounds. They spend much of their time at Apethorpe Hall, Wansford, Northamptonshire, where he is a major of a battalion of militia.

Surely no one has forgotten the wedding in 1895 in New York of Consuelo, daughter of W. K. Vanderbilt, to the Duke of Marlborough. The Duchess is as well known in America as in England. She spent some time in New York and its vicinity last fall and was a prominent figure in the spectators' stand at the automobile races for the W. K. Vanderbilt Cup on Long Island last October.

The Countess of Mar and Kellie has been pointed out as a most striking English type ever since her girlhood. Miss Muriel Wilson in appearance is perhaps the most distinctive of all these women.

Lady Naylor-Leyland, who married the second Baronet, is another American girl who has attained a high place in English society. She is the daughter of William Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio. She spends most of her time at Lexden Park, in Colchester, where she takes an active interest in the welfare of her husband's people, whom she has made her own.

The gracious and charming manner of Lady Helen Stavordale has carried her popularity into every corner of England, and she has many friends in all classes of society.

These are only a few of the most beautiful and distinguished women of the mother country. England is filled with beautiful women; indeed one need go no further than Warwickshire itself to find inspiration for a volume about them. But this selection has been carefully made, and it is representative. These portraits are from life, the very next thing to life; and, after all, they are just about sufficient unto themselves; they need no apology and small elaboration.



Constance Marborough.



Daigordless.



Frances Evelyn Warwick.



Sybil
Westmorland



Emil des Arfield.



1870

Edith Castner



Minnie L. Herman



4.00

Helen Stewardale



Henrietta Fortis. 1860



Violet Mar. Kellie



F. B. Langford



"WATCHED THE INHABITANTS GO BY."

PELICAN SMITH AND THE SMUGGLER KING

BY WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN-SAYRE GROESBECK.



WERE all of us Poets, I reckon, just so long as we worship the God o' Things That Never Happened. "Sanctimonious" Anderson says that a Poet is a feller that'll creep up on a rattlesnake and tickle him behind the ear with a feather just to see him smile; and when he gits bit he goes off and writes a pome about it. I've been bit more'n onc't, sometimes foolin' with horses, sometimes with women, but I never took it poetical like Smuggler King Garcia, him bein' born to lisp in numbers, though he couldn't sign his Greaser name.

It was in the Fall o' Ninety-eight that I seen Garcia on the wharf at Encinada squeezing a yeller demijohn between his knees. The jug was supplying the stuff that dreams is composed of and Garcia was a Poet. So he stopped me and poured Mexican sunshine into me with a tin cup.

Of all the gaudy, uncivilized outfit o'

man-clothes I ever seen wore, I think the King's took the tart. He was a smallish, kind o' peanut-size man and more than half of him was mustache. Never seen anything like the way them woolly fringes stood out — like long, black wings — from the side of his face. He had on a pair o' brown velvet pants with a red sash as big — twic't as big — as a boarding-house table cloth twisted around his waist. In this he had stuck enough killing-tools to stock a carpenter's kit. All Garcia needed was a chorus to make him a real good show.

Pete Garcia and me had been college chums in our youth — third grade primary at San Diego where the teacher spent most of 'er time a-culturin' our minds with a trunk-strap — share and share alike, swat for swat. Soon after Garcia went South to the mines and I went to hell by another trail. Next I heard o' him he was eighteen years old and a real, genu-wine Smuggler King with a price on his head — five hundred dollars, which was more than he was ever worth.

Well, there he sat a-twisting them black beauties on his lip and talking, talking — gee, how that yap could waste the conversation! Spoke English fluent and natural, bein' a San Diego half-breed. His heart was broke, he said, because he loved an Injun girl who went and married a padrone.

"Then," said Garcia, "what remained? Nothing! I went to the coast. I wanted to be a priest or a bandit. Not having an education I tried the bandit business. And now," he says, slow and impressive, "I'm a-smuggling guano fertilizer off the Bird Islands into the States."

Broken heart and guano fertilizer! Pete was sure romantical.

By moonrise we had wiped the inside o' the jug and Mexico seemed small 'longside of us. "Come and be a smuggler," says Garcia, so arm in arm we sauntered along the wharf and walked right into piracy.

I don't know nothing about ships, but I'm sure that Garcia's wasn't no flowery barge for perfume. In size it was small. In shape it resembled a bath-tub that had been jilted by a ferryboat.

"What d'ye call it?" I asks, as one speaks of infants and diseases.

"*Lolita Sanchez de Guadalajara*," says

"I SHALL NEVER SURRENDER" SAID THE KING."



Garcia fluently, while I looks over the side to see if her name was run around her like a barrel-hoop.

"Lolita!" he repeats fond and long, "that was the false one's name. Up and married a paisano dog and deserted me — me, the King o' the Smugglers!" He



"WANTED TO BE A FIRST OR A BANDIT."

tried to fold his arms, but the boat gave a lurch and he 'most went overboard.

All this happened Wednesday. By Sunday we had tied up to the Bird Islands, took on a load, and started back to San Diego. It seemed like going home, and I was plenty glad of it.

Garcia kep' impressin' on my mind that this was a very cautious job. The *Lolita Sanchez de Guadelajara*, as she floundered over the waves, looked about as cautious as a burglar walking over a tin roof in cowhide boots. Every time we seen a sail we shied out to sea. Once we sighted a schooner a-smokin' close to shore. She was a safe distance, so Garcia looked awful brave.

"For Lolita's sake I would gladly fight her!" he growls, raising a dirty paw toward the sun. "But no! I scorn their coward challenge. Besides, this cargo is worth two hundred and seventy dollars."

A Poet, you see, is a guy that sees things what ain't there. To Garcia that load o' fertilizer was a shipment o' golden loot from Montezuma's treasure house; that snub-nosed, mildewed old tub he sailed was one o' them old Spanish terrors with gilt trimmings and real silk banners a-floating from the topmasts. Imagination! Garcia wanted to be a swashbuckler, but the *Lolita* was a measly small boat to do much swashing around in.

Garcia's crew was a sad bunch — a red-headed Cockney cook, escaped from Coronado, and a one-eyed Chinaman, name of Lee Bong. Lee Bong hadn't no respect for Garcia, so he lavished his affections on two pounds of Oriental lunch which he carried around in a blue cotton handkerchief. He worshiped this and squatted with it in his lap whenever there was nothing doing. Every time he sighted a sail he grabbed his bundle, and pointing to Garcia, would holler, "Him clazie, you saw-bee!" Then he'd try to dive over the side.

Ours was a gallant crew, all right!

For half a day the wind died down and we stood like a post. Dead calm. Nothing around us but miles and miles o' blue China silk with a fog-veil 'way off toward the edge. Lee Bong squatted near the rail still worshipping that blue cotton bundle. Sometimes he sang. The name of his song, he said, was "Lotus-on-the-river," but I've heard tom-cats die easier.

When the breeze struck us again the miles o' China silk was rumpled up and sprinkled all over with diamonds. By sunset we was a-lyin' outside San Diego Bay. At dark we crep' in under the stars and tied up at La Playa. "Jingo Jo," a Portuguese "fence," met us at the wharf and looked over our cargo. He was a square-cornered foreigner with a big, brown beard like a door-mat. Jo looked nervous. Bad luck for the "traders," he said — revenue cutter *Wolverine* was in the bay — Miguel Thompson's outfit seized, crew and all, only last week.

So twenty-four hours we lay in La Playa a-waitin' for the *Wolverine* to clear out. At the end o' that time Garcia got another demijohn, then there was more poetry,

and more talk about the beautiful Lolita Sanchez.

As the shades o' night and the lickin' in the demijohn was fallin' fast, Garcia began a-gettin' braver and braver.

"I dee-fy the United States Navy!" he says, jumping up.

"Any damn fool can do that," I says. "Sit down!"

"No, no!" yells Garcia. "We will sail acrost 'er bows! We will board 'er in the darkness! Come here, you China pig! Wake up, Bill!"

"No good, no good! You all samee too muchee heap loco!" yells Lee Bong, jumping for the wharf; but Garcia nabbed his pigtail with one hand and his blue cotton bundle with the other, so Bong came back and went to work in perfec' order. Almost before I knowed it sails was up and we was off on a fool's adventure. Last I seen o' Jingo Jo he was standin' with his mouth wide open just as if a hole had been singed in them door-mat' whiskers.

As we rolled farther into the bay we could see a flash o' lights over white sides where the *Wolverine* was a-lyin' like a spook in the channel. Garcia, in his daffy humor, drew up so close to the neat, white vessel that you could 'a' tossed peanuts into the hatchways. The sight o' the ship seemed to make him more sentimental than ordinary.

"Ah, Lolita —" he began.

"Cut out Lolita!" I groans, "and let's git out o' here."

As we swung around in the wind something must of attracted the attention of the cutter's crew, for a whistle blowed, a gong sounded, lights doused in the port-holes, somebody on deck hollered orders.

"What are they after?" I asks, not understandin' for a minute.

"Us," says Garcia as he jumps for the tiller.

"Clazie, clazie!" says Bong, jumping and howling like the zoo.

The wind was coming strong now, and that moony idiot Garcia had sense enough to take advantage of it, for the *Lolita* hit the waves like a motor-boat. Bong knelt in the bow praying to his bundle.

We could see a few lights from the *Wolverine* still a-lyin' steady, but as we cleared the heads a streak o' silver fog shot out from her over the water.

"Search-lights!" says Garcia. Bong prayed.

The *Wolverine* now began a-moving out to sea, the silver ray o' light playing right and left, up and down, in circles that looked a million miles long. The devil loves fools and we had a good start. The "woollies" came puffing over the waves and our creaky boat went shooting along like a lop-sided cannon ball with that search-light a-reaching out for our heels. She was coming closer and closer. We could fairly feel that ghostly white glare burnin' into our clothes. Then suddenly a black cliff loomed ahead out of the sea, a high surf was a-swearing on the rocks. We'd struck the Coronado Island.

Garcia forgot to curl his mustache and his teeth was a-chatterin' something fierce.

"We could hide in there," he says, "but it's impossible. We'd be wrecked."

"All right," says I. "It's impossible—let's do it anyhow."

There was a wide cut in the cliffs and the sea a-spouting through, howling like a dervish. We rode on dynamite. The *Lolita* stood on her ear, buck-stepped, took the bit in her rotten teeth and flew like a bird. The sea soused us, our keel scraped, but still we hung on. Suddenly the trouble stopped and we swum quiet like a duck in still water. Fools butt in where angels walk around.

The *Wolverine* was now right up close, the white finger of her search-light running slow-like over the island, swingin' toward us till it came to the crack where our boat floated. Here it stopped, trickled in among the boulders, sniffed at the rocks and surf, then moved on. . . . They missed us!

Three hours we lay there only taking half breaths. The sea water was oozing from our hair to our boots. Garcia found his demijohn and there was two drinks for him and me, one for the cook and a drop and a half for the Chink. Towards morning the tide turned and sucked our boat out o' the hole, back onto them swearing breakers. This time the mast went down as the *Lolita* throwed a somersault over the reef.

The *Wolverine* was nowheres in sight.

"Cowards!" bawls Garcia, gitting brave again. "I see — they're afraid!"

"Oh, are they?" I inquires very gentle. "So's a bald eagle afraid of a caterpillar. If you want to fight any naval battles a-shootin' spit-balls from this here old

wash-boiler, why jest let *me* off. I'll walk."

"You sawbee! him all same so muchee long-talk he no can do!" says Bong, rising scornful out of a bundle o' rags.

Well, we limped around for two days a-trying to swaller enough wind to blow us into Enciñada. During that time, there being nothing much to do, the King kep' harkin' back to his love affair till the rest of us wanted to jump overboard. He didn't look much like a pirate no more, neither. Them han'some velvet pants o' his hadn't took water very well — shrunk

to facts, measurements, and statistics, ye know?"

"Dark," he says. "Hair like the night, eyes o' topaz. A woman like the heroes was a-huntin' for. Stately — robust —"

"Fat?" I inquires carelessly.

"No, stately!" says Garcia, kind o' snappish.

"Me catch 'em too," says Lee Bong. "Me catch 'em one, two, thlee wife—all up Shanghai."

Finally at dusk as we staggered into San Diego Harbor, a tug full o' Mexican customs officers hailed us. No sooner had we sighted 'em than there was a *plump!* and a *plunk!* in the water as the cook and Lee Bong went over the side.

"I shall never surrender!" said the King, but I knowed durn well he was afraid to jump over and swim for it.

A Captain climbed aboard and touched Garcia on the shoulder. Three rurales up and grabbed me by the suspenders. "It's bed-tick pants and the stone quarry for my next five years," I thought to myself, but the King was a-jabbering like a coffee mill with the Captain. Pretty soon the Greasers took us in tow and ties us to a stake about three rods from the water front. Then Garcia and the Captain done some more sabe-talking, and his military nibs gave some orders to the soldiers who hung a lantern to our bows and got back in the launch. Garcia handed a demijohn to the Captain, who bowed and smiled; both of 'em smiled; and the first thing I knowed the Captain and the jug crawled over the side, pulled for the shore and left us alone in the boat!

"I explained," said Garcia, "that a night on shore might inconvenience us, so the Captain, an efficient officer, volunteered to watch us from the shore and arrest us in the morning. He has the jug."

The Mexican night was shuttin' down as black as velvet now. The lantern at our bows made fiery snake-tails in the tide that gurgled past the hull. The King stood in the stern a-gazing like a wounded dove out over the black water. "Here comes Lolita again," I says, groaning to myself — but I was wrong. He was a-thinking up the only practical plan of his brilliant poetical career.

He sneaked over to the bows, reached down and brought up the lantern, walked soft as a fly on eggs to the stake where we



"A WOMAN LIKE THE HEROES WAS A-HUNTIN' FOR."

in places and clung to his physique like damp dish-cloths around a stove-pipe.

Sunsets affected him partickilar bad.

"Ah, but she was beautiful!" he would sigh. "Don't you think them blushing tints o' sky can compare with her damask cheek. They sure can't."

"Say, Garcia, honest," I asks at last. "What *did* she look like — comin' down

was moored and hung the lantern over the top. Then taking off his hat and placing it careful on the stake above the lantern, he drew his knife and cut the moorings.

We drifted away, and together flapped up the old, greasy sail.

"Adios, Captain!" says Garcia, "watch well ou lantern, which will remain perfectly quie."

Dawn found us a-drifting along a clean, deserted beach somewheres between Mexico and nowheres. On the horizon we could see a black cloud o' smoke which we sort o' felt was after us.

"Garcia," says I, "the time has come when we've got to duck out o' this elegant and commodious yacht."

"Adios, Lo——"

"Fergit 'er!" says I, pulling him to the rail, "and come on!"

We made two very neat splashes as we went into the wa'er. The surf rolled us up onto the beach and we cut for the chapperel like a pair o' wet kittens. There wasn't much time to lose, as we could see the Inspector's tug loomin' bigger and bigger. Safe on the hills, among the trees, we looked back. Agoin' sad and docile-like out to sea, a-lookin' more than ever like a disappointed bath-tub, was the *Lolita Sanchez de Guadajajara* bein' towed along by a tug.

The Smuggler King jest swallowed a lump and walked on.

By noon, a pair o' sad and muddy hoboos, we dragged into San Xavier, Castro, who kep' a restaurant, fed us chile con carne. We hadn't much to talk about as we sat by the window and watched the inhabitants

go by — six Injun kids, a goat, four hens, a yellor dog, a priest, a drunken sheepherder. Pretty soon up strolled a large, leather-colored lady of about forty summers



"'T IS MY LOLITA," HE SOBBERED."

and two hundred averdupois. She wore a brunette mustache and was a-smoking a cigar. You couldn't have bribed a blind man to call 'er beautiful.

Something was the matter with Garcia. He jumped up holdin' his heart.

"Mira! Look! It is my Lolita!" he sobbed.

"Gee, Garcia, you *are* a Poet" I says.



LYDIA OF THE WOODLAND

BY MADISON CAWEIN

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH



O GLEAM and glow of Mays — that blow
 The bluet by the ways;
 The Indian-pink, whose flow'r you'd think
 Was blood for some wild bee to drink —
 In your bright way, how — can you say? —
 Is it she's like our Mays?
 From shade to sun her fancies run,
 In gleam and gloom of moods that bloom;
 And in her seems the light that dreams
 In thoughts of other days.

Meseems some song, for which men long,
 Long lost, from her takes wing
 When she doth speak: a bird, whose beak —
 Through magic art — is in my heart,
 Trills "sweet, sweet, sweet" in every beat,
 And all its blood makes sing:
 And when I gaze into her face
 I seem to look in some wild brook
 That laughs through buds and leafing woods,
 Reflecting all the spring.

She spoke but now—and lo! I vow,
 From haunts of hart and hind
 I seemed to hear Romance draw near,
 White hand in hand with Song, and stand
 In some green aisle of wood, and smile,
 Beguiling heart and mind:
 She laughs — and lo! I seem to go
 In Mirth's young train; and bird-songs rain
 Around, above; and Joy and Love
 Come dancing down the wind.





Photo, by Alice Boughton

"AND IN HER SEEMS THE LIGHT THAT DREAMS IN THOUGHTS OF OTHER DAYS"



THE LITTLE WOODEN TIGER



BY MAYNE LINDSAY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON RULL



THE road through the hills from Kamora to Nymoorie, which is a summer resort perched sufficiently high above the Timli valley to give view across it to the flash of two great rivers and the shimmer of the plains, runs wild through a glory of hanging forests, of decked precipices, of purple ranges, spread in layers to the sun. And it is remote and unhackneyed, better known to big gray apes and forest rangers than to the traveling Englishman.

Sanderson, of the Survey, was dawdling down it one May morning on his way from a boundary to the hospitality of

Lathom, the Nymoorie brewer and sportsman. There was just enough keenness in the air to make a young man happy; he hung the reins on his pony's neck and sat back with his hands in his pockets, whistling an aged popular air. He was so far away from mundane matters, and the pony so busy picking a footfall round a curve of the track, that between them they barely missed precipitating an old man, who was sitting on the edge of a steep descent with his feet dangling, headlong into space.

"Here, I say!" Sanderson said, with the ready inclination of one careless person to blame another. "You shouldn't hang half over the precipices, ji; it's not the place for a grandfather. Whew-ew!"

He gave a whistle as his eyes took in the spectacle before him. "Did *we* do that? It felt to me as if the pony only brushed against you."

The old man had gathered himself together and was rising slowly to the road, hugging a tattered blanket about him. He was very ragged, very unkempt; his legs shook and his turban was a meager wisp. Sanderson waited for the professional beggar's whine. He had his fingers upon a rupee and he had dismounted; he was, as a matter of fact, taken aback by the discovery that the old fellow had suffered a recent and disagreeably gory mishandling. Though it did not seem possible with Gunga Din's light little hoofs. "The preserver of the poor did his servant no injury," the old man said, and now he turned square to his interlocutor and was eying him with a frankness that was quite unlike the cringing of a beggar. He shook his head at the pony, wagging a finger, half smiling, half stern. Gunga Din pricked up his ears and blew through widening nostrils as if he understood this speech was addressed to him.

"And *thou*, scatter-brained one! Thou mayst thank other than thyself that I am not now at the bottom of the *khud*, innocent blood upon thy foolish head! Yet thou meanst it no harm, my child; thou art not of the savage forest, savage; thou hast a kindness for us men-folk who have enslaved thee."

Sanderson threw his doors open to an unexpected interest. Here was a droll character to find out upon a jungle-side, ten miles from nowhere. He laughed as he spoke again.

"Am I forgiven with the beast, my father?"

"There is no forgiveness possible for an ill not committed," the old man said placidly. Then he looked down at his legs, limped to the inner side of the road and seated himself, eying them ruefully, upon a boulder.

"They are torn; there is a great gash below the knee. I am glad it is not we who have done the thing," Sanderson said. He looked closer, from the drawn old face to the ugly flesh wounds on shank and calf.

"They do not trouble me as much as the two matters that they forbode. For

one, the end of a good friendship; for the other, a weakness that will not let me advance. I, who am an old man, desire to return to Mai Gunga at the time of bathing; also it is expedient that I leave the country of my friends behind me." He spoke less to his hearer than to himself. "*This* is no great matter," he said again with a half smile, and indicated the wound. "I have lived my life in the way of the beasts and I have, perhaps, caught from them their easy healing. It will close in three days; if it were not that the muscle is touched to lameness it would not be worth another thought."

"Are you a hunter?" Sanderson said rather eagerly. He had missed a good *shikari* badly in his recent ride; he would have given something to have the jungle craft at his finger's ends.

"*Ai?* No, my lord, I am no hunter," the old man said with a sudden gravity. "Had I been —" He looked down at his legs again and his mouth tightened. "Never knowingly have I taken life; in return for which these others would nevertheless take mine." He hobbled a step and winced and looked helplessly up the road.

Sanderson, too, looked up it, having the Englishman's natural shamefacedness heavy upon him. Then, reassured by the empty landscape, he wrinkled his nose at the blaze of sunshine, tilted back his sun hat and said:

"Mount my pony, *ji*, and I will walk beside it. . . . This is as it should be, for I have two sound legs and yours are crippled. You shall tell me more of yourself and the misfortune that has befallen you as we go together."

He cut the old man's protestations short by coercing him into the saddle. Gunga Din moved forward, and the survey officer strode out briskly, sufficiently in time with the bracing crispness of the morning to take the prospect of a ten-mile walk with complacency. He liked delving, too, in the native mind and he had already a feeling for this elderly stoic over and above his curiosity. So he stifled his *protégé's* flow of thanks with a question and put his best foot foremost.

"Are you going to the bathing fair at Gangapur? Well, that is a long tramp for old legs. And who are these friends

of yours, whose friendship stands no longer? Such as you should be a village patriarch, my father, having the place of honor by the well when there are tales to be told."

The pilgrim kicked his bare heels into the pony's band, and Gunga Din wriggled skittishly. They were advancing with a high mountain wall upon the one side, and on the other a sheer descent, garlanded with foliage, to a tinkling watercourse. Sanderson had to step back for caution, so that he missed part of the answer to his questions.

" . . . hold by no herding with village fools," came back indistinctly to his ear. "My friends are a free people, even though they be my friends no more."

"Softly, my beauty!" Sanderson said to the pony, overtaking it. "Why is that, ji?"

"Why? Because they cannot help themselves; because they must do as their nature bids them. So, now that I am old, they, whose law it is to slay the useless ones and the weaklings, would have slain me. By my wit, which is still a little beyond them, I escaped; and now I shake the dust of their country off my feet, and if haply I come through it without injury I return to the mother of rivers to purify myself. For indeed I have a desire toward the meditations of holiness and a peaceful end to follow it."

"Hum! I understand so much of the affair. But your own people set upon you simply because you were old and infirm? That is difficult to believe, father. It is the way of the beasts of the jungle, but it is not the way of men; no, certainly not the hillmen, who are an easy folk, glad to live and to let live, from what I know of them."

The old man twisted suddenly in the saddle, and his eyes — quizzical, shrewd, baffling — twinkled at the speaker. He put his hand up to his beard and ruffled it.

"*Ai!* the hillmen! The *sahib* is right and it is not their way; they live each man for himself, and God alone may protect the community. But my people are — have the way of the beasts; wherefore I travel and bear them good-will no longer. . . . See, my lord, a *gurul* ran this way at dawn, and he might well run, for there came a leopard behind him, and he himself was spent."

He pointed to where a few snapped twigs, the light impress of a tiny hoof, the faint suggestion of a pad upon a piece of recently fallen earth, made a diversion in the roadway. Sanderson stopped and examined the trail, amazed at the detail with which the old man proceeded to embellish his statement, as he took a turned stone, a drooping leaf, the lie of the country, for his evidences. If this was not a hunter he had at least full measure of the hunter's lore. He listened for the next half hour, a pupil sitting attentive at a master's feet, while the queer old figure on the pony's back unrolled a precious store of jungle craft. It was palpably the harvest of a life spent in untrodden tracks and wild forest places; yet what he did there or of what stock he came Sanderson, without quite knowing why, was unable to discover. They dropped over a high hill-brow at last, and there was the first zinc roof of Ny-moorie, flashing into the eye of the noonday sun. The pilgrim scrambled out of the saddle when he saw it.

"My lord will ride forward again, and if he will take the blessing of an old man . . . No, but acts of charity are not forgotten. Though he turn them aside, the blessings still undoubtedly descend. The protector of the poor goes to Lathom, *sahib?*"

"Do you know him?" Sanderson said, astonished at the sound of the familiar name.

"If I know a little of the life of the forest, should I not also have heard of Lathom, *sahib*, who is a most mighty hunter? He, too, slays — he slays the slayers; it is no more than justice, though it is forbidden to such as I."

Sanderson stood still, looking at him. He was unwilling to let him go; a sympathy had leapt into being between them. He was puzzled and half skeptical, but he was also pleased, and he had been gloriously entertained. While he hesitated he caught sight of an expression reflecting his own image in the old man's eyes. It was a regret. He, too, was loth to part company with a congenial spirit. Sanderson, big and ruddy and intensely English, and the little shambling bundle of rags looked each other fairly in the eyes, as friends of equality and long standing might have done. The old



"BARELY MISSED PRECIPITATING AN OLD MAN . . . HEADLONG INTO SPACE"

man's hesitation, however, covered something beyond his reluctance. In the second that followed a silent return to the conventional attitude he laid a hand upon the other's sleeve.

"My lord, before you go hence! Is it for the sake of the good hunting that you seek Lathom, *sahib*?"

"Eh? Well, partly, I suppose. There is nothing to be done in Nymoorie; but he half promised me the chance of a tiger at his plantation in the Timli valley, if there came *khabbar* of one. We could get down from his house in a couple of marches. But why do you ask me that?"

The old man did not answer immediately. He was fumbling among his rags, out of which he fished a knot. He picked at it hurriedly, opened it, and, laying something on his palm, proffered it to the young Englishman.

"There, Huzur, that charity may have her present reward! As a loan only — by no means as a gift. I see a golden chain, and here, see, is a loop. If it be hung upon it . . . and worn — and if my lord will keep it until the day his servant returns to claim it. . . ."

He had thrust something into a bewildered grasp, and with one of his paradoxically rapid movements had salaamed profoundly and was limping in retreat down the road to the bazaar. Sanderson closed finger and thumb upon a battered silver ring and carried to eye-level the gift which depended from it — the roughly carved, grotesque bulk of a little wooden tiger.

It was a thumb's length and wooden in more ways than one. A child's toy; a charm; but something, nevertheless, to which an old person of a type unknown before in the circle of his acquaintance attached a value.

"Hang it on my watch chain? Of course I will, you dear old freak," said the Survey officer, and proceeded to do so. I wonder what you fancy you are giving me? I will take care of it for you with pleasure, for my side of the bargain. You seem to think that we shall meet again. Well, I hope we may, and in the meantime I am going to be disgracefully late for tiffin."

Lathom, who was a thick-set, bluff man, with a genial eye, was sitting in the veranda when Sanderson appeared. He

nodded a greeting, looking up from his inspection of a rifle barrel. Gun cases and game bags littered the matting, and a shikarri waited behind them.

"Tents to go on at once, d'ye hear? To be pitched above Harigur, and dinner sharp at eight for two." Then to Sanderson: "Well! How long does it take to ride from Kamora? There is some lunch left, but whether it is worth eating is another matter. Good news to follow it, too; better than a non-punctual chap like you deserves."

"What?" Sanderson said with a rising hope.

"Been a kill twice this week within a stone's throw of my little bungalow at Marwari. How's that? I'm packed, and we start at four; camp; march again at dawn; and get down in time for breakfast. Oh, well, here comes my wife to take you to table by the ear! Run along and make your excuse for spoiling her good dishes."

So the liveliest anticipations were to be fulfilled. This was monstrous luck, indeed; a tiger shoot with Lathom, in the little corner of the valley where, so far as sport was concerned, he held undisputed sway, was a chance that did not often fall to the lesser fry. The young man ate his food and overhauled his battery in jubilation, tinged a little by a modest inisgiving as to his own power of execution. The encounter of the morning receded before the present good fortune; he recalled it distantly as they climbed catlike out of the brewer's hill estate and over a westward ridge on the road to Harigur, where the jagged outlines of the hills, the stony, precarious track, reminded him of the earlier ride. Here, however, the outlook on the left hand embraced the Timli valley, bedded down now in a woolly mist after its day's broiling, the crumbling hills between it and the plains, and ahead the rise and fall of the bleaker slopes upon which the tents were pitched. The dusk was over them when the two men approached. A *sais* ran out, lantern in hand, to lead away the ponies; some one had lit a twinkling fire in a dip, and there was a savory smell of cooking on the evening air.

Sanderson, still exhilarated, was tired, too. He dived rather stiffly into his tiny shelter, and he looked with open friend-



"ANOTHER TAWNY OUTLINE PADDING CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD HIM"

liness upon the native bed that occupied the greater part of it. There was a brass basin on a wicker stool and a tin mirror hung at the tent pole. Latham asfield was no believer in superfluities. He pulled off his coat and began to wash away the afternoon's dust by the light of a very inefficient lantern placed upon the floor.

He came up out of warm water with a sudden alertness of hearing tingling in his ears. His back was turned to the door, and it was at the door that something had been about to happen. He wheeled and there was nobody there; but the echo of a heavy breathing remained to him; the deep snuffling of an animal at the chink between canvas, wall and curtain. Well? That was nothing, of course; a pi-dog at the most. He did not know why the tingling persisted, nor did he combat the instinct which set him to finish his dressing with his face to the entrance and at a greater speed than was strictly necessary. When he picked up the lantern to light him through the newly fallen dark to the dinner tent he swung it out rather defiantly to the right and left before he walked full into the open. It showed him nothing but the empty hillside — what else could it show? And so he went to dinner, and a good cigar, and a snug yarn after, while Latham, his campchair creaking under him, set the ripe fruits of experience at his service.

"Well, good night," the brewer said at the end of an hour. "An early start, remember." And Sanderson went dutifully to bed, lit by the clear starshine, with no more thought of odd sensations. He looked drowsily at the quiet scene before he turned in; there were the dark, lofty ridges, the dying embers of the fire; the white, mysterious mist rolled across the sleeping valley. The tents had a curiously intrusive air, perched airily upon the great shoulder of the hills; they were a presumptuous advance guard, an invasion of the silent country into which they had been flung. Sanderson wondered vaguely for a moment where his pilgrim was sleeping, under what cave of a crowded bazaar, with his heart thirsty for the clean breath of the jungle. He fingered his watch chain, upon which hung the souvenir of their brief friendship.

He slept as soon as his head touched the pillow, with every prospect of oblivion

until the morning. It was therefore with some astonishment that he found himself awake again while it was still dark, an astonishment that merged into indignation when he struck a match and saw that it was not yet one o'clock. He was wide awake, too, while other people slept; he could hear Latham's snore and the less muffled note of the man on watch, who was palpably taking his ease somewhere close behind the tents. And then, cutting sheer across these familiar noises came the sudden repetition of an interruption already experienced — the heavy breathing, the snuffling of something that moved before his door.

The Survey officer sprang out of bed, his nerves a-quiver, ruffled by an anger that had a tinge of fear in it. He must get to the bottom of this; face it and lay it bare. He pulled the upper part of the tent-flap aside quickly to surprise what might be beyond it.

In the first glance he saw nothing except the dim, star-sheeted landscape, with the Milky Way laid like a glorious necklace upon the arch of sky. In the second his eyes dropped to earth, to his own feet, and were riveted there.

A great tawny beast was crouching before him, its head low, its body flattened, so close that its nose touched the canvas against which his foot was pressed. He stood frozen, immovable; and he saw the spotted back of a leopard, the muscles rippling under the loose skin. It stretched itself while he looked, edged closer to him and pushed its whiskers sideways along the curtain as might a cat to whom his master stoops.

Sanderson did not do the obvious thing, though his rifle stood within reach and his cartridge belt touched him where it dangled on the pole. He did not lift a finger while the creature rumbled out a huge, stentorian purr, a giant among purrs, turned its neck and caressed their common barrier with the other cheek. Six feet away the tip of its tail twitched pleasantly, scuffling a tiny dust out of the sand.

If it had been a dream! But it was nothing of the kind; he heard Latham's snores and felt the sharp air of the night. The leopard rose to its feet, came, as it were, alongside and presented first one flank and then another to the friction of



"PURRED AND ROSE PONDEROUSLY TO BE PATTED"

the canvas. Its peaceful intentions were not to be doubted, but the young man's pulses were jiggling too lively a measure for comfort.

How long he would have remained motionless while the brute did him its clumsy homage he could not have said, for a second incident to cap the first brought the encounter to a close. It was, if anything, more incredible; but it was no less the fact that the suggestion of another tawny outline padding cautiously toward him from the lee of Lathom's tent roused a burst of impatience. Another! Oh, the thing was absurd, had been startling, but would be simply grotesque if it happened twice over. He came near to a shout of hysterical laughter. It was another. Well —

"*S's-sh! Hutt-t! S's-sh!*" he said and flipped the curtain at the big blunt head below him exactly as if he were warning off a pariah. The beast drew back, flattened its ears, depressed its neck. The purring stopped, and involuntarily Sanderson held his breath at his own audacity. Then the leopard moved unwillingly away and slunk out into the full starlight, to be followed at a stealthy trot by its mate — if it were its mate indeed. They jogged silently over the brow of the hill; they dipped below it. The landscape was empty again and the chorus of snores returned to supremacy.

Sanderson went back to bed quite convinced that he was to spend a sleepless night, pondering this amazement. He eyed it shyly from every point of view which presented itself; finally he decided that it would not bear daylight mention and that he would hold up the telling of it for a bit. He did not know that he would speak of it at all; it was — by George! it was not far removed from being ridiculous; in any case it would make a narrative that there was every excuse for not taking seriously. Two of 'em! One was bad enough — was preposterous — preposterous . . . He tumbled back into the healthy sleep of youth and awoke to find the dawn coming grayly in, the hot tea steaming at his bedside. The brewer was already about, the soul of busy energy. Oh, yes, it *had* happened; but he had not the smallest intention of making a fool of himself to Lathom. He rode down the hill silently. He was glad his host

made no inquiries about his night's rest and he was glad to see the Timli valley about them and hear the crowing of a jungle cock welcome them to the lower forest lands.

They came to the Marwari farm, a thatched bungalow ineffectually defended from the primeval jungle by a scrubby tea garden, in time for breakfast and the eager report of a villager in waiting on the veranda. There had been another kill. The tiger was a king among tigers; he, Moti Ram, had seen him bound into the high grass no later than two evenings since and his bones had turned to water at the spectacle. The lives of the village were in jeopardy; the servants of the Huzur prayed humbly for his good sport. And if he desired service —

"Abdul Karmi will see to all that," Lathom said, dropping pice into the man's hand. "Go and tell him what you have told me, *ji*. Couldn't be better, Sanderson, could it? The buffalo lies where it was killed; we'll have a *machan* in the tree above it and we'll get him to-night, if Allah is good. Come to breakfast now, my boy, and I'll show you the old battle-fields afterward, when I've talked to the shikarris."

They went into the dusty, sparsely furnished dining room, smelling of matting and long disuse, to which wide French windows led from the veranda. It was comparatively cool inside when the kit-matgar closed the doors; but the stew of a hot-weather day had settled beyond. A hush had closed over the jungle, ringing the bungalow about with its oppression; except the hum in the cookhouse and its chink of dishes, nothing but the two sportsmen's voices broke the heavy silence.

"Every living thing but our party is nodding," Lathom said, rising from the table and feeling in his pockets for a well-loved pipe. "This place at noonday is like the Sleeping Beauty's Palace — the very flies upon the wall are overdone." He went to the door and opened it. "If you are not afraid of the heat come across with me. . . . Hulloo!"

He leapt back into the room, running toward the corner where the shikarri had laid his gun. Sanderson, impelled at the same instant toward the doorway, collided with him, was dragged back and wrenched himself free again.

"Come away, you young fool!" Lathom cried hoarsely, tumbling a cartridge into his rifle. "Man alive! Don't you know a tiger when you see one?"

Sanderson stepped clear of the door into the veranda. He was not scared this time, perhaps because it was broad daylight; he was, if anything, unnaturally exhilarated. This was *his* affair; he was conscious of a triumphant thought that he was going to show the veteran, for once, a startlingly new experience. Here, to be sure, it was, large and live in bulk, blinking solemn yellow eyes at him—a veritable tiger, squatting with decorous air, hugely complacent, upon the dusty floor.

He heard Lathom snap to the breech of the rifle behind him. Obviously there was no time to be lost. Afraid of *that!* It was a cat—no more; a rank-smelling, overgrown cat that was anxious to be friendly. He walked up and stood before it, and it sniffed at his legs and purred and rose ponderously to be patted. It went a little against the grain to *touch*; but if nothing less than the fullest demonstration would suffice. . . . He put his hand on the great flat head and rubbed the stubby hair upon it.

Lathom was gasping now, wheezing apoplectically, as a heavy man will do when he is staggered. The tiger's claws, drawn in and out in its delight, rasped upon the matting. Sanderson, intoxicated by his success, cuffed it lightly over the ears.

"There, that'll do!" he said presently. "Get out o' this! You're beastly high, y'know; get away! *Jao*, you brute!" He fairly pushed its head aside to make it move. He knew what would follow; the sulky, sidelong glance, the slinking away; the whole affair was as easily foreseen, by the light of that which had gone before and his own full-grown familiarity, as A B C.

The tiger shuffled down the steps and was instantly a khaki shadow moving toward a khaki jungle, a big, sheepish, discomfited beast going to kennel after a snubbing. Sanderson turned round to see Lathom, for the first time in his life, fail to take a hunter's opportunity.

"Do you often — ?" he said when he could speak.

"I don't know," Sanderson said, walk-

ing inside again. His legs were queer now; there was a reaction coming. He sat down abruptly beside the table and poured himself out a tot of whisky. The sweat had started to his forehead, in sympathy with that which was streaking Lathom's countenance. "This is only the second — third time. You wouldn't have believed the others, but I don't suppose you'll doubt your own eyes. Whew, how hot it is!"

"This is enough to make a man doubt anything," Lathom said, mopping his brow. "Or believe anything. Great Scott. Were you born in a menagerie, young man? A tiger! a ti —"

"I don't know," Sanderson repeated densely. "I'll tell you all I know, if you like; it's not much." He related his night's adventure. "But it's going to spoil sport, I'm afraid; that's the devil of it; I could no more go out in cold blood now and shoot that great stupid brute than I could smother a baby. There's a paternal feeling . . . I can't explain . . . once the natural creeps are left behind. I'd better go back to Timli, I think."

The brewer protested, but he was firm, though the actual tears of disappointment were not far from his eyes.

"Oh, I'm beastly cut up about it, I can tell you. It's the roughest luck. . . . Thank you awfully, all the same." He began to turn some of Lathom's cartridges reluctantly out of his pocket on to the table. "Oh, yes, I must go," Sanderson persisted, and from that no persuasion could turn him. He went accordingly when his pony was rested, riding away with his head down, switching angrily at the thick vegetation down the forest lines, as perplexed with his own obstinacy as he and the man he had left were by the strange occurrence that had induced it.

He had, of course, completely forgotten the yesterday's pilgrim. Turbulent thoughts and uneasiness had swept him clean out of mind. It was therefore with a shock of brisk recollection that he turned from the wilder jungle track into a sandy main road that cut the valley from mountain to river and saw the old man in person, placidly alone, waiting on a donkey's back at the meeting of the ways.

"You!" Sanderson said and pulled up,

suddenly alive to possibilities that had hitherto escaped him. The queer old fellow with his jungle craft! Was it too improbable to hope for light, here, upon matters that had proved so baffling through the day?

"Well, you are the very man I want to see, I believe," he said. "You have got down in good time. Did you come because you knew I was here? Oh, never mind that, though; it will keep till later. What I wanted to say—"

"Has the preserver of the poor had sufficient of the loan I made to him?" the old man said.

Sanderson hardly understood him at first. Then he drew out the charm and looked from it to its owner, bewildered and a little impatient at the irrelevancy.

"That has nothing to do with what I was going to say," he said. "Your trinket, *ji*? Here it is; take it if you will. I was about to come to you —"

"For answer to a riddle," the old man said, and out shone his queer, equal's smile again. "But, first, is my lord so sure this has naught to do with that he desires to know? Has he, perhaps, had the friendship of the beasts for a night and a day? And if so, to what would he as-

sign it, if not to the virtue of the little wooden tiger?"

He looked full in Sanderson's face, where incredulity chased bewilderment and slow conviction crept after incredulity, and he laid a lean old hand upon the other's arm to steady him.

"Ah, but there lies the truth, *sahib*, close to the foot; no need to search for it farther afield! I, too, am a friend of the wild people, by reason of" — he held out the token — "this; I only forgot that the kinship went with it, too. So my lord had no sport — saw only foolish brutes, too tame for stalking! Turn back, Huzur, and be reassured. Thus they may be to the lusty young, perhaps; but to the old man, the wornout friend, savage, pitiless; things to kill, or be killed by, devoid of understanding. Lathom, *sahib*, goes hunting to-night, surely. Go, my lord — go, my friend, and take your king's sport with him. See, I wrap the little wooden tiger to my heart again. It goes with me to the river, to the holy city, where the unclean beasts dare not tread, to the sanctuary for a tired old wanderer."

He pulled at Sanderson's bridle and turned him back to Marwari. And there, in the divided ways, they parted.

* THEY JOGGED SILENTLY OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL *





*When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.*

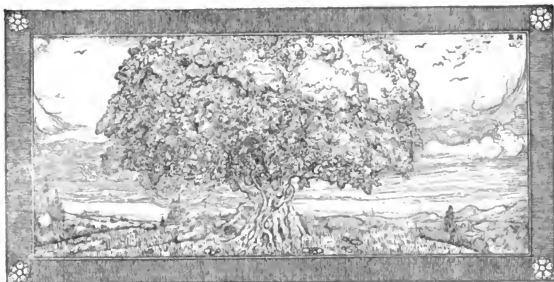


—Shakespeare.



Photograph by Alice Boughton.

"AND HANGS THE SUN WITH BALEFUL GLARE ABOVE THE GLASSY, HELPLESS LAKE"



HARVEST DAYS

BY CHARLES WADSWORTH CAMP

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

Dejected, dusty in the wheat
The mowers with their droning calls,
Half brute, half human in the heat,
Tear down the drooping, yellow walls.
The whirring songs that insects make
Rise quavering on the burning air,
And hangs the sun with baleful glare
Above the glassy, helpless lake.

But now the dusk brings sweet surcease
And fickle nature turns most kind;
Another world of rest and peace
Upon the water one may find—
In drifting to the night's low croon,
Lulled by a lazy, rippling breeze,
Athwart the shadows of the trees
Beneath the yellow harvest moon.





"THE ANGLER"—SMOKES HIS PIPE"

ANGLING BY THE CITY SIDE

BY WILLIAM E. SIMMONS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT



ANY day between the middle of March and the middle of November the North River, along the city side, from Eighty-eighth Street to Riverdale, will be found lined with men and boys, and here and there a woman. On pleasant days the line is fuller, but on unpleasant days it is not entirely obliterated. Perched upon piers, upon boulders by the waterside, upon the escarpment of the railroad bed that flanks the river, those sentinel-like loungers naturally attract the attention of

observers on the river or on the overlooking heights of Riverside Drive. What are they doing? Fishing!

Doubtless in these strenuous days of intellectual and business competition many will be ready to condemn those lounging anglers of wasting their time. Yet there is something to be said in their defence. First of all, remember it is an axiom of social science that play is an important factor of human existence. The homely old maxim, schoolmaster's, I think it is, recognizes as much: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So much as to play. And as to fishing, bear in mind that the earliest and most venerated



WATCHING FOR A NIBBLE

"It is all bottom fishing in the North River. For some reason that has never been explained the bass will not rise there to a troll, as it does in the East River"



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT

authority on the subject, the genial, charitable, wholesome-minded, lovable Izaak Walton, after giving the reasons advanced up to his day for and against action and contemplation, affirmed, "That both these meet together and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet and harmless art of fishing." With excellent judgment also he commended the riverside as "the quietest and fittest place for contemplation." And concerning recreation he declared: "God never did make a more calm, quiet, inno-

cent recreation than angling." The judgment of two and a half centuries has affirmed the findings and effected a sentimental and piscatorial apotheosis of Walton. So these humble disciples, the great majority of whom, perhaps, have never heard of their gentle master, need no further justification.

He who takes the trouble to make a closer inspection of these anglers by the city-side will discover that they represent almost every condition of life. Perchance the laborer and the Wall Street broker



THE LEISURELY METHOD

Fishing from the decks of excursion boats is a favorite holiday recreation of the disciples of Isaac Walton in and about New York



READY FOR A DAY'S FISHING

may be found, if not actually side by side, at no great distance apart. The men are not idlers, but men who work hard and snatch a few hours, as occasion permits,



DIGGING FOR BAIT

for quiet recreation. Besides propinquity and economy, there is the advantage at times of very good fishing, and always the majestic river, typifying at once the ceaseless flow of time and the resistless force of nature.

Though anglers will be found all along the river front, there are preferred places. The most notable of these are a little fishing pier at the foot of Eighty-eighth Street and the adjacent rocks; the long pier at Ninety-sixth Street; the railroad bed from One Hundredth to One Hundred and Tenth Street; the old Sugar House, at One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Street; the rocky promontory known as Washington Point, and the railroad bed from there to the old pier at Riverdale. Some of these, as the first, third, fourth, fifth, and last, are favorite resorts of anglers for striped bass, though a good bass may be taken

chanic, the butcher, the baker, the clerk, the insurance man, the real estate man is there, and it is a fact that I have sometimes found there also the politician and the gambler. As a rule, these anglers are

road bed from there to the old pier at Riverdale. Some of these, as the first, third, fourth, fifth, and last, are favorite resorts of anglers for striped bass, though a good bass may be taken



THE PATIENT ANGLER

This man, or his prototype, may be found on the bank of the river any Sunday closely watching his line



A BOUTER HITS FOR A HAP

occasionally anywhere along the river front. The old Sugar House is especially good for silver perch, while the

eels, these fish are not to be caught throughout the season. The striped bass makes its appearance about the middle of



RE-BAILING

Ninety-sixth Street pier is noted for tom-cods, or frost fish, and eels. Except

derous poles and clumsy wooden reels employed by the Germans and, indeed, the

April, usually with the shad, for whose spawn, I suspect, it keeps a watchful eye, remains till about the end of May and then goes to the ocean. It returns, however, in October and stays until freezing weather, when it proceeds up the river to winter. The perch and tom-cods are to be taken in the early spring and late fall. In summer weakfish are sometimes caught as high up as Spuyten Duyvil. Lafayettes and porgies are plentiful in the warm months, and snappers, young bluefish, in the early fall.

The devotee of light tackle may find it hard to repress a smile at the ponderous poles and clumsy wooden reels employed by the Germans and, indeed, the



OFF FOR THE DAY

majority of anglers by the city side. But every worthy disciple of the amiable master ought, from his own experience, to be inclined to look leniently on the imperfections of the humbler fellows of the craft. There is a story of an expert fly-caster who, while whipping a Long Island stream one day, found a small boy sitting upon a bridge with a bit of common line tied to the end of a pole he had cut from a neighboring thicket.

"What luck, my son?" asked the expert.

"They ain't a-bitin' yet," replied the lad. The expert went his way and met with poor success. Returning by the same bridge in the afternoon, he found the lad still sitting there, but with a string of trout that excited his admiration. I myself once saw by the city-side a boy with two or three yards of hand line, baited with a fragment of dead sand worm; hook and bring to the brink a ten to twelve pound bass, while his better equipped neighbors never got a decent strike the livelong day.

A few years ago an angler appearing in the neighborhood of Eighty-eighth Street with a twelve-ounce bait rod had

to run the gantlet of much good natured chaffing. It was at the height of the bass season and he was asked on all sides what he expected to catch with "that switch." He replied, with ambiguous modesty, "Anything that comes along." The stereotyped comment was: "I'd like to see you get hold of a five-pounder." Subdued expressions of surprise, however, reached the angler's ears when he made his first cast, and before the season closed one or two of the skeptical had an opportunity to see him handle something bigger than a five-pounder. Within a week he landed a fifteen-pounder and a twelve-pounder, and the fame of his exploits, with reverent exaggeration, is still fresh along the riverside.

It is all bottom fishing in the North River. For some reason that has never been explained the bass will not rise there to a troll, as it does in the East River, the Sound and elsewhere. Fishing with a float is equally futile. As the current is strong the line must be heavily weighted. A lozenge shaped sinker will be found the best to avoid catching in the rock crevices; the use of one hook is conducive to tranquillity of temper. The hook



COMFORT AND SPORT

should be of medium size, on a three-foot leader, fixed to the line about two feet above the sinker. The best line is a twelve-thread one, and it should be at least six hundred feet long. Big fish cannot be landed with light tackle without ample line, and the refinement of the art and the keenest sport are involved in the use of light tackle. Blood and sand worms are the only available bait in the early spring. The former will generally be found the more killing. Shad roe in season, cut into strips about as long as the first two joints of the index finger and securely tied in cheese cloth will probably be found more effective for bass than either. In the fall the best bait is shedder crab.

Nowhere else, perhaps, is such an easy-going, contemplative exhibition of angling to be witnessed. The angler sets his line, reclines against a convenient post or boulder, smokes his pipe, and chats leisurely with his companion until the fish rings the bell. That is the handline angler. The line is secured to a piece of stout wire, on the free end of which is hung a little bell. When the fish takes the bait the bell jingles. The angler

jumps to his line and pulls in the fish, if he can. Anglers with the rod fish almost as much at ease, but with the eye instead of the ear. The rod is propped against a rock or pile, at an angle of forty-five to sixty degrees, and the owner keeps his eye on the tip, which will vibrate to the slightest nibble.

There is a wide difference of opinion between individuals as to what constitutes sport. By some anglers it is found in the number of fish taken. Others find in it the quality rather than the quantity of the catch and the exercise of skill incidentally required. It follows that not uncommonly a craftsman will be encountered angling with two or three rods, or half a dozen handlines, or an assortment of both. Generally speaking, such a craftsman is not held in high esteem. Yet good nature is the prevalent feeling by the city-side. Stories are swapped, and something else, with which every fully equipped angler is provided, while the mind is droned into forgetfulness of business cares by the subdued hum of the great city. Still, this secluded retreat is not entirely secure from incursions of trade, for during the day the frank-

further man will come with his rolls and linked memorials of overworked horseflesh.

Fish are probably, like some men, pretty constant feeders, yet many circumstances appear to affect their feeding. In the ocean and tidal rivers the state of the tide has a notable influence. Possibly they have a feeding place for each stage of the tide; but experience has shown that on the best known grounds they will take a bait toward the turn of the tide better than at any other time. The wind, too, has its effect. The east wind is the most unpropitious. On the Jersey shore there is a saw, "When the wind is in the west the fishing is the best," but I have seen more frequent verification of that quoted by the angler's master:

"When the wind is south

It blows your bait into a fish's mouth."

Those familiar with his words will also remember that he says to his pupil, "You are to know there is night as well as day fishing for a trout, and that in the night the best trouts come out of their holes." That is true also of the striped bass.

The contemplative angler may sit by day and surrender his thoughts to the

grandeur of the rock-walled river, whose fluid force has escaped the foundations of the everlasting hills. He may ask himself how many thousand, indeed million, years it has spent in cutting its bed out of those majestic Palisades. How feeble in comparison appear man's most conspicuous triumphs over nature, the railroad train that thunders at his back and the great steamboats that plow the seemingly yielding surface of the mighty stream. But when night has concealed the evidences of nature's sturdy, unceasing industry and the lights of passing boats reveal the prevailing darkness, the subtle tie of association will lead his thoughts to the wonderful and mysterious story engraved in nature's own handwriting upon the surrounding rocks. Strange and ineffaceable characters, observable in abundance on the descent to the water-side, that tell of a period when the noble Hudson was a sub-glacial rivulet, when Manhattan Island, now so populous and so splendid with man's achievements, was a bald bedrock, and the peaks of the Catskills and of the Adirondacks were hidden beneath a vast plateau of ice.

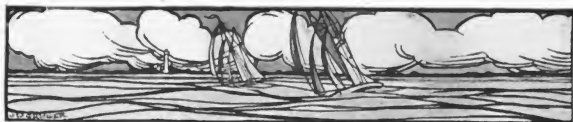
A VETERAN RIVER FISHERMAN





Photograph by Davis & Eichmeyer

"WITH ONE LITTLE MAID THAT I KNOW IT'S O TO BE DOWN BY THE SEA"



A BALLADE OF SUMMERTIDE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

When noontides are torrid in town,
 With pavements all glitter and glow,
When red fronts and gray fronts and brown
 Uploom in a shimmering row,
When never a breeze seems to blow
Save out of a furnace, pardie,
 With one little maid that I know
It's O to be down by the sea!

When Traffic's deep thunderings drown
 The dreams that might otherwise grow,
And Duty's a demon whose crown
 To the brow brings a throb and a throe,
When the heart hungers sore for the flow
Of moonlight and music and glee,
 With one little maid that I know
It's O to be down by the sea!

When cares in grim gathering frown,
 And life's more of "con" than of "pro,"
When naught but a bauble's renown,
 The whole world a farcical show,
When Time trudges palsied and slow,
Unheeding Hope's passionate plea,
 With one little maid that I know
It's O to be down by the sea!

ENVOY.

Afar from the work-a-day woe,
 From all, saving Love's trammels, free,
With one little maid that I know
 It's O to be down by the sea!

AMERICAN OFFICIAL SOCIETY

BY A CHINESE GENTLEMAN



N China we have an opinion of America and its people formed or based upon the expressed opinions and statements of the missionaries.

We are a simple-hearted, guileless people — there is no question as to that — and when I first came to America I firmly believed that I should find the perfect land and a people morally without a blemish.

I believed this, as it would never occur to a Chinaman to send an army of religious teachers, men and women, away from their own country when there was a positive demand for them at home.

We had no little trouble in landing, although I was accredited to the Chinese legation as an attaché, this being the only way by which I could avoid the Exclusion Act, my real mission at that time being to attend ——— University.

What was my amazement when I was approached by a fine looking American, evidently an official, though I could not prove it, who boldly offered, through a villainous looking Chinese interpreter of the lowest type, to "see me through and get me a set of papers" for \$100.

To accomplish this I should have had to lie and swear falsely, and the American official to commit forgery, perjury, and to swear falsely and commit several other crimes.

I was honestly amazed and asked him if he understood the crimes he would have to commit, to which he answered with a wink and a laugh.

I threatened to report him, but the interpreter told me that he had power enough to have me sent back to China.

"Are all Americans like this?" I asked my countryman. "Oh, no," was the reply, "he is a very nice man; some are very bad."

I passed the custom house officers, but the next day I was approached by another American in Chinatown as I was passing

into the office of the Six Companies, who said that the Government had discovered that I was not a part of the legation and that I was going to be arrested that afternoon.

He explained that there was one way out of the difficulty. He would prevent it by the payment on my part of \$100, with which he would bribe the officials.

I told him I would consult the President of the Six Companies, and he left. On the way across the continent I was robbed of \$25 outright while asleep on the night car, and I was also relieved of a dollar by a man who rushed into the car at a station and said he had a telegram for me, charging me \$1. As the train was starting I paid it and found I had an empty envelope. I congratulated myself that I reached Washington with any funds, as had I joined even one of the many games of "poker" to which I was invited by attentive Americans *en route* I am confident I should have been impoverished before I reached my destination.

The Americans make a great point of "stories," tales, at the dinner. I recall one which applies. A clergyman, after preaching to a large out-of-doors congregation, passed around his hat, begging for contributions of coin. After a long time the hat was returned to him, but empty. He looked at it a moment and said, "Well, brethren, I'm thankful to get the hat back."

I was thankful to reach Washington in funds, with my clothes on my back and my queue intact, and that trip was enough to show me that our ideas of the Christian fortitude and morality of the average American were a delusion and a snare, and I can state that of all the tens of thousands of Christians I have met I doubt if there was one who lived the life preached and advocated by the missionaries in China.

There is not a man in America who if struck upon one cheek would turn the other. He might, but he would first

knock the smiter down and accomplish what they call "wiping the earth with him."

The Americans are very pugilistic, and the Irish fight as a pastime.

I once shocked a missionary at Wang Chow by asking if there was not a clash between the sentiment, turning the cheek at a blow and that other Biblical sentiment, "An eye for an eye," but the latter is the American plan. If an American strikes another in the eye it is returned with force, and boys are encouraged to fight out their troubles.

If an American possesses a beautiful wife there are thousands that covet her, and that many succeed is shown by a divorce rate that has no equal in the world. They not only covet the wife, but the ox, and the ass, and anything that a neighbor has that strikes their fancy, and there are countless thieves and bands of robbers that make a business of stealing.

I also believed that an American Christian would not bear false witness, but I learned that in every city there were numbers of men who were regularly in the business, and a lawyer friend assured me that it was very profitable in murder cases. An alibi could be proved for \$50, said my friend. He said he ought to know, and I believe he did. He was one of the cleverest poker players I met in America.

By this it must not be understood that all Americans are bad or criminal. I only supposed that they were all perfect Christians, like the missionaries, when in reality they are like other nations — good, bad, and indifferent; yet, singularly enough, I find that Americans claim to be the most perfect people on the face of the earth. I heard this from a judge on the Supreme Bench, from Senators, generals of the army, from people in every class — heard it so often that I was amazed at the contradictions, and it was not until I had made an American friend that I began to understand what is called the "true-inwardness" of the nation.

So I have no hesitation in stating that, compared logically, judicially, honestly, with the actual facts, divested of flamboyant persiflage, the American Republic is a bubble.

It scintillates, is light and airy, a thing of beauty in shape and contour, and is

borne lightly on the wave of current opinion; but puncture it with the probe of fact and investigation, and it is gone and you have an empty skin, shriveled and not pleasant to contemplate.

At a reception of the President he did me the honor to indicate that one of the ladies of the Presidential party would like to speak to me, and I found myself engaged in an interesting group.

I had through Mr. ———, our English friend in China, obtained letters to the very choicest people in America, and naturally formed my estimate of American society from them — but these official ladies! What shall I say — must I say anything? Some were charming — indeed, all ladies are — but *en masse* they impressed me as suburban. There must have been forty ladies behind the Presidential party, but there were not over four or five who looked at me as though they had ever seen a Chinese gentleman before. The rest looked at me as a curiosity.

These ladies were dressed beautifully, and I am going to use them to illustrate what is known as "official society" in America, but I must digress to say a word regarding the claims of the Americans to extreme morality.

As I was passing through the crowd I saw on the outskirts a tall, remarkably striking woman. Her face told of the patrician type, and it bore an amused smile as she heard the remarkable questions these ladies asked me and the similar ones I passed back.

I made a point of reaching her and was presented to the wife of one of the most influential Senators. She was one of the most remarkable women I met in America. The first word she said was, "———, you appear to be amused at the curiosity you arouse." I laughed and replied:

"Madame is a mind reader."

This charming woman, the intellectual peer of every man present, not excepting the President, was the antipodes of almost all the men or women I had met up to that time. She was loyal to her country, but cant was not for her, neither was vain boasting.

She laughed when I related to her my many experiences. "You have not always met our best people. They do not consider themselves perfect, by any means.

We are far from perfect, in fact," and her deep eyes saddened. "I fear there is some radical defect in the people or the Government, though it is well to remember that we receive from 300,000 to 600,000 immigrants every year, possibly not the scum of other nations, but successful citizens of a country do not, as a rule, leave it, and America is confronted with a marvelous and difficult problem, the assimilation of the peoples of the world, the making of ideal citizens.

"Has transmutation been discovered in China?" she asked suddenly. "This is the problem of America, the making of pure gold out of brass, iron, copper, silver, and lead, or the good citizen out of the peoples of every nation. Is it any wonder that our President cannot go abroad without a guard, or that our murders and divorces exceed those of most nations of the world?"

"You are the only American I have met," I said, "who does not claim that this country leads the world and is absolutely perfect."

America is a remarkable nation, and if its people would not claim for it absolute perfection, and upon the platform, bench, and stage claim for it all the virtues of time and eternity, its critics would be disarmed. Its splendid men, its noble buildings and cities, its energy and mechanical skill, mark the Republic as a shining light in human progress, yet when an enterprising newspaper owner displayed his marvelous press I could not resist reminding him that we had printing presses in China, books and type, over a thousand years ago, when the buffalo was the "leading citizen" in Washington.

Official society is made up of the wives of Senators and Representatives, the wives of the judges of the Supreme Court, the wives of the heads of great departments and the wives of Army and Navy officers. This is entirely distinct from the permanent society of Washington, the old families, who have been there for years.

My American friend posted me on the many affections of the ladies who were legally equal.

One of the "Cabinet" ladies was particularly obtuse, or, as my friend said, impossible. Her husband had been a poor farmer or something of that kind years ago, and he had married a woman who

did not rise with him, but as my friend said she had adamant virtues, her husband was doubtless consoled.

These women displayed their origin at once by some slips of dress. They invariably *over-dressed*, wore quantities of jewelry of a poor quality, so far as real art was concerned. One lady wore a gigantic watch set with brilliants upon her left breast. I supposed it to be an order of some kind, as the face of the watch did not show, and asked her what order it was.

"This," said the witty "official," "stands not on the order of its going; it is the order of time — it is a watch." Almost all the ladies wore watches on the left side of the body, over the heart, and I understood that well bred people wore them at the waist or not at all.

The wives of Congressmen are the most numerous faction of the "official set." My friend described them as a "job lot" — an insidious joke, I fancied. Now, the Congressman is very likely to be a very common sort of person. A lady who seemed to know told me that not one Congressman in ten holds a good social position, or any, at home. They were politicians and associated with politicians, and only in exceptional instances were they men of highest cultivation.

I had an opportunity to meet many of the "Congressional set," who in default of other game probably preyed socially upon each other. There were many fine men among them, but the majority were very ordinary clay, and their wives what might be expected. My friend defined them in these words, "good, honest, home-loving, domesticated women," and truth demands the acknowledgment that those I saw looked it.

The Congressman is elected for two years; the salary is small, and really able men, unless rich, cannot afford to take it; hence Congressmen are usually place-hunting politicians.

The ladies of the Senate — that is, the wives of the Senators — as a rule, are about the same class, though a degree more arrogant. A Senatorial lady would not call on a Congressional lady first, and some of the real struggles of American history have been to determine the exact position of these ladies, who are often so insistent as to involve society in a war of words.

The Senator's wives are all rich, as a man must be rich, as a rule, to become a Senator, as he often, if current report is to be relied upon, has to buy himself into office. This is managed by "political bosses," who engage to "land" a candidate, and the boss controls what is known as the "sack," and the "sack" controls votes. The Senator is elected by the State Legislature, and, in plain English, the Senators, if dishonest, have a vote for sale on any question.

This may appear to be a vicious charge from an alien, who is also a *heathen*, but I venture the statement that there is not a State Legislature in the Union that has not at times been influenced, in part, by bribes.

If a rich Senator has had a struggle to get into office it is assumed in America that his "money talked." Many of these Senators have been ignorant men—miners, bar-keepers—men of low instincts, but by sudden discovery of gold they have become rich, and the Senate becomes their ambition. Sometimes such a Senator makes a fair appearance when garbed as a gentleman, and the poor wife, who has been a laundry woman, is thrust into the limelight of publicity, to make a "spectacle of herself" before the "official society." Again, this is reversed, and the wife rises to the occasion and completely overshadows the "Senator."

I met several Senators' wives in England and France, and it was the gossip of the clubs that the wife was in search of the social recognition obtainable in Europe on a cash basis which money would not buy at home.

The most preposterous figure it was ever my good fortune to meet was one

of the wives of such a Senator. He had made millions, but all their money did not polish the wife. She was the "holy terror" of the official set. She entertained dukes, lords and princes of the blood by mere force of what the Americans call "nerve," and always stood at the head of the line next to her lovely and highly educated daughters and "paralyzed the guests by the originality of her language and her disregard of any known rules of speech." She confided in me one day that she would write a grammar herself if she had time.

On the other hand, I have met many delightful people in "polite official society"—such men are said to be in politics for a "career." They desire to work upward, as the Presidency is open to any native born citizen of the United States.

The absurdities of American society strike the alien with especial force, as in China and in England every man knows his place and keeps it, but in free America every one does not know his place and strives to climb into the one above. As a result, there is no peasant class—men are laborers, but their daughters aspire to be ladies and to ape the rich.

To my mind, the gravest problem in America is the impossibility to create a peasant class that shall not be ashamed of honest peasant labor, a class of labor whose sons will not all aspire to be professional men or to live in great cities. Country life is not encouraged, yet we in China know that the teeming millions in the interior regions provide the sinews of war and peace.

Yet when all are equal the building up of a peasantry is almost impossible.

It is natural that such a protest as the following should come from the vicinity of Plymouth Rock. The letter has been forwarded to the Chinese Gentleman, and although he has not yet had time to reply, it is to be feared that when he does he will pessimistically compare the Mayflower's journey to the voyage, renowned in Celestial song and story, of his famous ancestor, Ki Gow, to the island, Yai Yama, some time before 2000 B. C.—EDITOR.

BOSTON, June 5th, 1906.
In re your article in THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR CHINESE GENTLEMAN:

Why this is being written only the God of the Irresistible Impulse knows.

Let there first be recited my articles of faith:

I. I believe you are a Chinese.

II. I believe you are a gentleman.

III. I believe you have been admitted into communion with certain people, commonly known as members of fashionable society.

Why these things are accepted as facts may be more because of Boston birth and

New England training than because of anything else, since we of the Northeast have less acumen in detecting fakes than they of New York or Chicago, who, from brotherly instinct, know a fakir when they see one.

You are certainly justified in your rebukes. Those whom you appear to have met in this country deserve far worse than you have written.

Your air of "superiority and finality," while natural attributes of a cultured Oriental mind, might easily be induced in the mind of an Occidental by the atmosphere in which you have made your studies and your observations.

Granting you all this, I nevertheless absolutely deny your major premise. The cleverness of your article is only exceeded by the narrowness of your point of view.

The American society woman, or girl, is not, in one case out of a thousand, a true aristocrat in any proper sense of the word. So far as I am able to judge, you have yet to meet a true American aristocrat; at least, it is certain your writings give no hint of your having had that elevating experience. Please understand distinctly that I do not mean to intimate that it would be necessary for you to come to Boston to find a specimen of this rare species.

It is strange that an Oriental mind of such "depth" and containing such "beauties" should have fallen into so common a mistake.

You must have discovered that in no country in all the world, save perhaps in India, are caste lines drawn so sharply as

in America, and nowhere are those lines so easily broken and crossed. The possession of wealth; the writing of a big selling, though vile and filthy, book; the acting well of a part in a play — any of these things will serve, in this extraordinary country, to elevate a person of no previous position whatsoever into the highest degree of what you correctly call fashionable society and which you wrongly confound with aristocracy.

Surely if you had simply applied the test of your own country's customs to the qualifications of your social friends here you must have seen your error.

Was your father a rich rice planter? Did he amass a fortune to serve as a ladder for you two? Are you the most popular actor of your time, or did your sister write a book that sold into twenty editions? If you are of the Chinese aristocracy, are these the things that made you of it?

It is not easy to come upon a member of our American aristocracy, any more than it is easy to "butt in" upon a Chinese mandarin of the highest degree. To give you full credit, I think you will know, without being told, when you meet a true American aristocrat.

If you resent, or can refute, anything that I have written, and care to express your resentment, or to set forward your refutation, the editor of THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE can give you my address. If you are indifferent, I shall remain simply,

Sincerely yours,
A BOSTONESE GENTLEMAN.

A P A R T

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

How many brooks run by
Over stony beds and through
The reeds that are bare and few,
Where not a flower bends nigh!

How many flowers sigh
On the hill-side where they grow,
And for lack of a drop of dew
Wither and droop and die!

DEAD VIOLETS

BY LEONARD MERRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS



If you ever want me, write to me. I'd come to you from the end of the world!" he had said, and she had answered, "I shall always want you, but I shall never write, and you must never come." She was married.

It was in May that they parted; they parted on the day of her confession that she cared for him. The virtue was hers, not his; yet because he loved her truly and realized that she was too good a woman to defy her conscience and be happy, he acquiesced in her decision — refrained from pleading with her, refrained from trying to see her again.

His only indulgence was to send violets to her home in Paris for the ninth of December; the ninth of December was her birthday, and violets she had once told him were her favorite flower. He did not scribble any greeting with them, did not even inclose a card; he was sure that she would know who sent them, and it lightened his pain to feel that she would know. Indeed, to recall himself to her thus mutely was a joy, the only joy that he had experienced since the day of the "good-by"; almost it was as if he were going to her, that moment in the London florist's when he held the flowers that would reach her hands; she did not seem so lost to him for the moment, the separation did not seem so blank.

The next year also he sent violets for the ninth of December. His emotions, it is true, were less vivid this time, but he was glad to show her that he was faithful; besides, the prettiness of the reminder pleased him.

And the third year he sent them chiefly because he felt that she would be disappointed if he appeared to forget.

So it had grown to be his custom to send violets to her for her birthday, though what was once an impulse of devotion was now a falsehood — the weakness of a sentimentalist reluctant to wound a woman and his self-esteem, by admitting that he had exaggerated the importance of his feelings. And each December the woman welcomed the lie with smiles and tears and believed that he loved her still.

When the lie was five years old he met her again. It was in Bond Street, and he had sent the violets to Paris two or three days before.

"Phil!"

As he turned and saw her he thought how much better looking she used to be; she was young still, no more than thirty, but she had longed for him on every day of the five years, and her tears had blotted some of the girliness from her face. As he turned and saw her the woman thought how his mouth had twitched when he said, "I'd come to you from the end of the world." It is among the unacknowledged truths that sentimentality may create as much ferment as enduring love, and he had suffered even more violently than she, though he hadn't suffered so long.

"What are you doing here in December? You're the last person I should have expected to see," she said.

"I go south to-morrow."

"Lucky man!"

"And you?"

"We're living here now."

"Really? You've left Paris? How long?"

"We've been here since October; we're flat hunting."

"Oh!"

They stood looking in each other's eyes, neither knowing what to say next. Her heart was thumping terribly and she felt very happy and very frightened. More



' SHE DIDN'T SPEAK : SHE TRIED TO



BELIEVE THAT SHE WAS STRUGGLING"

than once she had been tempted to write to him that her courage had broken down; all resistance seemed to have left her as she stood looking in his eyes again.

"Flats," she added in a voice of composure, "are so abominably dear in London."

"Where are you staying?"

"In apartments — Bayswater."

"Bayswater must be a change from Neuilly? It was a jolly little place you had in Neuilly."

"It was rather jolly, wasn't it? My — my husband's people wished us to come over; they thought they might put him into something over here. Of course, in Paris it was cheap, but there were no prospects."

"I understand."

"There's some talk of a secretaryship if a company is floated." It was so natural to be telling him everything now they had met. "It would be a very good thing for us."

"I hope it'll come off."

"Yes — well, how are you? I'm always seeing your name — 'One of the novels of the year'!"

"They aren't so good as the novels that nobody read."

"Not quite. Why?"

"I'm turning out what's wanted now. One has to live."

"Yes — still, isn't it a pity to — to —"

"Oh, one gets tired," he said. "Ideals make lonely dwelling places. Let me take you somewhere and give you some tea."

"I ought to go to some shops; I'm up West to work."

"Work? Spending money?"

"Earning it — I'm doing fashion articles."

"You? Do you mean it? Well, come and have some tea first."

It was very early and there were vacant tables in the alcoves. As he sat opposite her, Orlebar thought what a fraud it was that the things one craved for only came to pass when one had grown resigned to doing without them. How he had besought God for some such chance as this — what a spectacle he had made of himself about her during six unforgettable months! And now he was sipping his tea without emotion and observing that her clothes compared unfavorably with the

other women's in the room. In that moment Orlebar saw the humiliating truth. But he didn't want to see.

"It's a long time since we had tea together, Lucy."

"Yes," she said.

"Well? What have you got to tell me?"

"I think I told you everything in the street; at least — what have you been doing all the time?"

"Trying to kill it."

"You're working in London now, eh?"

"Yes, I've chambers in the Temple. Rather swagger compared with the little shanty in the Rue Ravignan! How did you come to take up journalism?"

"Some one suggested it — and my twaddle seemed to do. It's pretty sickening. I'm not on any of the chic papers — they wouldn't stand me."

"What's the idea — it doesn't pay very well, does it?"

"Not on my kind of paper; I get a guinea a week, but — Oh, why should I bore you with all that?"

"You don't bore me, Lucy."

"Well, I — I prefer to do it! You don't know everything; his people have never forgiven his marriage — they think marriage has handicapped him so badly, and you may be sure they blame me more than him; it's always the daughter-in-law's fault! We've only their allowance to live on — it isn't pleasant to be kept by people who resent your existence!"

"Poor little woman! No, I didn't know."

"Oh, it is not so bad as all that! Still, I'm glad to be making something, even if it's only a guinea a week; I don't feel so uncomfortable when I meet them — not such a dead weight. We have to go there to dinner on Sundays, and it's rather awful; they tell me what a splendid career he would have had if he hadn't married!"

"Damn 'em," said Orlebar.

"I do. Every Sunday afternoon — from the soup to the coffee! Well —" she leaned her elbows on the table and smiled — "have I changed much?"

"No," he said bravely. "But — but this is brutal hard lines. I didn't dream that you had things like that to put up with. You always seemed so light-hearted in Paris."

"I didn't meet his people in Paris. Besides, things alter in five years."

"I am so sorry for you, dear."

"Oh, I dare say it's my fault! I suppose I don't do all I ought to make up for what I've cost him; it's difficult to do all you ought when — when" — her voice snapped — "when you sometimes wish to God that you hadn't done so much!"

"Perhaps you'd have done better to come to me after all," said Orlebar heavily; he couldn't think of anything else to say.

"I tried to be a good woman. I thought you'd forget me; I wanted to forget *you*! Why didn't you let me forget you? Why did you send me those flowers every year?"

"Were you vexed with me for sending them?"

"You know I wasn't vexed."

"I'm glad. I sent some to Paris the other day."

"Did you? I wondered if you would. I've been rather impatient for my birthdays. What a confession — a woman impatient for her birthdays! I never meant to see you any more, though. I swore I wouldn't!"

"But you wanted to, didn't you?"

Her cup was neglected now; she leaned back in her chair, her hands clenched in her lap.

"Didn't you?" he repeated.

"Oh, don't!" she said in her throat.

"I can't bear it, Phil!"

"What?"

"The life — everything! I'm tired of it all."

"Chuck it," he muttered; "Come away with me to-morrow!"

She didn't speak; she tried to believe that she was struggling. The pause seemed to Orlebar to last a long time, while he sat wishing that he hadn't said it. The waitress asked if they required anything else and put the check on the table and took her tip. The place was filling and a "ladies' orchestra" began to twang their mandolins.

"Do you want me?" she said, raising her eyes.

"Do I 'want' you?" What else could he reply?

"Very well, then." She nodded. "I'll go! Let's get out of this — do you mind? My head aches."

He knew dimly that her consent had come too late; that there would be nothing now to compensate him for the scandal — no months, or weeks, or even an hour of rapture. They got up, and he put the half-crown on the desk and followed her into the street.

After they had strolled a few yards in silence he said, as it seemed obligatory, "You've made me very happy!"

She answered, "I'll try to!" He wished that she had said anything else — it was painful.

"We'd better have a cab. Where shall we go — Will you come to the Temple?"

"I think I'd like to go home; you can drive there with me."

"Can you get away in the morning, or shall I put it off?" he asked in the hansom.

"No, I can get away — he won't be back till the evening."

"Back from where?"

"He went down to his people to-day — they're in Brighton now. What time's the train?"

"Ten o'clock — from Charing Cross; I was going by Folkestone and Boulogne. Are you a bad sailor?"

"No, I like it. We'll meet at Charing Cross, then?"

"Yes; in the first-class waiting room — if you're sure it's not too early for you?"

"It's all right — is it real, Phil? Half an hour ago we hadn't seen each other, and now — it's to be all our lives! Oh, I hope you'll never be sorry! I wonder?"

"That's unjust."

"Is it?" Her eyes reminded him that he ought to kiss her, and he bent his head. He pitied her acutely as he felt her tears on his face — hated himself for lying to her.

"Cheer up, dearest! Remember how we care for each other," he said.

At the club he ordered a big whiskey and a small soda.

"You're off to Rome soon, aren't you?" said a man in the smoking room. "You novelists have all the luck!"

"Yes," said Orlebar. The man was the editor of a daily paper; it occurred to the novelist that he was about to provide the paper with some surprising "copy," also that the editorial greeting would be less informal when they met again.

And his books? The sale of his next

books would drop in this virtuous country. If she had been "Lady" Somebody the public would have called the case "romantic"—it would have been a big advertisement then—but without the glamour of a title they would only call it "disgraceful."

When he woke in the morning Orlebar remembered that there ought to be a half bottle of Pommery in the bath room and he had it in lieu of tea, with some biscuits. The wine lightened his mood a little; it

no longer seemed so hopelessly impossible to conceal his regret, and when he strode into the station it was with a very fair show of impatience. But his heart leaped as he saw that she wasn't there. He sat on a couch, glancing alternately at the clock and the doors and praying that she wouldn't come.

She entered just as he was feeling sanguine.

"My darling!" he murmured; "here you are!"

THE VIOLETS

WERE QUITE DEAD



GODFREY

"Am I late?"

"I was beginning to be afraid. But there's time enough—I've got the tickets. Where's your luggage?"

"They've taken it through."

"We'd better go, then."

In the bustle on the platform he could say little more than, "How pale you are!" and, "Which are your trunks?" Then they were alone, and the door had been slammed, and the train moved out.

"Darling!" he said again. "Well?"

"Well?"

"It seems too good to be true." His tone was lifeless.

"Does it?"

"Doesn't it to you?"

"I think it's true," she said with a tired smile.

"How pale you are!" he repeated.

"Didn't you sleep?"

"Not much. I've been wondering."

"Wondering? What?"

"Whether I ought to have said 'No.' What would you have done if I'd said 'No,' Phil? Really?"

"What *can* a man do? I suppose I should have had to put up with it."

She didn't reply for a moment. She was gazing before her with a frown.

"Do you think me a bad woman, Phil?"

"I think you're the best woman I've ever known."

"It looks like it, doesn't it?"

"The force of circumstances! If you had met me before you met him—"

"But I didn't. It's pretty mean of me to spoil his life, isn't it?"

"I didn't know that he cared so much about you?"

"Oh"—she hesitated—"we've quarreled, like everybody else, but—but he's very fond of me; of course, it'll be an awful blow. I can't forget it. I've been thinking of it ever since."

"It just depends—the thing you've got to consider is which way you'll be happier yourself. If—I don't know! I suppose there are women who *can't* go wrong and be happy!"

"I'm thinking of my duty," she faltered. "You know I love you, don't you? I want you to know it, to keep remembering it all the time. I love you, I love you, I love you! But—" She waited with her heart in her throat.

"But what?" he asked moodily.

"What were you going to say?"

Her eyes closed with the pain.

"Eh?" he said.

"There are his people," she stammered; "they'll feel the disgrace so much. I've been considering everything—I—I didn't know what a wrench it would be—"

"You'll get over it."

"I'm not sure. Perhaps I shall always—do you think I've—made a mistake?" Again she waited breathlessly. If he would only seize her in his arms! If he would only cry, "Let them all go to the devil, and remember *me!*"

"If you feel like that," he said feebly, "of course, I hardly—I hardly know what I can say to you."

"You can't *think* of anything to say?" she pleaded. "There's nothing—nothing I'm overlooking?"

"There's time; one gets over anything in time," he said incautiously.

"Oh, my God, I was mad!" she moaned.

She turned to the window, her face as white as a dead woman's. The terror was confirmed that had stolen on her in the cab; that had haunted her throughout the night, confirmed by his tones, his looks, by every answer he had made to her halting falsehoods—he had learned to do without her; she had given herself unsought! In the agony of shame that overwhelmed her she could have thrown herself from the compartment; and mark this! It was only her love for him that restrained her—she would not reproach him by deed or word; he shouldn't be burdened by the knowledge of what he had made her suffer.

"Well," he said, "it's not too late."

"No," she muttered; "I can't go!"

His pulses jumped; for an instant he couldn't trust his voice.

"You must do as you like; I don't want to take you against your will. If you wish it you can go back from Folkestone; I suppose—if he is away—there'd be no harm done, would there?"

"You're not angry with me? You won't mind too much?"

"Don't worry about *me*—I want *you* to be happy. To tell you the truth, I think you're right—you're not the woman to kick over the traces; you'd be too cut

up about it. Go back and make the best of a bad business — it'll be easier for you to bear than the other, anyhow! We'll see about a train for you as soon as we get in."

At Folkestone Harbour they ascertained that there would be an express to Charing Cross at two o'clock, and he paced the platform with her till it was time to say "good-by." Exhilaration had given him an appetite, but she answered that she wasn't hungry, so as he had missed his boat he decided to drive to a hotel on the Leas and have an elaborate luncheon when she had gone. His glances at the playbills on the walls showed him that *San Toy* was at the Pleasure Gardens, and he foresaw himself cheerfully among the audience in the evening. He was feeling, on a sudden, twenty years younger, and hard as

he strove to acquire a manner of tender gravity she discerned the improvement in his spirits every time he spoke.

Her train arrived in town at a few minutes to four, and she re-entered the lodging house some hours earlier than her husband. The fire had gone out, and she had to wait, shivering, till it was lighted before she could burn the note she had left on the mantelpiece for him. A little box addressed to her had been delivered during her absence. When the servant left her at last she dared to touch it, and fell to sobbing as if her heart would burst. It contained the violets Orlebar had sent in token of his love.

The box had been redirected from Paris. Owing to the delay the violets, now that they had reached her, were quite dead.

THE PRIZE FIGHTER

BY WITTER BYNNER

ILLUSTRATED BY EMIL HERING

LANK an' long an' lean o' limb —
That's him!
And Joe, his trainer, with a side
O' pride,
Like he was fater of a kid!
Who did
The work both night and day?
Well, say!

Look at Tim Tuck size up his man
An' scin
The quickest place to land him one
In fun,
An' kind o' draw him out a bit!
He'll hit
The winners when the pace is set,
You bet!

"We're backin' *you*! so go for him —
Hey, Tim?"

"*Who*'ll make the lad from out of town
Step down?"

"Who's got the jab?" Now, that's the
way —

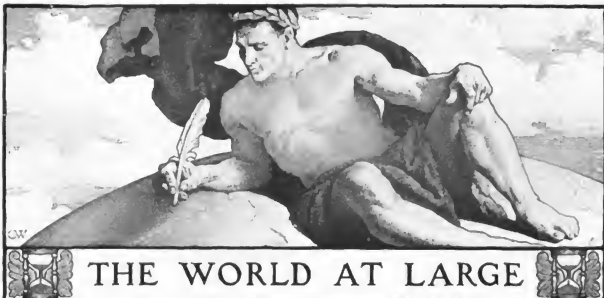
Well, say!

"Get into it! I like your luck,
Tim Tuck!"



Painted for The Metropolitan Magazine by Emil Hering.

THE PRIZE-FIGHTER.



THE WORLD AT LARGE

Edited by Homer Saint-Gaudens.



HE horror of the execrable attempt to murder the newly married King and Queen of Spain on their return from the altar grows to unusual proportions when regarded in the light of its cold-blooded deliberateness. An average mortal

can well understand how some half-crazy man, imagining himself deeply wronged, might be prompted to such a revenge, but when the assassin's instrument is aimed at a young girl, as in this case, or at a sweet woman, as in the case of the Empress of Austria,

neither of whom have ever aroused a vestige of enmity, politically or privately, such a perverted desire for regicide appears all the more dastardly. Besides, even from the point of view of the anarchist seeking to make vacant thrones

through the terror of death in potential occupants, such proceedings are without the shortest lived results. Fear has long been accepted as one of the weakest of passions, when compared with vanity or ambition, so that even the most steady succession of fatal bomb throwings will be accompanied unfailingly by an equally steady stream of men and women willing to fill the empty places. Luckily, too, this time the

anarchists may be "hoist with their own petard." For they have attacked a member of the British Royal Family, and so, though, hitherto, the the English Government has played turn and turn about, and given these conspirators an easy leash, it will not be surprising if



THE STEEL-LINED ROYAL SPANISH COACH AT WHICH THE BOMB WAS THROWN AS IT RETURNED FROM THE CHURCH OF THE ROYAL WEDDING

the plotters of such outrages are driven from their sole remaining European safe retreat — London.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, as he sits at his desk in his home in Atlanta, Ga.,



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JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS AT HIS HOME IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA

still clings to that old-fashioned custom of wearing his hat in the house. No one would wish him to do otherwise, for it is this very flavor of by-gone days in his writings that holds the readers of his earliest tales still faithful to his later yarns in *THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE*. Indeed, such stories as "How Brother Rabbit Brought Family Trouble on

Brother Fox," in the July number of this periodical, and "The Most Beautiful Bird in the World," which will appear in August issue, present an excellent example of that mellow and lasting brand in literature that earns its undisturbed nook in the heart of its public, quite in contrast with the more hectic and more temporary fame achieved by the "best sellers" of the day.

In Atlanta Mr. Harris is making for himself a literary shrine, despite his modesty and unconscious simplicity.

the good fortune to be able to take advantage of a natural hole in the ground. The entrance to the cave from

THE OLD joke of petrified birds singing petrified songs in petrified trees may be true after all, for the petrified trees are visible in abundance to any visitor of Holbrook, Arizona. These forests, buried long ago, when the "bad lands" were fertile, are coming to light in increasing numbers each year as the rains carry away the now dry soil. Many of the exposed logs are fully seventy feet long, and over six feet in diameter. Leaves and birds have not yet put in an appearance, but petrified branches manifest themselves in an abundance that will satisfy all the demands of all future generations of pleasure seekers and relic hunters. The songs can be discovered almost anywhere at any time.



Photo. by Geo. M. King

ONE OF THE PETRIFIED TREES ABOUT HOLBROOK, ARIZONA

the south barely allows a train to pass, but as the tracks follow the stream of water towards the north the vault rises into a chamber several hundred feet high. Americans have heard about the Natural Bridge, the Mammoth Cave, and Niagara Falls till they are bored with the sound of the words, so it seems all the more strange that they have not yet fallen victims to the pamphlets of the advertising man of this road.



Photo. by Geo. M. King

A NATURAL TUNNEL IN WESTERN VIRGINIA, ON THE NORFOLK AND SOUTHWESTERN RAILWAY

TUNNELS remain a necessary and expensive item in all railroad building through mountainous countries, so the Norfolk & Southwestern Railway of western Virginia still continues to shake hands with itself on being the sole line on record that has ever had

monuments. Three of these, exceptional in importance, were held not long ago, one for a statue of General Von Steuben, one for a statue of General Macomb, and one for the doors for the new assembly hall at the Naval Academy of Annapolis. In each case

THOUGH Sir Casper Purdon Clarke, Roger E. Fry, J. Pierpont Morgan and the directors of the Metropolitan Museum of New York City have not seen fit to set aside an annual sum for the purchase of the works of contemporary American painters and sculptors, yet the rising interest in the progress of art in this land has begun to evince itself more and more surely with the increased number of competitions for

it was shown that apart from a half dozen sculptors, whose position demands that they receive their commissions directly, there are an equal number of art-

clear the inevitably sad result of army men stepping outside their bailiwick to countermand the judgment of men who have devoted their lives to producing good sculpture. When the American people, and therefore the American press, reaches a point where it will insist upon fair and open contests, adequately judged, in such cases, the present tendency toward good results in our art at large will at once receive an encouraging impetus.



Photo by De W. C. Ward

THE MODEL FOR THE MACOMB STATUE BY ALBERT JAGGERS

ists of unusual creative power, besides many younger men of ability, who can reach their public only through such competitions. Since many of the statues are of soldiers, it is but natural that military bodies hold control of the committees of awards. But these officers have yet to learn that though often they may be good fighters, even more frequently they are bad artists. The Von Steuben and Macomb competitions exhibit the excellent results that can be obtained by placing the arrangement of details and power of award in the hands of sculptors of acknowledged worth. The failure of such a work as the Sherman statue in Washington makes

THE NEATEST and biggest of red and green painted sailing vessels that ever floated over blue water dropped her anchor off Stapleton, Staten Island, not long since, after her maiden trip from Bremen, Germany. The shade of Hendrik Hudson would dissipate on the spot if it could see this five-masted bark, the "R. C. Rickmers," for the captain's cabin has a bathtub, with running hot and cold water. Moreover, the monster craft is deep as a barn, drawing twenty-eight feet of ocean; reaches four hundred and fifty feet over all, which would easily accommodate the sidewalks of two city blocks; spreads fifty thousand square feet of sail, which would hide an acre lot and the road to boot; and moves through the water at the speed of seventeen knots an hour, which is better than that accomplished by most of our coasting steamers. On the first day of her voyage a small but vital bolt in the steam steering gear broke, and accordingly the vessel had to be guided by hand for the rest of an unusually rough trip. Then truly Miss Renie Rickmers, the daughter of the senior member of the firm that owns the ship, learned what it was to tend the wheel of the largest vessel of its kind in the world. It is reported that she acquitted herself gracefully — with the help of two sailors.

THE people of the United States, more especially those of German extraction, with a liking for raw meat in various forms, have learned that their lives must be subject to the inconvenience of a new food bugbear. No one has ever entertained any foolish notions about the beauty of a slaughter-house. No one has ever liked to think of such things. Yet probably at the present moment most every



Photo by Gen. G. Bain

THIS R. C. RICKMERS, THE BIGGEST SAILING VESSEL AFLOAT

one secretly feels that they wish the "Neill Report" had never been forced down their throats. But the report is not an epidemic, so, though Tom, Dick and Harry may show more than the usual resentment at their boarding-house hash, yet they probably will refrain from becoming vegetarians. It is too bad that the ounce of prevention was not given long ago, but now that the pound of cure has been asked for the public doctor must see to it that the treatment is sane. Surely the beef report shows that the lack of proper sanitation, disregard of the health of employees, filthy processes of handling food, and an inadequate method of inspection, should warrant even more vigorous reforms than those considered by the governing bodies. But the most scandalous charges of the more imaginative writers have not been upheld, nor can they warrant the drastic suggestions that packing-houses should fall under the spell of the Government ownership. Many of our mills and many of our factories have grave abuses quite as fit to be attacked as those unearthed regarding the treatment of our

friend, the ox. If the same radical reformers should offer the same suggestions



WASHING CATTLE IN AN IDEAL NEW YORK SLAUGHTER HOUSE



KING HAAKON VII. AT A NORWEGIAN SKI JUMPING CONTEST



Photo by Vander Weide

WILLIAM HOPPE, YOUTHFUL CHAMPION OF BALK-LINE BILLIARDS

in these other cases, then Socialism is truly the sole last resort.

CROWNING a king who has already ruled for some time resembles, after a fashion, the unveiling of a statue that has been put up in full view of the public. However, in both cases the public enjoys the accompanying good times, and likes to see the soldiers pass, whatever the excuse; so the festivities in Trondhjem on June twenty-second were all that could be desired. That Haakon VII, King of Norway, is really a foreigner, and that his Queen is the third daughter of King Edward, must seem strange to many eyes. Yet of even more importance in the minds of his subjects is his quality of democracy that permits him to move among the Norwegian people, the most democratic, simple people in Europe, without even such a guard as might accompany the President on his tours through the United States. But then Norway is the only land where a monarch may mingle with the crowds at

such a fête as a skee jumping contest unharassed by the slightest fear of any stray bomb.

WITH the young Jay Gould leading the amateur ranks of court tennis, and with twenty-year old William Hoppe carrying all before him in his professional province of balk-line billiards, the past months have furnished renewed examples of the fact that the province of active sport belongs to youth. Chess, or games requiring deliberation, and placing a premium on the results of long experience, by nature are the recreations of the mature. But a contest that demands either agility of body or clearness of eye and balance of nerves must look to the pliability and freshness of younger men. Both Gould and Hoppe have won all of their victories while retaining the good feeling of the ousted champions. That should be so, as otherwise there is nothing left for age but to quarrel with nature over its forcing all human beings toward their legitimate development and decline.

at Thirty-fourth street. The line that has its structure nearest completion is the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, whose Hoboken sheds need scarcely more than a roof to be finished. The Pennsylvania Railroad is still digging at its



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TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHT FEET ABOVE THE GROUND ON THE ROOFS OF THE TRAIN SHEDS OF THE DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA & WESTERN RAILROAD

THE RAILROAD terminals of New York City should become nearly adequate to deal with their passing crowd within the next few years, on the completion of such new buildings as those for the New York Central, and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroads, at Forty-second street, and for the Pennsylvania Railroad,

tunnel and blasting at its foundations, but when the New York station has been completed the passenger rooms will reach almost four blocks in one direction and two blocks in another. The appearance of the station will not resemble any other of its



THE PROPOSED PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK CITY

breed that America has yet seen. No towers, no turrets, no lofty train shed will break the sky line, as the depot's principal functions are to be performed underneath the streets. Here, indeed, will lie the greater part of the station, with its tracks, switching yard, carriage-ways, baggage rooms and the like, extending over a third of a mile in one direction and three blocks in another. The fact that immense points of exchange such as these are needed to satisfy the demands of the New York population gives an additional and easily grasped evidence of the number of persons crowded into the city's limits.

ENGLAND is happy in the possession of many beautiful women, as may be seen in the article on "Modern English Beauties," by Jackson Cross, in the current number of this magazine; yet Lady Pole Carew perhaps equals even the very most fascinating, her loveliness being acknowledged by the people of the British Isles, from the King down to the lowest subject. The absolutely classical type of her head, of her features, and of her neck, set off by the purest complexion, has yet to find its superior in any land.

THE royal plate at Windsor Castle, which is used on ceremonial occasions by the English Royal Family, is valued at nearly \$10,000,000. It includes a gold service for one hundred and forty persons,

ordered by George IV, and one of the finest wine-coolers in the world, added to the collection by the same monarch; a shield formed of snuff-boxes, worth \$45,000, and thirty dozen plates, worth \$50,000. There is also a variety of pieces brought from the Colonial and Eastern possessions. The latter include a peacock made of precious stones of every description, worth nearly \$150,000. There is also a knife which was presented to George IV by the cutlers of Sheffield, and

which has over one hundred blades. When state banquets are given great buffets are erected at each end of the hall, on which are displayed some of the more important pieces. At the western end, the central position is occupied by a large and richly ornamented flagon, a part of the spoil rescued from the Spanish admiral's ship at the defeat of the Armada. Beneath is a scent fountain especially designed and made for



Photo by Vander Weide

LADY POLE CAREW

Queen Victoria, by the Prince Consort, and around its base are most lifelike portraits of the favorite dogs of Her Majesty. Besides there is the golden porringer of Napoleon I, captured with other articles in his carriage after his flight from Waterloo, with on its left a plain rose-shaped dish, which is one of the earliest and finest pieces in the collection, as it was made for Elizabeth of Bohemia, daughter of James I. The buffet at the eastern end of the hall is also particularly

rich. In the center is the great golden tiger's head, which formed the chief ornament of the state throne of Tippoo Sahib. It is formed of solid gold plates, with a tongue of gold and huge teeth of rock crystal. With it came the small but precious bird, which has always been preserved above, or close to, the golden head; this bird is the Sacred Huma, of which many legends are told.

THE UNION CLUB of New York and its kindred houses probably represent the height of luxury in Metropolitan club life. No edifices of to-day more nearly emulate the semi-private, semi-public palaces of the nobility of the Italian Renaissance in the representation of the most finished contemporary building construction. The University Club, for instance, not only employed the best architects and the best decorators to work on its home, but conformed even more nearly to those methods of the days of Roman villas in seeing to it that their library walls were decorated by one of the best mural painters in the country. It is a good sign that the wealthy men of our cities now appreciate



Photo. by A. Everett

THE UNION CLUB, ONE OF THE MOST LUXURIOUS IN NEW YORK CITY
the worth of spending their money toward such a lasting end.



THE EASTERN BUFFET OF GOLD PLATE SHOWN AT ROYAL ENGLISH BANQUETS



YOU SABE ME

BY WALLACE IRWIN

BASED ON A TRUE EPISODE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON ROSS

BELIEVE in Chinese Exclusion?
Well, maybe I did before
The day of the Great Confusion,
When the Quake in its wrath up tore
The roots of the town, and the Reaper
Mowed us with flame — then I saw
The faith of a Race that's deeper
Than any Exclusion Law.

Yes, I took in the politicians'
Rhetoric, buncomb, air;
Who, from their fat positions,
Mentioned "the white man's share,"
The white man's right to bully
The race with the braided queue —
Kick 'em from boat to alley,
Cheat 'em in bench and pew.

Bong was the name of our coolie;
Long-fingered Canton boy —
Went at his job with a truly
Pagan sort of a joy.
Serving-man, cook, and waiter,
Roust-about, general slob —
That's what the Chineer-hater
Calls "taking a white man's job."

We lived in the Rincon section,
Alice, the Kid, and I.
Bong was the Home Protection,
And held his position high.
Gentle he was with the baby —
Never was cross or grim.
Used to explain, "Oh, maybe
I catchem lil' gal like him!"



' THE BAY LIKE A BROKEN MIRROR GLARED TO THE SMOKING SKY '

When I left for the office early,
 In the era before the Wreck,
 After I'd kissed my girlie
 And the Kid hung close to my neck,
 Then I'd chuckle to Bong, "You Chinker,
 Take care of 'em both, d'ye see?"
 So the coolie would grin like a tinker
 And answer, "You sabe me!"

How I tore to the station,
 Drunk with a man's despair;
 Chaos was on Creation —
 My wife and my child out there!
 We squeezed in the trains like cattle
 Packed in the slaughter-stall;
 And when we pulled out of Seattle
 The night was beginning to fall.

Bong, though his head was level,
 His conscience ironed to a gloss,
 Rather worshiped the Devil
 And sneered at the "Christian joss."
 He learned from the heathen sages
 A budget of useful lore,
 And I found him investing his wages
 In a Chinese general store.

Traveling men and sailors,
 Millionaires, merchants, sports,
 Two-penny clerks and tailors,
 Touts from the Coast resorts,
 Spoke of their homes like brothers
 Bonded in grief — and when
 I prayed, "God pity the mothers!"
 A gambler whispered, "Amen!"

Those years that I spent with Alice
 On the hills of our merriment!
 Every man's house was his palace,
 (We're living now in a tent).
 By the sweet bay we slumbered,
 From the gay height looked down —
 Who thought that our days were num-
 bered,
 And hell was beneath the town?

Oakland! A pall of terror
 Blinded the sun on high;
 The bay, like a broken mirror,
 Glared to the smoking sky.
 Tattered and smoke-bedeveled
 Crowds upon crowds poured through,
 Limping, insane, disheveled —
 And the glare from the City grew.

II.

I was away in Seattle;
 The earthquake rumbled through
 Like the jar of a mighty battle —
 Then the news of the Horror grew.
 "San Francisco is shaken —
 Half of the buildings down —
 Dead from the ruins taken —
 Fire is sweeping the town!"

III.

Day was short. And the darkness
 Out of the smoke-clouds fell.
 The ferry spire stood black in the fire
 Like a crag at the mouth of hell.
 All night long swung the ferries,
 Listed and cramped and crammed,
 And all night long came the fleeing
 throng
 Like the hosts of the haunted damned.



"HE ANSWERED 'YOU SABB ME '"

Twenty-four hours at the ferries
 I searched the mad thousands through.
 Haggard and wan I looked upon,
 But never a face I knew.
 Beggars, burdened with riches,
 Muttered and toiled ahead —
 I called aloud in the face of the crowd,
 Who looked with the eyes of the dead.

"He had brought them food from the
 ruins,
 And seemed to be keeping house.
 Squat on his heels he was cooking their
 meals —
 The Kid was wrapped in his blouse.
 Bong's face was black from the burning,
 But his grin it was good to see,
 When I called from the throng, 'Take
 care of 'em, Bong!'
 And he answered, 'You sabe me!'"

Then some one spoke from the clamor
 With a voice that I seemed to know,
 "They are safe back there on Portsmouth
 Square —
 I saw them an hour ago.
 They were warm under cover,
 Close to the Monument.
 It wasn't so bad, for the Chinatown lad
 Had stretched up a sheet like a tent.

This was my neighbor's story.
 And well you may understand
 How I could not speak till the tears from
 my cheek
 Splashed over his outstretched hand;
 And of all the pure Christian blessings
 Which pulpit and church employ,
 I hope one sped to the pig-tailed head
 Of my heathen coolie-boy!

IV.

One night more at the ferry.
 I could see her, heaven be blessed!
 Out of the mob she came with a sob
 And fainted away on my breast.
 Bong sat near with the baby
 Fast asleep on his knee,
 And he said as he smiled and looked at
 the child,
 "I fetchem — you sabe me!"



THE BALL AND THE BRACELET

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL N. WERTZ



CAN'T play bad golf, because every one knows my game, but if I'd guessed earlier that Mr. Hecht was the donator of that bracelet, with little me for the victim, I'd have failed in the preliminaries." Sitting beneath the hemlocks by the first tee, Beatrice looked up at Teddy from under her wide brimmed straw hat, and ferociously rattled her bag of sticks.

Teddy did not seem impressed. Teddy only hunched his suspenders over his blue linen shirt to show that he was a man, for suspenders are not really needed on ragged short trousers. Then he grinned and replied:

"Send them over the bunker and there won't be no trouble, I suspect. Never had use for Mr. Hecht, anyhow. Wears a safety pin under his tie."

Beatrice adjusted her rather elaborate and immaculate bolero jacket. She certainly did not look like a girl who could play accurate golf, though her reddish brown cheeks contrasted with her blue eyes and matched her dark hair in a fashion that suggested more or less familiarity with the out of doors.

"And if you tell Henry Lewis or any one else how I heard my Dad and Mr. Hecht fixing up this plan to give that bracelet for the ladies' match, which I'd be sure to win, I'll — I'll drive a ball into your back."

Teddy looked wise.

"I dassant tell Mr. Lewis!" Here he winked. "I don't want to tell no one else. You ain't gone on Mr. Hecht, I guess."

Beatrice flushed, for she had just heard her father and Mr. Hecht discussing their dramatic plan to reveal the latter's identity as the anonymous donator of the

bracelet at the end of the match. Fortunately she had learned also that Mr. Hecht, the good-humored, the coarse, the persistent, had carried to her father his suit of her, which she had so carefully avoided, and that the two had concocted this scheme to catch her love napping.

"Teddy, you should watch Mr. Hecht stare at me," she exclaimed, coming out of her reverie.

"Does Mr. Lewis mind, I presume?"

"No, he does not. Why should he?"

"'Cause, ain't you an' he been keepin' company some sence you put me behin' th' bunkers so much, I dunno?"

Beatrice tweaked Teddy's ear.

"Anyhow, Sally Keenan ought to beat me!"

"Sally wants to. Ever seen Sally look at Mr. Hecht? Don't know why she cares, though, even if she scores in the red-headed class. Mr. Hecht couldn't hit a puffball! Here they be! Gimme that!"

Teddy snatched the bag from her hand, and extracted a ball and the driver, which he presented to his mistress before starting off.

"Mind you get it over the bunker," he called back as he ran towards the long mound that skirted the plateau, a hundred and ten yards away.

Beatrice looked down at the crowd gathering on the club porch below, and then gazed away over the brown and green New England hills fading up the valley in the haze-laden distance. She smiled when she remembered the excitement that had spread among those girls of the city colony when the announcement appeared that a bracelet had been put up anonymously as a prize for the winner of the ladies' tournament. Then she rose as the gallery came up the path, her opponent, Sally, in the lead. As always, Sally's stocky figure was the personifi-



"BEATRICE LOOKED UP . . . FROM UNDER A WIDE-BRIMMED STRAW HAT"

cation of hot though cautious energy, with, for its banner, her flaming red hair, untaught by any hat, and tumbled to the last degree. It was strange, Beatrice thought, that despite the furious gossip which had been maintained as to who was the giver of the bracelet, only the uncommunicative Sally had guessed the right man. It was even more strange that now after beating all in their respective strings, they were to meet in this final round, Sally, who wanted most of all to win, and she, who wished before everything else to lose.

Close behind her adversary, though out of breath, followed the beaming Mr. Hecht, dressed in the latest and most violently cut and colored sporting suit that could be procured in the city. Open in his right hand he carried a red velvet-lined box containing the bracelet of a brand most emphatic in the display of its costly charms.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Oh, ladies and gentlemen!" he puffed to the more leisurely members of the gallery. "The donator of this bracelet has suggested to me such a poetic idea! I shall drop the trifling bit of jewelry in the last hole, so that the charming young lady who wins the match may take out the prize with her ball. You can be sure that the giver's heart will go with such a well-earned gift." Here he gazed quickly at Sally and long at Beatrice. "Now, get a wiggle on."

Beatrice turned away in disgust. It was a relief to let her eyes rest on those of Henry, who had spent the summer teaching her a perfect golf form, and a clean, effortless game. Mr. Hecht's genial, flabby figure melted in contrast.

"Dear boy," she thought, "if only I were rich! If only he were rich — then — then — I know he'd tell me that he cared. I hate a conscience! Only I like him to have one."

But if Beatrice could not appreciate Mr. Hecht, Sally made up the deficiency to such an extent that with difficulty could she turn her gaze from the pink and blue skin of his freshly laundered face, and hold out to Beatrice two badly sunburned fists.

"Choose," she said laconically.

Beatrice chose and lost. Sally stepped to the tee, and led off with a cautious

shot that landed at a fascinating distance on the near side of the bunker. Henry meanwhile had come close to Beatrice, and now whispered to her as he patted the little tower of sand for her ball.

"Play a snappy game and you are sure to take your lead —"

Beatrice looked at him and smiled gently.

"I'll do my best to deserve your confidence, Henry. I've been the happiest of pupils."

"And I of teachers," he went on.

"What's that wiggly mark on the ball?" she queried, feeling that the situation was becoming over tense.

"That," said Henry, pointing to the red design that resembled a miniature water-wheel more than anything else, "that's a sphastica. I put it there for luck. So don't lose your nerve, if you love me."

"I do love you. You do love me," thought Beatrice, swinging her club. Then with a gentle click the ball rose through the air and cleared the bunker.

"There's your shoulders," called Mr. Hecht. "Never touched the brush of that hurdle."

Beatrice glanced up. Curiously enough, the radiant Mr. Hecht was patting the back of Henry, who also muttered a cheerful "Good luck!"

Immediately after they were all walking forward, and Beatrice found herself beside her father.

"Better not lose this match," he remarked earnestly; "there's more than the prize depending upon it. Mr. Hecht has told me that he loves you, and that he put up the bracelet for you to win! He's rich."

Beatrice felt the presence of her cheeks. "And coarse!" she added to herself, as she stood watching Sally take a careful shot over the bunker and turn to note the effect on Mr. Hecht. Only Mr. Hecht hadn't seen. Mr. Hecht was looking at the bracelet.

"I'll play my game," was all Beatrice could bring herself to say as she ran down the hill to where came the first blow to parent and lovers. Sally's ball lay the distance of a good approach shot from the green, but Teddy stood ruthfully scratching his head above where the sphastica-marked sphere nestled in the



"THE SUNLIGHT FILTERING THROUGH THE PINE BRANCHES OVER HER WHITE DRESS."

roots of an elm that stood beside the fair green.

"Well, it's your luck 'taint a wood-chuck's hole, or it might have gone down there, I mention," he remarked philosophically to Beatrice as he handed her a niblick.

"Sh-h," she whispered, bending over her shot. "Look at Mr. Lewis and Mr. Hecht watching me."

"Both look peaked," commented Teddy.

In two strokes the ball came out to a position beside that of Sally, but the handicap proved fatal. Beatrice evinced no chagrin, however, for on the following hole her brilliant play made good the deficiency against her more conservative adversary. The third approach required a delicate loftier shot to the green, which was out of sight. There, again, though Beatrice handled the ball with a clean stroke, which both Mr. Hecht and Henry assured her must place her in an excellent position, she had the misfortune to find her lie in the gully of a watering pipe on the far side of the flag, so giving Sally a score of one up with fifteen to play.

From that time on Beatrice took every possible chance, and carried out her work with the best execution her strength permitted. Yet for all her excellent playing, she met with an unending run of disappointments. Still, her nerve and good humor never left her; her clothes retained their freshness, and, best of all, her hair held to its fascinating position low on her neck.

Sally, on the contrary, though working with New England pluck, and smiling at her unsuspected ability to hold down her opponent's score, grew more red, grew more grass-stained, grew more moist as she progressed. She never made a brilliant shot. She never allowed a foolish slip. She understood that the god of luck was courting her, and she accepted his suit with an earnest attempt to do him justice. From time to time she would cast a longing glance at her idol, Mr. Hecht. But that individual, though by nature the rival of Henry, occupied himself in becoming the young man's sworn friend, bound to him in their similar interest.

It amused Beatrice to watch how the two regarded her with equal elation when

she led, and with equal despondency when she lost; how they vied with each other in carrying her sticks up the hill when Teddy was ahead, and how they would have taken turns at teeing her ball, had she permitted it. But she allowed herself the gratification of insisting that Henry alone could accomplish this properly. For Henry regarded her in silence, holding her heart in his still, blue eyes, whereas Mr. Hecht could not but give vent to his excitement in the glowing terms of the metropolis.

"Ain't it a gamble! Ain't it worth the money even if she does get pulled! Why, she makes Miss Keenan look like a crab!" she heard him whisper to her father in a burst of enthusiasm.

And Teddy, though undoubtedly sad, appeared at times undoubtedly hopeful, and always undoubtedly active. He seemed to exert a magic influence over Sally's overgrown caddy, and invariably disappeared ahead of the others in pursuit of his mistress' ball, so unlucky despite the ever prominent sphastica.

At the thirteenth hole the two girls were again tied by the fickle luck, though the sympathy of the gallery had undoubtedly gone to Beatrice, for never had there been found on the course such a run of unhappy lies and of unfortunate slopes. From this tee the ground fell away sharply for perhaps forty yards, to rise again slowly to a ridge that ran diagonally towards the lake at the mountain foot. Sally, as usual, accepted the problem with deliberation, held well up the hill, and saw her ball drop in a good position for a brassy shot to the green. Then Beatrice took her place while Henry knelt before her to form her little pile of sand.

"Girl, take it slow," he whispered. "You've only to catch the pitch beyond the ridge and you've won the game — and I want you to win it — I want you to own that bracelet, for it would always remind us of this summer, of how we worked at this golf, of how we've played about this renovated old pasture — you and I — and Teddy quite off the map. If I'd only some money to buy you jewelry, too, then, if I might, I'd get you a ring — a —" He stopped thoughtfully. "There, send it along! Drive it for this summer's sake!"

He rose and stepped back.

"You don't know what's good for you, Henry, or you wouldn't be so anxious," Beatrice smiled at him.

"I know what's good for us," he answered, as he watched the sunlight filtering through the pine branches over her white dress. "If I didn't I'd say things — things that I long to say all through. You don't realize how pretty you look. That hat shades your cheeks and eyes, but your mouth and chin — Oh, drive that ball!" he finished, running towards the crowd below.

She drove. The ball cleared the hill-top, and disappeared from sight, with Teddy scampering in its wake. The procession climbed the rise. Sally used her brassy for a clean shot over the crest, and then Mr. Hecht led the others in a race up the grade.

"And she never turned a hair to get that drive over. But she'd droop like a dewladen daisy if you put your arm around her," Beatrice heard him say.

"That's the sort of girl for me," answered Henry; "always full of life, always cool, always pretty."

"Never sits with her knees apart and her wind broken," went on Mr. Hecht till his voice died in gasps.

The crest was reached, and the view disclosed Sally's caddy standing by her ball fifty yards down the slope, and Teddy seated on a bit of quartz outcrop, sobbing in his hands.

"Your ball's in the lake," he gurgled; "struck this darn stone — only one in the field! I'm a hoodoo! Better throw me in the pond!"

Then, overcome by his grief, he suited the action to the word, and, regardless of dripping clothes, plunged after the ball as it floated from the bank. The sphere was dropped in its place, and the game went on, with the gallery walking disconsolately to the hole, and even Sally conscious that a fly struggled in the ointment of her success.

"You've got four more chances," she remarked to Beatrice as she joined her at the tee, "and every one knows you're the better player."

For the next hole the luck shifted. Beatrice took a risky chance at a sand bunker. The ball cleared it properly, while she noticed a smile on the faces of

Henry and Mr. Hecht. Another shot was from a bad lie, but she used her brassy, regardless of consequences, with excellent results. She saw her two lovers shaking hands in joyous excitement, while Sally plodded on as thoughtfully as ever, to lose by two strokes.

But the following stretch offered a new proposition. At the correctly uncomfortable distance before the driving point rose a short but high grass bank. Sally, as usual, passed by the left of the obstacle, purposely sacrificing a stroke, while, after her own fashion, Beatrice sent her ball directly towards the bunker. A little puff of dust rose from the top of the bunker, and a patch of white gleamed in a snug and impossible corner at its foot. Thereat the lovers stood silent and mournful. Father toyed nervously with his beard. The gallery looked bored. Sally hardly kept from changing countenance. But Beatrice and Teddy, with a combined laugh, rushed down the dip from the tee, and racing for the hazard hopped on its top to await the others with the cheeriest of smiles.

"Where's the joke?" glumly asked Mr. Hecht.

"Here," called Beatrice, pointing to the ball; "first try I've missed to-day." And the remark seemed to bring renewed mirth to both her and the boy, until Henry came up and stood close to them.

"Take the game steady, girl," he argued softly. "You can't win in such a spirit."

Beatrice looked at him. "Henry, you're dense," she sniffed. "Go back and play with your friend Hecht."

Henry looked puzzled. "He wants you to win as much as I."

"I know it! I know it! That's why I like to make him suffer! See him clutching that prize in his pudgy fist. He never looks at Sally — poor Sally! But he's been offering it to me all the way round." Then she turned her back to use her mashie. She succeeded, as always, yet Sally had gained her lead and held it to the end. Beatrice was one down and two to play. Then again she came to her own, and the score stood a tie at the next to the last green.

"Ain't it a gamble," Mr. Hecht muttered. "There's a girl who'll land in the finish and never loosen her starch."



"HOPPED ON ITS TOP TO AWAIT THE OTHERS WITH THE CHEERFUL SMILES"

Henry glanced up. "I suppose that's because you never land, and your starch is always loose?" he asked.

"Exactly," answered Mr. Hecht, good humoredly.

Beatrice raised her left hand and gazed thoughtfully between her first two fingers over the closely cropped grass to where the pines threw their blue shadows across the yellow lanes of afternoon sunlight. Seventy-five yards ahead a wedge of these trees came down from the right, cutting off an actual view of the hole, which lay around the corner. One good curving shot might take the ball almost to the edge of the green or into the woods. Two straight plays would surely give a safe position.

"Teddy," Beatrice whispered to the boy, standing thoughtfully behind her, "if things don't go right this hole I'll beat your ears."

Teddy never looked up. "Jest yer git 'round the corner," he muttered, "and don't you peeve."

Beatrice settled herself in her place. Her club swung back deliberately. The ball left the tee in a long, low flight, and curved out of sight around the tree trunks.

"My Lord, she's finished," cried Mr. Hecht. "Here, Teddy, go put this bracelet in the hole."

Teddy, glad of the chance, raced on ahead. Sally came up beside Beatrice.

"I'm beaten," she remarked in a low tone. "I can't put a slice like that on a stroke and then know what's going to happen. But I'll crawl out as well as I'm able, and I've surely had all the luck."

"Never say die," smiled Beatrice. "We're not there yet."

Sally grasped her club and looked thoughtfully at the corner of the trees. Evidently she struggled with temptation, but her nature was never venturesome, so in her drive she gave the dangerous corner a wide berth.

As they walked forward Beatrice found herself with Mr. Hecht. That gentleman was hot and happy.

"I presented that bracelet!" he gurgled, tripping over the bag. "I presented that bracelet! And in one minute more I shall be clapping it about your wrist. Miss Beatrice, I love that wrist. Your

father allows me to say that I love that wrist. I love that waist. I would clasp it, too. Will you accept the bracelet as a token — as a token — as a token —" He stuttered painfully.

Beatrice relieved him with a smile. "Yes, Mr. Hecht. If you get this opportunity to place it around my wrist I will accept it as a token" — she turned away — "for father's sake."

They joined the group behind Sally, who was to take her second shot. Beatrice edged towards Henry, and for a moment as they stood pressed close together in the crowd she felt his hand close tightly around hers, while Sally's loftier placed her ball some fifty yards from the hole.

Then they moved forward and came upon Teddy, looking, looking, looking in the tall grass along the edge of the fair green, kicking aside bits of wood, ruffling his hair, and puckering his face as if about to cry.

"Bracelet in the hole?" asked Mr. Hecht.

"Yes, but what's the use? Ain't found Miss Beatrice's ball," choked Teddy.

The referee took out his watch, and the unavailing search began.

"Devil!" muttered Mr. Hecht; "fell at the finish. But it's the game — it's the gamble — and a damn good one."

"Cussed thing makes me all het up!" cried Teddy, gently kicking Beatrice's ankle with his foot.

"Your time's ended," called the referee. "The ball's lost. The hole and match go to Miss Sally Keenan."

For a moment there was a silence. Then Mr. Hecht burst out:

"Well, of all the —, but that's the closest finish I ever saw. Worth all kinds of a gamble!" He crossed to Beatrice. "I am sorry," he went on, shaking her hand. "Damn it — it's your match — and can't — can't I get you another bracelet?"

Beatrice shook her head. "You lose," she smiled. "Go to Sally; she wants you."

"All right! I'm the sport," said Mr. Hecht, turning away to offer his perfunctory explanations. "Bring me the bracelet, Teddy."

Then without waiting to hear Mr. Hecht sheepishly announce himself the



"BEATRICE RAISED HER LEFT HAND AND GAZED THOUGHTFULLY BETWEEN HER FIRST TWO FINGERS"

donor, Henry came up to Beatrice as she stood alone watching the congratulations being given her rival.

"I'd have sworn that the ball fell here," he muttered. "Beatrice, I'm ever so sorry, for you've made me such a happy summer that I wanted it to bring the very best ending to you!"

Beatrice looked up at him. "Do you wish that with all your heart?"

"With all my heart."

"Then can't you see that I didn't want to — that I didn't mind losing this match, and that you can make me happy if you care. The sphastica is luckier than you think."

"Can I?" said Henry, drawing closer. "Is it?"

A contented smile spread over Beatrice's face. "Look out!" she exclaimed, backing away. "Here comes Sally."

Sally walked slowly toward them, hot, dishevelled, triumphant, with the bracelet on her wrist.

"I'm obliged for a very pleasant game," she said, holding out her hand. "I don't feel that I deserve to win, though I am proud to do so, for you show much the best golf. My ball still lies over there. Won't you place another here, and play out the hole, just for fun?"

"Thank you," said Beatrice, taking a ball from her bag and dropping it where she stood, as Sally turned away.

"Yes, go on," agreed Henry, "and win — for our summer."

Beatrice flushed happily. "I'll win if I am able — for our summer. But, boy, I lost — for our summer — too."

"I don't understand," replied Henry.

"Don't you?" remarked Beatrice, making a beautiful approach shot to the edge of the green.

Sally sent her ball to the same locality, and they both holed out in two puts, with Beatrice in the lead. Again Sally came over to Beatrice.

"You see, you should have won," she said in a low tone, "but the Fates were kind to me, and — and — I wanted to so much, because — and, besides, I don't believe you did."

Beatrice squeezed her hand. "It's your game," she answered. "I wish you luck."

Then Beatrice and Henry did not rejoin the crowd on the last green, but started home together through the still backroads. For a time they said nothing to each other, though somehow they had come to a point where they walked hand in hand.

"You did win for this summer, after all — yet I don't quite understand," softly remarked Henry at last.

"Don't you?" said Beatrice, squeezing his fingers.

There was a rustling in the bushes beside the road, and Teddy crawled out into the grass-grown track.

"Gee, but I had to cut cross th' pasture to catch you folks," he grinned. "Here's the thing she played with. We ain't allowed to keep them, I suspect."

Beatrice pounced upon the boy, snatched the ball from his grass-stained fingers, and examined the much-scarred sphastica.

"See it, Henry!" she exclaimed. "When I learned just before this last game that Mr. Hecht gave the bracelet, intending to win my — my esteem, we planned it out, Teddy and I, that every time the ball went over the horizon he was to throw it in the drain, or in the lake, or in something convenient. So when the ball got lost on the last hole I knew that young Napoleon had taken chance by the forelock. Teddy," she concluded, "I'm going to kiss you!"

"Naw, don't!" he cried, struggling manfully. But she did.

Then Henry came over beside her and smiled as he placed his arm gently around her waist, saying, "Kid, skip!"





IBSEN AND THE CIRCUS

BY JAMES HUNEKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS



When I spoke of Ibsen's death, my editor and I.

"He was a wonderful man," I murmured.

"He was a grand man," asserted my editor.

"Then you think I should write a column?" I hazarded.

"It's early mid-summer," he curtly replied. We were silent. I had revolved a scheme for telling the story of the Ibsen plays without adding to my reader's personal discomfort. It was to be called, "Ibsen on Ice"; but evidently the editorial temper was not propitious. He spoke:

"Why not try the circus?" Visions of Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet were evoked.

"Very good, but Sarah is in Paris or Belle-Isle." Not a smile met this ingenuous dodge.

"*Vingt-trois pour Sarah*," he answered. "I mean the real home-made circus. Have you ever been to a circus?"

I took the hint and retired with thoughtful mien. Had I ever been to the circus? What a singular question! Yet, yet —! No, I confessed to myself, I had not been to the circus for — let me see — how many years? At least twenty or thereabouts. Critics are tame cats away from their regular haunts, and I hold to this, though Mr. Brady believes the reverse. In the playhouse, armed with our little hammers, we are as brave as



PLUTCHING HORSEMANSHIP

plumbers; but on a roof-garden, at a circus, in church, or in slumber, we are the mildest pirates that ever scuttled ship or forced innocent leading ladies to walk



the plank. We may go alone to the theatre with impunity, or another fellow's girl; but at the circus we need a nurse

to show us the ropes and keep us from the elephant's hoofs. I know, because I was taken to the Hippodrome last year, and liked it immensely. Yet such was my enthusiasm when the ballet came in that I forgot to criticise, and nearly fell over the edge of the box, so uncritically did I applaud. A nurse, say I, is the only thing for a critic out of his element. A sense of the dignity of our calling is not otherwise preserved.

I swallowed my Ibsen plan without unnecessary fervor, for the heat is an admirable corrective of the symbolical drama, and went to the circus. It was a revelation. I regretted but one thing—that I could not be once more a boy, a tiny boy, with dirty hands and a heart full of joy. Oh! to recapture that first rapture, as Browning, or some other writing Johnny, said of—didn't he say it of the circus? If he didn't he should have done so. The circus is the one place on our muddy planet where rapture rhymes with the circus ring.

"Have you ever seen Hedda Gabler?" I asked of Rosa Wedsted, the Finland giantess. We were wedged in front of the long platform at the Garden, upon which were Krao, the missing link; Mlle. Ani, the snake enchantress; Lionelle, the lion-faced boy; Marie, the English fat girl—oh! so fat; the human skeleton, the Welsh giant, the Lilliputians, tattooed man, iron-skull man, dancers, jugglers, gun-spinners, lady musicians, and the three-legged boy. The noise was terrific, the air dense with the aura of humanity. I was enjoying this "bath of multitude," as poor Charles Baudelaire called it, when the confounded Ibsen idea popped out of my mouth. The largest lady in the world regarded me coldly.

"No, I don't care for Ibsen. Shoo! Shoo! Sardou for mine," she said. I backed away as quickly as an East Side family, with a dozen ancestors thrown in, would allow me. Now, why had I asked such a question of a stranger? And how cleverly she had retorted. Rosa Wedsted, I mused, before the double-horned rhinoceros, is Finnish. That's why she

knew Hedda Gabler. Why didn't I ask her about Rosmersholm? Rebekka West had Finnish blood in her veins! Careful,



"THE ELEPHANTS MAJESTICALLY ENTER"

careful — this Ibsen obsession must be overcome, else will I be inquiring of the giraffes if neck or nothing is the symbol of Brand — All or Nothing, of course — How stupid!

Among the animals I regained my equilibrium. The odors aroused a host of memories. Yes, I easily recalled the old-time circus, with its compact, pitched tent, on North Broad street; the pink lemonade, the hoarse voice of the man who entreated us to buy tickets — there were no megaphones in those days; the crisp crackling of the roasting peanuts, the ovens revolved by the man from Ravenna, the man from Ascoli, and the man from Milan. They followed the circus from Point Breeze, and they are to me, I swear, far more human than the policemen who whacked us gently with their clubs. I

that time, and I have been reading Horace Traubel lately, hence the excusable lapse



A GERMAN TUMBLER

know this sounds like bad Walt Whitmanese, but Walt lived in Camden at



THE WELSH GIANTES

into the Mickle street. The sense of smell is said to be one of the strongest aids to memory. As I passed the cages, saluting our pre-adamic relatives, bidding a kindly good-day to the zebu, and nodding in a debonair fashion toward the yak, I could not help longing for that old circus. Again I saw myself sitting in peaceful agony on a plank; again I felt the slaps and pinches of my tender-hearted aunt — she is in Paradise now, I hope; again my heart tugged like a balloon at moorings, as the clowns leaped into the ring, grimacing, chortling and altogether fascinating me with their inhumanity. One needs the pen of Brother Henry Watterson — the eloquent pen of his *Maison Felix* days, and, above all, his flow of sentiment — to describe those glorious years, when we were so desperately unhappy. But other days, other ways. I sighed as I tore myself loose from the prehensile trunk of a friendly baby elephant and passed into the huge auditorium,

where once Gilmore and Seidl had played. Ah! the sad, bad, glad, dear, dead tire-



AN EQUESTRIENNE

some, poverty-stricken, beautiful, bad days! Ah! the sentimental "jag" induced by the eating of peanuts, the perfume of the monkeys!

It is time. The bell has rung. We seat ourselves. I look about me. Two resplendent gentlemen, wearing evening dress at high noon, after the daring manner of our Gallic cousins, toll a bell. I became excited. Why those three and thirty strokes? What the symbolism? Ibsen again, I groaned and turned my attention to my neighbors. One, I felt, but could not see. I spoke aloud, certain, brief vocables. The effect was magical.

"Johnnie, take your feet out of the gentleman's collar! That's a good boy." It was the soothing voice of a mother. Bless her clairvoyance! I sat back. Johnnie howled at the interruption of his

pleasure, and I felt sorry for him. Childhood is ever anarchistic. But I only had one collar, and it was well that the matter ended thus.

Hurrah! Here they come! A goodly band. The clowns, the clowns! Some hieratic owl of wisdom has said that the clown is the epitome of mankind. He certainly stands for something, this "full-fledged fool," as T. Hamilton, the Bard of Alliteration, and Programme Book has it. "Surcharged with the Roe of Fun," is a happy phrase. Odd's fish! There is only one Hamilton. And what a Rabelaisian list of names, these merry clowns: The musical clown, Bumpkin, August clown, German Broadface, Tumbling Pantaloon, Grimacer, Odd Zany — Zany is good! — the Hot One, Cracker Jack, Austrian Looby, Zoon, Funny Rustic,



"ON THE RIM OF ETERNITY"

Motley Fool, and many others, not forgetting our old friends, Harlequin, Punch,

Pierrot, and Merry Andrew! If the years have passed these lively rascals and



"WOMEN MID-AIR"

jolly boys do not show them. The same squeaks, the identical yodling, the funny, sinister expression of the eyes, the cruel red-slitted mouths — not a day older than ten did I feel as they came tumbling in and began their horse-play, punctuated with yells, yahoo-like gestures, ribald ejaculations and rough and tumble falls. It must all mean something, or else, as Walt Whitman says, "life is a suck and a sell." What does this hooting mean in the economy of the universe? Slowly I saw, as in a dream mirror, Solness mount sadly to the top of the church tower, as Hilda Wangel cries to him, "My — my master-builder!" I rub my eyes. It is not Hilda who is crying at all, but a pet pig in a baby-carriage wheeled by a chalk-faced varlet. Alas! poor Ibsen.

Ding, dong! ding, dong! the bells! the bells! and I look another way, because

Bolossy Kiralfy's "Peace," America's Immortal Triumph, doesn't interest me in the least. I dislike allegories, particularly at a circus. A symbol I can wrestle with. An allegory, a pageant of the nations, Japan and Russia shaking hands, is a hollow mockery, for open-mouthed bucolics — I will have none of it. [Still, the girls were pretty — what I didn't see of them.]

It was with relief, after more bellmanship from the man in the silk hat and premature spiketail coat, that we saw the elephants majestically enter. Then the horses. And the show was really let loose. Tumblers and wire-walkers; women who stood on their heads and smiled; plastic poseurs; Oriental jugglers; Dallie Julian and Fred Wedgett, who would be invaluable in a park runaway, for they jump all over their carriage and horses as if earth had lost its power of gravitation; men and women mid-air risked their necks on trapeze and rope; when they swung to the tap of the drum and launched themselves like human projectiles, I read a programme advertisement of a wall covering for bathrooms. My nerves are never my own when those



IN THE CIRCUS "LADYROOM"

diabolical risks are being taken. The Jap who slid backwards on a wire was more

natural. If he fell — well, Mr. Schiff would not feel the strain in the loan. But those white women and white lads, they are of our race. It would hurt us if they were hurt. I'm only writing what most people feel, but do not say; just as some go to see dips of death and other diversions on the rim of eternity, with the faint, unexpressed hope that *something* may happen, exactly what, one does not dare to formulate. The Englishman who followed the circus longing to see the educated lion eat the uneducated lady was not, we have been assured, disappointed. The lady was eaten, the lion shot, and the Englishman disappeared. What an amateur of delicate sensation that gentleman was, like Nero, Napoleon, Jack the Snipper, De Quincey, Dr. Parkhurst, and Hedda — no, no! Not Hedda! Perish Hedda, and let us return to our equestrians! The Vorlops, Parisian whirlwind dancers, delight our sense of rhythm and

family of acrobats stir the pulse; but it is the jockey races, the Roman chariot



BARBACK RIDERS



ALMOST HUMAN

arabesque. They make marvelous patterns as they madly dance. An Italian

family of acrobats stir the pulse; but it is the jockey races, the Roman chariot races, that make the blood course swiftly in our veins. No imitation these, but the inevitable thing. As the chariots crash around the curves — ah! this Tody Hamilton vocabulary! — you stand up and, brushing Johnnie's feet from your back, notwithstanding his cries, you shout with woolly mouth and husky voice. Instinctively you turn down your thumbs — *pollice verso*, or, as Bayard Taylor translated it, "the perverse police," of the Gérôme picture.

"This beats Ibsen," I hilariously remarked to Johnnie's mother. She was a comely matron.

"His name is John, and when he gets home his father will beat *him*," she rather tartly — so I fancied — replied. I folded up my mind at once. The million things that were happening in the haze of the rings I could not describe in a thousand volumes. (I hope the Barnum, Bailey Co. will quote this in their programme.) Isabelle Butler looped the gap in an automobile; the trained seals were more sensible. Then *The Limit*, "Le

Tourbillon de la mort," came crashing down the incline, turned a summersault



"THE CLOWNS, THE CLOWNS!"

and landed with a harsh thud. "The King of Terrors" can be always cheated of his prey on these mechanical terms. It is the woman who goes aloft on a trapeze and, swallow-like, darts through space to death—or the nets. It recalled the thrilling scene in "Ghosts," when Regina drinks the "property" champagne!

But enough! Filled up to the eyes with

the various spectacles, ear-drums fatigued by the blare and bang of the monster band, my collar ruined by Johnnie's shoemaker, my temper in rags from the panting, struggling army of fellow-beings, I reached the avenue in safety, perspiring, thirsty, unhappy. Like Stendhal, after his first and eagerly longed for battle, I felt like exclaiming:

"Is that all?" In sooth, it had been too much. The brain is too variously, too savagely assaulted at the modern circus. I was pessimistic enough to regret the single tent, the single ring, the antique clowns, the heavenly Mamzelle Leonie—any name will suit her bewitching horsemanship and gauze skirts. As a matter of fact, we would not endure the old-fashioned circus and the lemonade—where are the cramps of yester-year?—nowadays. The human heart is perverse. It always longs for the penny and the cake together. And fate ever separates them. When I reached home I took down "Leaves of Grass." The brave old sunshiny book read very well in company with my memories of the circus. And Ibsen? Oh! Ibsen I tried to forget. I had written a dozen obituaries of the Bard of Christiania and the Land of the Midnight Whiskers. [This joke is of 1904 vintage, as Oliver Herford will testify.] For me *panem et circenses* and Walt. Next month I shall discuss the Cemetery Drama in Lapland. Until then, so long! You see, Whitman has finally expelled Ibsen from my cortical cells!





" NO I DON'T CARE FOR IBSEN "



FOR THE CHILDREN

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧



"THE SAME SQUEAKS . . . THE FUNNY, SINISTER EXPRESSION OF THE EYES"

Uor M



"THEN THE SHOW WAS REALLY LET LOOSE"



THE BARE-BACK RIDER



"PLASTIC POSEURS"



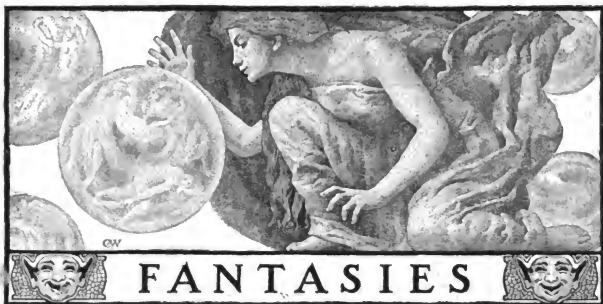
"AN ITALIAN FAMILY OF ACROBATS STIR THE PULSE."



THE MOST GIGANTIC AGGREGATION OF UNSURPASSED SPECIMENS FROM THE ANIMAL KINGDOM
SINCE THE DAYS OF NOAH



FIERCE AND BLOODTHIRSTY TERRORS OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLES



TWO BUSINESS LETTERS

BY ANNE WARNER



HEY were both eminently business men; one was only in town for twenty-four hours, the other had taken him to his club for lunch. The native was forty and visitor was forty-five and rather stout. One was a widower and one was a bachelor, both were hurried and pressed for time—even for lunch time.

"You'll want to wash," said the host hospitably, "I'll go into the writing-room and draft that telegram while you go."

"No, I washed and brushed at the hotel before I came over," said the other, "but I'll come in with you and make a list of those schedules while I have them clear in my head."

"All right," said the first. They went in and sat down at two desks that had a high dividing partition between them. The host then seized a sheet of paper, and wrote:

"My Dear Little Girl:

"I have a man from out of town to lunch and if I don't write you now I know I shan't have a minute later. That wouldn't do, you know and I know, so

I'm writing now. My guest is a nice fellow—rather fat and prosaic, but a good sort; however, I won't waste time discussing his build and temper.

"Your letter that should have come by yesterday's mail didn't reach me till this morning, and I was blue and worried all night in consequence. I always think that you are ill. I get so wretched over the mere fancy that I don't dare even contemplate what would become of me if you should really find yourself unable to write some day. If you could have seen how restless and anxious I was last night you would understand how earnestly I mean this. Please, darling, do not forget.

"When the letter did appear this morning, it took precedence over a big business mail and I had hard work bringing myself back to the consideration of market values, I can assure you.

"If this rush is over by the end of next week, I am promising myself three days' vacation, and where do you suppose I contemplate spending them? You'd never guess, and I'll never tell until I know that I am positively coming.

"Do you know, sweetheart, that luncheon is ordered—that we have to be somewhere at two o'clock, and that I am supposed to be writing a telegram? Well, it's so, and for that reason I must

stop. Don't be cross about such a short note, dear—it brings the usual amount of love.

"Yours always,
" _____ "

"Are you done?" he asked the guest.

"Yes, oh yes, almost," said the other man, "I'll just run my eye over the figures once more,"—and this was what he re-read hastily:

"My Very Own:

"I'm here all safe and a beastly trip—was honestly glad that the day was not come that you would be forced to share it with me. For you will share every trip with me, won't you?—it's what I'm living towards, you know—you and I everywhere together forever.

"I'm here to lunch—the guest of the man I came to arrange things with. He's a good sort—lean and conventional as they make them. I dare say that his blood is red, but he don't give one that impression. Odd, how few men really *live*, isn't it? But we owe him a debt all the same, for it was his wanting to write a telegram that gave me a chance to write this letter. I wonder if he ever

wrote a love letter in his life—you'd wonder, too, if you could see him.

"If I can get a spare quarter of an hour this afternoon, I'm going to get you a bracelet that I saw in a window. It's quite the prettiest trifle I've seen in ages. I have the name of the jeweller so I can write for it anyway, and you'll let me try it on—won't you? and—

"Bother take that fellow, he's finished his telegram and is ready to go. Can't write any more, dearest.

"A thousand kisses from
" _____ "

"Figures right?" asked the host solicitously.

"Seems so," rejoined the guest.

"I'll go and send this and be back in one second," said the host, "I never like to leave a telegram to the waiters."

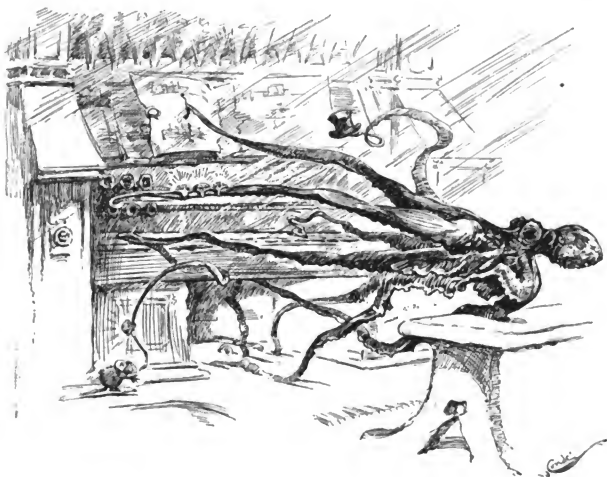
He hurried out. When he was gone the guest felt in his pocket and found his smallest change was a dollar.

"Here," he said to the boy who stood at the door, "get a two-cent stamp for this and get it into the box in a hurry. You can have what's over."

Then they lunched.



A QUIET SUNDAY IN OUR VILLAGE—*Punch*



THE OCTOPUS

MY friend! observe the Octopus!
He doesn't make a lot of fuss,
When on the organ he performs,

For, being well supplied with arms,
He has no need to writhe and twist,
This double action organist.

J. M. Condé

THE SILVER LINING

I SAY the sun's shining,
But "No" you reprove me,
Of dark clouds repining.
I say the sun's shining
(Miss Kitty's the lining!)
And nothing can move me.
I say the sun's shining,
But—"No" you reprove me!

Richard Kirk.

FRANK CRITICISM

"I THINK you called this Stuff Light
Verse,"

The Old Man gently drawled;

"Well, if it is, you'd better have

The Meter overhauled."

Julien Josephson.



THE FUSSY MOTHER

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM A. McCULLOUGH

A mother's always fussing when a fellow
wants to climb;
She's 'fraid he'll fall and hurt himself,
and says, "Some other time."
She's 'fraid to have him coast down hill,
for fear he'll break a limb;
And just because he might get drowned
he must not learn to swim.

A mother's always fussing when you're
starting out to play;
She thinks you'll get run over if you hurry
'cross the way;
She's 'fraid to have you go too near the
fountain in the Park,
And, mercy! how she worries if you stay
out till it's dark.

A mother's always fussing when you're visiting the Zoo,	A mother's always fussing, even on the holidays;
And if you go too near a cage she'll catch right hold of you.	The Christmas Tree's not lighted up, for fear you'll get ablaze;
And when you're at the window she says, "Don't lean out too far";	She'll only give you, on the Fourth, torpe- does, caps and such;
She <i>never</i> lets you go alone on train or trolley car.	And, goodness! on Thanksgiving Day she says, " <i>Don't eat too much!</i> "

I'll never be a man at all if mother don't
take care;

A fellow simply can't learn much while
sitting in a chair!

For everything that's any fun she says is
DANGEROUS.

I wonder how 'twould seem to have a
mother who don't fuss?



THE LADY OR THE TIGER



YE ANCIENT GOLFER

SPECIAL FALL FICTION NUMBER
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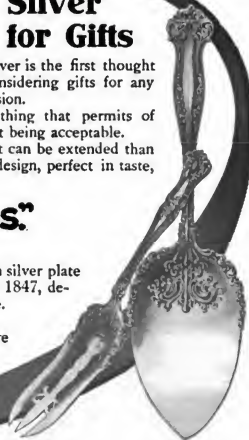
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THE PEDDLER.

Nov 11

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The Metropolitan Magazine.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV

SEPTEMBER, 1906

NUMBER VI



THE HOSTAGE OR, ALONG THE POTOMAC

A ONE-ACT PLAY

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN PEEFER

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WINTHROP BARTLETT,
U.S.A. *A good-looking young officer of about 25, who is wounded and convalescing at Kent Manor, an old Colonial Mansion on the north bank of the Potomac.*

MAJOR LINDSAY GRAHAM, C.S.A. *An old classmate of Colonel B.'s; a prisoner of war in Kent prison under sentence of death as a hostage. He is about the same age and height with Colonel B., and like him is wounded. He wears his right arm in a sling.*

LIEUTENANT (Colonel by brevet) JOSEPH CREW.
Formerly a negro-trader in the South, but who, having been run out of the South, becomes superintendent of Kent Prison.

MISS ROSAMOND BARTLETT. *Sister of Colonel Bartlett; about 20; slim, piquante and very pretty.*

MAMMY CAROLINE. *Major Graham's old colored mammy; whose age is about 50, and who having come on to nurse her young master and not being allowed to see him has been engaged temporarily as a servant by Miss Bartlett.*

ZEKE. *Mammy Caroline's son; pompous, self-important and lazy, in service of Colonel Bartlett.*

GUARDS AND COURTIERS.

PLACE.

Kent Manor, an old Colonial Mansion, in a fine park on north bank of Potomac, from

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which family have refuged, occupied temporarily by Colonel Bartlett during his convalescence as headquarters

TIME.

The very close of the Civil War.

SCENE.

Open Court at rear of Kent Manor, partly paved; with colonial arcade on either side, and officers right and left. In Court, flowers and shrubs. Two doors and an alcove L. Over an alcove hangs a large U. S. flag as a portière. At back a brick wall, ivy-covered, about six feet high, broken in one place, with shrubbery (evergreens) beyond. A high batten door R. end. In background: a rolling park with trees in distance, through which runs a road; with a glimpse of Potomac River winding beyond.

Trunks and boxes are standing under arcade, several of them open. There are lounging-chairs under an awning and a bench against the rear wall. Paraphernalia of an officer's headquarters in process of being packed is lying about.



CURTAIN RISES.

MAMMY CAROLINE. [*Discovered packing trunk. She sighs and stops.*] Oh! Master! ef dis war wuz jest over! To think of my young master — my chile — shet up in dat prison yonder and dat nigger-trader up dyah won't let a soul see him! He always hated my chile. I wonder ef dat Zeke ain't never comin' back [*She steps up on bench and peeps over wall. A voice is heard outside singing.*]

"Ole master run, ha-ha!

De darkies stay, ho-ho!

It mus' be now dat de kingdom am comin'

In de year of jubelo!"

MAMMY. Dat's dat worthless Zeke of mine now! [*She jumps down and turns to door.*] I'll meck him sing de wrong side of his mouf ef he didn't find out what I send him to find out. [*Enter at batten door, Zeke*

dressed in an old uniform. Addresses Zeke eagerly.] Did you see him?

ZEKE [*looking around*]. Don't hurry me! Don't jump at me dat way.

MAMMY [*shaking him impatiently*]. I'll jump at you wuss dan dat ef you don't tell me. Did you see him?

ZEKE. See who?

MAMMY [*slapping him*]. Your young master yonder in dat prison.

ZEKE. I ain't got no young master. I'se free.

MAMMY [*slapping him in earnest*]. Don't fool wid me, boy! You know who I mean. Did you git in to see him?

ZEKE. Yes, I seen him last night — [*Becomes serious*] for de last time.

MAMMY [*sharply*]. What's dat? Is he sick?

ZEKE. No. Wuss than dat.

MAMMY. What's wuss than dat? — He ain't dea—?

ZEKE. Not yet, but dey's gwine to shoot him.

MAMMY [*dazed. Falling back*]. Dey's gwine to what?

ZEKE. Shoot him for a *hosstaje*.

MAMMY [*dazed*]. Shoot him for what?

ZEKE. For a hosstaje—

MAMMY. What's a hosstaje?

ZEKE. Hit's somet'n to do wid shootin' hosses. Dey's gwine to shoot him for de hoss of a Yankee Colonel what de rebs is done shoot tother side of de river.

MAMMY. What's he got to do wid it?

ZEKE. Nothin'. But dey's gwine to shoot him all de same. Dey drewed lots for 'em two days ago to see which one was to be shot. [*He takes a letter from his pocket and holds it up pompously.*] Look at dis paper.

MAMMY. What's dat?

ZEKE. Hit's a letter Mr. Crew, de super-intendent, gin me to gi' our overseer. He's a big man now. He gin me dis uniform to carry it.

MAMMY [*eying it suspiciously*]. Dat nigger trader gin it to you? What's in it?

ZEKE [*pompously*]. Ne'm mind. Dat's for me to know and you to find out.

MAMMY [*snatching the letter from him*]. Boy, don't you fool wid me. [*She tears the letter open and gazes at it.*] I wonder what he done put in it?

ZEKE [*trying to take it from her*]. Gin it to me and I'll tell you.

MAMMY. How you gwine tell me? You can't read.

ZEKE. Yes, I can. Le' me show you.

MAMMY [*scornfully*]. Well, le' me heah you. [*She holds one end of the paper while he holds the other and looks at it.*]

ZEKE [*hesitatingly*]. "Dear Jake:" [*To Mammy.*] Dat's his name, you know? [*Pauses.*]

MAMMY. I know he name. Well, go on.

ZEKE. "I takes my pen in hand to write you dese few lines—" Dat's dat line. [*Pauses and points to letter.*]

MAMMY. Well, go on.

ZEKE [*scratching his head*]. "I takes my pen in hand to write —"

MAMMY. You done said dat once. He ain't put his pen down yet.

ZEKE [*pretending to read*]. Oh, yes! "I sends dis by a good man. Pay him well. You can trust him intircly."

MAMMY [*taking the letter from him*]. Go on 'bout your business, boy. I know he ain't said dat. He knows you too well. I'm gwine to find out what's in dis letter. [*She turns to door L. U. E.*] Miss Rose.

[*Enter Miss Bartlett L. U. E. dressed in morning costume.*] Oh, Miss Rose!

ROSE. Why, Mammy, what is the matter? Why are you so agitated?

MAMMY [*handing her letter*]. Oh, Miss Rose! Dey's gwine to shoot my young master; my chile what I rocked in dese arms. Will you please read dis?

ROSE [*opening letter and reading*]. "Dear Jake:"

ZEKE [*from behind*]. See dyah! Dat's what I said. Who say I can't read?

MAMMY [*looking around and scowling at him*]. Shet up, boy! Please go on, Miss Rose.

ROSE [*reading slowly*]. "At last I have my revenge. Your young Major Graham who used to be so scornful of me and you as a nigger-trader and an overseer is just where I want him — under sentence of death as a hostage and will be shot to-morrow."

MAMMY [*wringing her hands*]. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

ROSE [*pausing*]. Major Graham! Why that must be my brother's old classmate and friend that he is so much interested in! [*To Mammy.*] What is his name?

MAMMY. Lindsay, ma'am — Lindsay Graham, de son of my ol' master and mistis — what I hilt in dese arms when he wan't an hour ole.

ROSE. Yes, that was his name. My brother said he was in some grave danger and he has gone to telegraph to Washington about him to try to save him.

MAMMY. Yes, m'—yes, m'—I pray he may help him.

ROSE [*reading*]. "He drew a blank at first but like a fool gave it to another man who had a family and then drew in his place the death number." [*To Mammy.*] Oh, think of that! What a noble, unselfish thing!

MAMMY. Oh, Lord! Dat was just like him. What did he do dat for?

ROSE [*reading*]. "I shall to-morrow square all our accounts and we will see how he appears when he looks down the barrels of my firing squad." [*To Mammy.*] The wretch!

MAMMY [*fiercely*]. The nigger-trader! He always hated my chile. Oh, my po' young master!

ZEKE. He's gone! Didn't I tell you so?

ROSE [*reading*]. "I have told the bearer that you would reward him."

ZEKE. See dyah! What did I tell you?

ROSE [*reading*]. "Return him to his master as a runaway nigger."

ZEKE. What's dat!

MAMMY. Lord! I knowed it. An' dat fool boy meckin' out he ken read! [*To Zeke.*] I hope now you satisfied. Go, boy, and find de Cun'l, maybe he can save him. Hurry for your life, you heah! Hurry! [*She drives Zeke out R.U.E.*] Oh, ef de Cun'l was just here he'd try to save him, 'cause he's a gook man, ef he is a Yankee.

ROSE. "If he is a Yankee," indeed! Well, let me tell you that he has gone to telegraph to Washington to try to save him, if he is a Rebel.

MAMMY [*excitedly*]. Oh! Thank de Lord for dat! When will he be back? [*She climbs up on bench and looks over wall.*]

ROSE [*mounting bench and looking over wall*]. He ought to be back now. He was in a great hurry. Perhaps he got the reprieve and took it straight to the prison. [*They both look.*]

MAMMY. Pray de good Lord he did. 'A watched pot never boils.'

ROSE [*shading her eyes*]. There is a man coming; but — he is not my brother.

MAMMY [*peering*]. Dat's de man up yonder at the prison. I know dat man. I's seen him many a time. He used to be a nigger-trader down home befo' de war and runned away when de war come an' jined de Yankees. [*A voice outside R. U. E. calling, Zeke! Zeke!*]

ROSE [*eagerly*]. There is my brother now! [*She jumps down.*] He must have come the other way. I will see if he got the reprieve.

MAMMY. Oh! Thank de Lord! [*They turn to R. U. E. Enter Colonel Bartlett R. U. E. Rose runs forward to meet him, followed by Mammy.*]

ROSE. Brother, were you successful?

COLONEL BARTLETT [*Wearily shaking his head*]. No. [*Sinks into chair.*]

ROSE [*horrificed*]. What! Your telegram has not been answered?

COLONEL BARTLETT [*despondently; taking off his sword*]. Yes. There is no hope.

MAMMY. Oh Lord! My young master! My chile! My chile! [*She throws a pron over her head and rocks from side to side. Exit Mammy slowly, L. U. E.*]

ROSE. It is terrible! To think of them

shooting an innocent man. It is monstrous!

COLONEL BARTLETT [*gravely*]. It is one of the laws of war. He is a hostage and suffers for another.

ROSE. Did you know that he had drawn a blank and given it to a brother officer who had a family?

COLONEL BARTLETT. Oh, yes! I told them that. I even put in my telegram that he had once saved my life. Of course, I could not tell how when I had shot at him he fired in the air, but I stated the fact and I asked his life as a personal favor.

ROSE. And the reply?

COLONEL BARTLETT [*taking out a dispatch*]. Was, "Impossible." [*Hands dispatch to her.*] That fellow Crew has blocked me.

ROSE [*reading*]. "Impossible. Superintendent of prison reports your story untrue. Major Graham was properly selected for execution." Signed, "Secretary of War." [*In horror.*] That creature Crew! To take his word! He is a murderer!

COLONEL BARTLETT [*soothingly*]. Oh! The laws of war —

ROSE. Were made for justice, not cruelty.

COLONEL BARTLETT [*speaking moodily*]. To think of old Lindsay Graham, the life of our class, being shot to death against a prison-wall by a turn-coat dog like that Crew! Heigh-ho! It's bitter!

ROSE. Why did you not try the President? He has a great, kind heart, 'with malice toward none and charity for all.'

COLONEL BARTLETT [*wearily*]. I could go no further than the Secretary of War. He is my superior.

ROSE. But the President is the superior of every one. Does the poor man know that your efforts have been in vain?

COLONEL BARTLETT. No. That fellow, Crew, was in a rage over an escape that took place last night and had left word to let no one see him.

ROSE. An escape of prisoners! Oh! Brother, I am afraid. They must be desperate men.

COLONEL BARTLETT. Oh! They will not come where an officer has his headquarters.

ROSE. Oh! If that poor fellow had only gotten away!

COLONEL BARTLETT [*shaking his head*]. It would have done him no good. They are certain to be recaptured. Crew is scouring the country, and they cannot get across the river. Every boat is locked. Well, I must



"BUSIES HERSELF WITH PACKING WHILE LISTENING."

go and give orders to have a sharp lookout kept. And then I must make my arrangements to leave this afternoon to join my regiment. [*Rises and tries to walk. Staggering and catches at table.*] Oh!

ROSE [*springing to his side and supporting him solicitously.*] Oh! Brother how pale you are! You are far too ill still to go back to the front. [*Helps him to a chair.*]

COLONEL BARTLETT [*recovering.*] No! I must go! The war is almost over. Richmond has fallen. Lee has abandoned Petersburg and with his veterans worn to a mere remnant, is trying to reach Johnston; and when the last battle is fought I must be with my men. [*He takes up his sword and tries to put it on.*]

ROSE [*helping him buckle on sword.*] Oh! I feel as though I had just gotten you back from the dead. You have been father, mother, everything to me. And to have you, after all the fatigue and danger, go again seems so dreadful. [*Brushes away a tear.*]

COLONEL BARTLETT [*fondly patting her.*] Why, is this the little girl who four years ago helped me buckle on my sword and bade me go and help save the Union? Don't you know that the only danger for a soldier is being left behind?

ROSE [*wipes her eyes.*] Yes—yes, I know—of course, you must go. But oh! If they were only conquered and the war were over!

COLONEL BARTLETT. What we want is not conquest, but peace and the Union.

ROSE [*warmly.*] No. I want peace, but I want them conquered too; *conquered!*

COLONEL BARTLETT [*laughing and patting her.*] As soon as they lay down their arms they will be our brothers again.

ROSE [*vehemently.*] Not mine! Not mine! I wish their fate were in my hands.

COLONEL BARTLETT [*laughing.*] My! What a fire-eater! You are almost as bad as "Colonel" Crew, who wants to hang them all.

ROSE [*smiling.*] Not as bad as that.

COLONEL BARTLETT [*walks over and reaches up to take down the flag.*] But this flag is broad enough to protect them. Even against their will it will protect them. Here, you will have to take this down. I cannot. [*Supports himself against wall or table.*]

ROSE [*moving over and mounting chair to take down flag.*] 'If any man pulls down the flag shoot him on the spot!' [*Enter Zeke R. U. E. announcing a visitor.*]

ZEKE. Mister Crew. [*Enter Crew in gaudy militia uniform.*]

CREW [*to Zeke pompously.*] Colonel Crew, Sir. [*Salutes Colonel Bartlett.*] Good morning, Colonel Bartlett. A fine day to get rid of Rebels, eh? [*Bowing low to Rose.*] Good morning, Miss Rose. You are looking unusually—ah—handsome this morning. [*Colonel Bartlett returns salute stiffly. Rose bows coldly. Passes over to her brother. Speaks to him in undertone.*]

ROSE. I don't wonder the prisoners try to escape from him. I shall escape. [*Starts to retire L. U. E.*]

CREW [*eagerly.*] Don't go away, I beg you, Miss Rose. You will be interested in what I have to say.

ROSE [*coldly.*] I hardly think so. [*Walks over to trunk and busies herself with packing while listening.*]

CREW [*addresses Col. Bartlett.*] You have heard of the escape last night? I understand you have been up to my place?

COLONEL BARTLETT. Yes. I heard and I rode up to what you call your place to see the prisoner in whose fate I informed you that I was interested: Major Graham.

CREW [*somewhat anxiously.*] What did you learn there?

COLONEL BARTLETT. I learned that I could not see him because— [*Pauses.*]

CREW [*very anxiously.*] Because—?

COLONEL BARTLETT [*coldly.*] You had left orders that no one was to have access to him.

CREW [*recovering himself.*] Yes, yes. Those are the orders from headquarters. You are very much interested in him?

COLONEL BARTLETT. Yes, I am interested in every gallant young man whose unfortunate fate it is to come under the unhappy law of reprisals, and particularly in one who was my classmate and to whom I once owed my life.

CREW [*looking at Rose significantly.*] You were unsuccessful in your efforts to secure his pardon?

COLONEL BARTLETT. How do you know that?

CREW [*pompously.*] I know many things, Colonel Bartlett—and I have come to demand your aid in apprehending the prisoner who escaped last night.

COLONEL BARTLETT [*coldly.*] Demand? It is my duty to do whatever an officer and a gentleman should properly do, and I shall do it irrespective of any demand by you.

CREW. Ah! And in particular to demand—I mean—ah—to request that a close watch be kept about this house here.

COLONEL BARTLETT. That shall be done too, but it is not likely that prisoners will come where a Union Officer has his headquarters.

CREW. Humph! I don't know. I do not believe in allowing such a hotbed of treason as this place to remain as it is. It ought to be burnt to the ground.

COLONEL BARTLETT *[turning on him]*. Lieutenant Crew, the orders are that this place is not to be interfered with in any way beyond what is requisite for the proper use and benefit of our troops, and I mean to see that these orders are carried out.

CREW *[aside]*. You are damned scoundrel about the property of rebels! *[To Colonel Bartlett.]* There is no use in becoming excited. I suppose you are aware that at least two of the servants in your employ are spies for the rebels and have been trying to get into communication with prisoners under my very nose?

COLONEL BARTLETT. I am aware that an old negro woman who is employed here temporarily, was the nurse of Major Graham, and came here hoping to see him — which you prevented; but whatever she may have wanted she has had no opportunity to injure any one.

CREW. No opportunity! Suppose I should state to you that she and her son had aided — I mean had aided prisoners to escape?

COLONEL BARTLETT *[coldly]*. I should question that statement.

CREW. And that — ah — the prisoner who escaped has been traced in this direction?

COLONEL BARTLETT. I should say that he would be caught.

ROSE *[coming forward and looking at her brother anxiously]*. Coming in this direction?

COLONEL BARTLETT. Naturally he would make for the river and try to get across to the other side. But if he comes this way he will be recaptured. My people are on the lookout for him.

CREW. Oh! He cannot escape unless someone helps him, for he is wounded. I have offered a reward for him dead or alive. We shall have him before dark.

ROSE *[solicitously]*. Oh! Is he badly wounded?

CREW. Not as badly as I would like or as he will be if I can get a chance at him. *[Handles his pistol.]*

ROSE. Oh! I hope they will capture him alive.

CREW. You need waste no sympathy on him. I am not sure I would not rather have him dead. He is a desperate fellow.

ROSE *[clasping her hands and looking at her brother]*. Oh! Is he desperate?

COLONEL BARTLETT. Poor devils! desperate enough, I fancy! *[Showing Crew the door.]* Lieutenant Crew, I will join you outside.

CREW. Lieutenant Colonel Crew, if you please.

COLONEL BARTLETT. Well, Lieutenant Colonel Crew, be so good as to wait for me outside. *[Exit Crew, R. U. E. reluctantly; looking over his shoulder at Rose. Col. Bartlett takes up pistol and turns to door.]* What a blackguard that fellow is! I could stand being shot, but not being his prisoner. He adds another terror to war. Rose, I will never be taken prisoner.

ROSE. Would it not be terrible?

COLONEL BARTLETT *[thoughtfully]*. There is no fear of his not catching him. He has had too much experience chasing runaway slaves. *[Lays pistol down on table and turns to door.]*

ROSE. But suppose he should shoot you! He must be a desperate man. *[She takes up pistol timidly.]*

COLONEL BARTLETT *[smiling]*. What are you going to do with that? Protect me?

ROSE. Yes. I am going with you. *[Handles pistol.]*

COLONEL BARTLETT *[dodging]*. Look out! I am more afraid of you than of him. A woman is a dangerous creature anyhow, but with a pistol —!

ROSE. Pshaw! Men are such cowards. *[She lays pistol down on table, with relief.]*

COLONEL BARTLETT *[laughing]*. You stay here and catch him if he comes here. I will be back after a little. *[Exit Col. Bartlett R. U. E.]*

ROSE *[talking to herself with her eye on the door]*. I trust they will catch him. He might be the very one to shoot my brother. Oh! I wish he had not escaped. *[She turns to pack trunk. Suddenly over the rear wall where top of bushes show, a young man springs, loses his balance and falls, springs up quickly, catches sight of the pistol on the table, seizes it, turns, and faces Rose who is much startled.]* Oh! *[Advancing upon Young Man.]* Who are you? What are you? What do you want?



"HE CATCHES SIGHT OF THE PISTOL ON THE TABLE. SEIZES IT, TURNS"

YOUNG MAN. Who are you? Who is here?

ROSE [*imperiously*]. Tell me who you are. What do you want? What are you doing here?

YOUNG MAN [*rapidly*]. I am a Confederate Officer who escaped from prison last night, trying to make my way across the river to get back into our lines.

ROSE [*starting back*]. Oh! You are the —! An escaped prisoner!

YOUNG MAN. Yes. I heard we had friends here who would help us. Who are you? Who is here?

ROSE. Colonel Bartlett has his headquarters here.

YOUNG MAN [*starting*]. What Colonel Bartlett? [*Catches sight of flag over alcove*.] You mean a Yankee Colonel? Where is he? [*Inspects pistol*.]

ROSE [*advancing*]. Give me that pistol.

YOUNG MAN [*smiling*]. No. I will not hurt you. You need not be afraid. You must conceal me.

ROSE. The place is surrounded by guards. Give me the pistol.

YOUNG MAN. I know it. They are all about here. I have lain in the bushes outside that wall since daybreak watching them. If you can conceal me until dusk I can get across the river.

ROSE. Do you not know that the river is watched and that every boat is ticketed and locked?

YOUNG MAN. I will get there somehow, but I cannot get to the river unless you help me. If my arm were not so bad I could swim it.

ROSE. Does it pain you very much? How can I help you.

YOUNG MAN. Well first, I want some soap and water and a decent suit of clothes.

[*Crew heard outside R. U. E. calling*.] You men keep a close watch all around the grounds. If you see him shoot him down.

ROSE [*exclaiming*]. Oh! They are coming back. [*She locks door R. U. E., seizes and wraps in a bundle a clean shirt, a uniform coat and a pair of uniform trousers. Young Man listens and cocks pistol. Rose turns to him.*] Promise me you will not use that pistol.

YOUNG MAN. I will not be taken alive. I would rather be shot down than go back to that prison to die like a dog.

ROSE. Why should you die in prison?

YOUNG MAN. I was to have been shot to-day.

ROSE [*astonished and agitated*]. Oh! Are you Major Graham! If you will promise not to use that pistol I will conceal you.

MAJOR GRAHAM. I promise. [*Lays pistol on table near her.*] There! A woman's wit is better than a pistol. Where shall I go?

ROSE [*steps past and lifts flag*]. Here! Take these! Under this!

MAJOR GRAHAM. That uniform! Under that flag! Never! [*Lays down coat. Folds arms and looks at her. Knocking heard at door R. U. E.*]

ROSE [*vehemently*]. Take these I say. Get under that instantly. Even against your will, it will protect you. [*She seizes him and pushes him under flag forcibly, then turns back toward R. U. E.*] Who is there? [*She unlocks door. Enter Crew R. U. E.*]

CREW. Ah! Miss Rose, you still here and alone?

ROSE. I am still here — as you see. [*She appears very busy packing.*] Have you caught the prisoner?

CREW. We have not got the scoundrel yet, but I will have him in ten minutes. We know his hiding place.

ROSE [*starting and glancing at flag*]. You know his hiding place? Ah! Where is it?

CREW. In this house.

ROSE. What? In this house? Who says so? [*Looks behind her.*]

CREW [*advancing*]. He was seen to spring over the wall here.

ROSE [*laughing in a forced way*]. Nonsense! I have been here ever since you left. He could not have done it without my seeing him. [*She moves up between Crew and flag.*]

CREW. He cannot escape. He is run to earth. [*Turns back to door and calls to men outside.*] Guards, stand outside as I told you. Watch down the road. [*Closes door and turning, crosses over towards Rose.*] Miss Rose, you are going away to-night?

ROSE. Yes. [*Bustles herself packing.*] Immediately.

CREW. I once wrote a letter telling you how much I admired you. You did not receive it.

ROSE [*coldly*]. Yes. I received it and — returned it.

CREW. Because I am unknown, you and your brother think I am not your equal, but I will be rich and powerful some day, and then —

ROSE [*coldly*]. Whether you are known

or unknown does not concern me. I returned your letter because I did not wish to hold any communication with you. Did you see my brother outside? [*Starts toward R. U. E., then hastily turns back to former position before alcove.*]

CREW. He has gone off—to send another message to save a rebel who would shoot him on sight. [*Advances to her.*] You are in love with some one else?

ROSE [*haughtily*]. Whether I am or not is no concern of yours, Lieutenant Crew. I will bid you good afternoon. [*Turns toward L. U. E. Glances at flag which is moving, and turns back again, facing Crew.* Oh! [*Addressing Crew.*] You say the prisoner was seen to come into this house?

CREW. Yes, but as you have been here all the time it must have been some other part of the wall—the garden-wall, perhaps?

ROSE [*hastily*]. Yes. There is a garden-wall—there is an unused wing with some empty rooms in it. You might search that. Come this way. [*She leads him out R. E. 2. Enter Major Graham from under flag as door closes. His beard is trimmed and he is dressed in clean linen and wears a pair of uniform trousers.*]

MAJOR GRAHAM. That scoundrel! To dare even to speak to that angel, much less pay his addresses to her! If ever I get hold of him I'll— [*A step is heard outside R. E. 2. Major Graham springs to table and picks up pistol. Turns to flag. Hesitates to lift it. Addresses flag.*] Well, I never expected to be under your protection again, but— [*Knob of door R. E. 2 turns*—here goes. [*Steps behind flag. Enter Rose R. E. 2. Crosses over rapidly.*]

ROSE [*calling in undertone*]. Quick! Major Graham, you must go. Major Graham.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*lifts flag and steps out*]. Did you call?

ROSE. Yes. Quick! [*Shows surprise at his changed appearance. Aside.*] How improved he is! You must get away from here instantly. He will be back directly.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*coolly*]. Where is he?

ROSE. I left him searching the vacant wing. [*Points over her shoulder.*] I think I heard the lock spring as I came out, but he will be released as soon as he can make any one hear him, and you must go.

MAJOR GRAHAM. At least, let me thank you for my life and tell me to whom I owe it. [*Knocking heard in distance and Crew's*

voice calling.] Open this door. Open it, I say.

ROSE [*listening*]. There he is now.

MAJOR GRAHAM. Let him stay there. Who is the officer whom he asked you about?

ROSE. He is my— Never mind who he is. You must go.

MAJOR GRAHAM. Is he the handsome fellow I have seen at a distance? Tall, with good shoulders and his arm in a sling?

ROSE. Yes. Now you must go. He will be back here immediately.

MAJOR GRAHAM. I hope I shall not meet him. Do you like him? *He said you did.*

ROSE. Yes. I love him better than— [*She seizes pistol in Major Graham's hand and takes it from him.*] You promised me not to use this. [*Picks up uniform coat.*] Here is a coat. It has a Major's straps on it. It will just fit you.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*holds coat at arm's length and looks at it smiling*]. Do you call that a decent suit?

ROSE [*firing up*]. Yes I do. Put it on at once.

MAJOR GRAHAM. I am afraid if I saw myself in it I might shoot myself. [*Sounds of door breaking outside.*]

ROSE. Quick! I hear him coming. [*She helps him into coat.*] Go in there and lock the door as you go in. I will entertain him.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*smiling*]. Let me lock him in and you entertain me.

ROSE. Go on! Hurry! Here! [*Takes key from pocket and hands it to him.*] It is the key to the lock of our boat. You must slip out of the door beyond the dressing room. Go through the box walk. Let yourself through the gate at the corner of the garden, and from there to where the boat lies chained to the root of a great sycamore tree is only twenty steps.

MAJOR GRAHAM. I owe you my life, but before I go I beg you—

ROSE. Go. I beseech you. They are coming.

MAJOR GRAHAM. I will go, but not until you tell me your name. To whom do I owe my life?

ROSE. Why do you wish to know?

MAJOR GRAHAM. That I may remember it in my orisons.

ROSE. My name is Rosamond. But you will forget it.

MAJOR GRAHAM. The Rose of the World. Forget it! I will never forget it or you as long

as I live. You are an angel, and some day, if I live, I will find you and prove it to you. [*He kisses her hand.*]

ROSE [*turning away and then turning back.*] Where are you going?

MAJOR GRAHAM. Back home. I have you to thank that instead of being shot like a dog I shall have a chance to strike one more blow for the South.

ROSE [*in alarm*]. Oh! You are going back to fight?

MAJOR GRAHAM. Yes. There must be one more fight. And once more I shall ride at the head of my men. I have this to thank you for.

ROSE [*drawing back*]. Oh! Just what my brother said. Suppose you should meet him! Promise me if you meet him you will not shoot him.

MAJOR GRAHAM. I promise that.

[*Colonel Bartlett's voice heard without, calling.*] Zeke, come and take my horse.

ROSE. Go. I must stop him. Good-bye.

MAJOR GRAHAM. No. Not good-bye. Some day again, when the flag of freedom flies, I will see you.

ROSE [*lifting the flag and drawing it partially about her*]. Go. This is my flag of freedom. I am what you call a Yankee. I am a Northerner.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*stooping and lifting her hand to his lips*]. You are an angel, and angels have no latitude. [*He kisses her hand. Exit under flag. Enter R. U. E. Colonel Bartlett.*]

COLONEL BARTLETT. Well, little Sis, how are you getting on packing?

ROSE [*stammering*]. Did you catch him?

COLONEL BARTLETT [*taking off his sword*]. The President? Don't know yet. I sent a message as you suggested.

ROSE. No. I mean the escaped prisoner.

COLONEL BARTLETT [*laying his sword down on chair*]. No. Did you?

ROSE. Yes. I mean — I don't know. I mean — No.

COLONEL BARTLETT [*turning as if to enter alcove*]. What are you talking about?

ROSE [*steps in front of him and laughs nervously*]. Nothing. I don't know what I was saying. Where are you going?

COLONEL BARTLETT. Into my dressing room if you will let me by. [*He tries to put her aside.*]

ROSE [*catching him by coat*]. No, you must not go in there. You look so tired. You must sit right down here and rest [*She*

draws him over and makes him sit in chair on top of sword and other articles.] There, now be comfortable.

COLONEL BARTLETT. I am not comfortable. [*He rises impatiently and faces her.*] Rose, what is going on here? There is something mysterious I cannot make out.

ROSE. Nothing. There is nothing mysterious. Men are so suspicious.

COLONEL BARTLETT. Why cannot I go into my own dressing room?

ROSE. Because I have a surprise for you.

COLONEL BARTLETT. What? You look quite pale.

ROSE. Oh! Such a surprise! [*She pinches her cheeks.*] Pale! Nothing of the kind. I am just as rosy. Besides, I was afraid —

COLONEL BARTLETT. I know. Afraid I would get hurt.

ROSE [*nodding*]. M-hm-hm.

COLONEL BARTLETT. Well, you need have no apprehension. Let's take down the flag now. We must be off soon. I am expecting a dispatch every minute.

ROSE. Oh! No! Leave it until the last thing. [*She strikes an attitude and laughs a forced laugh.*] "If any man touches the flag shoot him on the spot." Brother, cannot you get rid of that creature, Crew? I cannot bear him in my sight.

COLONEL BARTLETT. He is not in your sight now.

ROSE. But I mean in the house. The very thought of him makes my flesh creep. [*She looks toward dressing room door and shudders.*]

COLONEL BARTLETT. Is he in there? [*He steps toward door. Rose catches him quickly.*]

ROSE. Oh! No! He is in the other end of the house.

COLONEL BARTLETT [*turning*]. Well, I will get rid of him in short order. I will order him out. As if a Rebel could be harbored in this house under the very flag! It is ridiculous!

ROSE [*stammering*]. Yes, think of it! Under the very flag! Ha! Ha! Ha! [*Exit Col. Bartlett hastily R. E. 2. Enter Major Graham smiling.*]

MAJOR GRAHAM. Well done. I did not think you were such an actress.

ROSE [*agitated*]. Oh! I cannot do it! Oh! I ought not to have deceived him! He trusts me. I must undeceive him. [*She starts to go after Colonel Bartlett. Stops and faces Major Graham.*]

MAJOR GRAHAM [*seating himself and half smiling*]. All right, I am your prisoner.

ROSE. Oh! I don't know what to do. Why did you come here?

MAJOR GRAHAM. Because God had put an angel here to help me.

ROSE. Do not you know that as a Yankee I hate you?

MAJOR GRAHAM. But as my captor you must pity me.

ROSE [*listening L. E.*]. Some one is coming. Go. [*She lifts flag and glances in; drops flag over door.*] Oh! It is Crew. You are too late. Here. [*She hastily takes off her apron and wraps it around him. Takes up uniform coat and throws it over his arm.*]



[*Enter Crew L. E.*]

CREW. Damn him! Where is he?

ROSE [*to Major Graham in tone of authority*]. Go take this coat and do as I told you.

MAJOR GRAHAM. Yes, Madam. [*Glances at pistol and hesitates.*] Shall I take this?

ROSE [*hesitatingly*]. I wonder if my brother —? No, leave it there.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*bowing*]. Yes, Madam. [*Exit L. U. E.*]

CREW [*to Rose*]. Who is that? Where have I seen that man before?

ROSE [*warmly*]. On my word! Sir, I think your inquisition has gone far enough. Where is my brother?

CREW. He has gone to get another dispatch I suppose. I wish to finish what I have to say to you.

ROSE [*haughtily*]. Well, Sir. What is it?

CREW. You refuse me because of some one else?

ROSE. I do not. I refuse you because of yourself. Now, go. [*Points to R. U. E.*]

CREW. I will not go. Your brother is ordered off and I am in command here, and if I catch that scoundrel he shall hang this evening.

ROSE. You'd better try to catch him. Listen! [*Points outside L. U. E. Sound of shots and shouts heard.*]

CREW [*backing away alarmed*]. My God! What's that?

ROSE. Gracious Heavens! [*She runs to door. Opens it and cries out.*] Do not shoot him. He is unarmed. [*Exit L. U. E.*]

CREW [*following her and looking in at door cautiously*]. Shoot him! Damn you! Shoot him, I say. [*Jerks out pistol.*] Let me shoot him.

ROSE [*springing out at door and catching his pistol*]. You shall not shoot him. Don't you see he is unarmed and already wounded.

CREW [*unable to get pistol free. Shouting*]. Handcuff him. Tie him. Tie him tight. [*To Rose.*] It makes no difference. He will be shot this afternoon, or better still, hanged for being in that uniform.

ROSE. Oh! Hanged? That uniform! What have I done!

CREW [*triumphantly*]. Yes, Hanged! Ha, ha! You thought you had outwitted me. See what has come of it. Ah! This is fine! To catch him in our uniform and hang him as a spy! That is a good one!

ROSE [*half dazed*]. Hanged! Oh! Impossible. You could not be so wicked. You know that he is not a spy, that he has just put it on to escape in.

CREW. Do I? I know the laws of war — I know the sweetness of revenge.

ROSE. Then revenge yourself on me. I gave it to him because — because —

CREW. I do. I know the reason you gave it.

ROSE. I beg of you —

CREW. Ah! that is sweet! You beg — You — beg of me!

ROSE. Yes — I beg — It was my fault. What do you say?

CREW. Wait and see. You think he is better than me. Well, wait and see him on the gallows.

ROSE. Yes, even on the gallows he would be your superior — as superior as righteousness is to wickedness; courage to cowardice; nobility to meanness.

CREW [*furiously*]. Oh! He shall hang as high as Haman and at once. [*Enter L. U. E. Major Graham, bound with rope and brought in by two guards. A bandage on his head and his arm is tied up. To Major Graham.*] Ah, my young man, I have you.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*bows silently to Rose and then turns to Crew*]. Yes. It is not

much to catch an unarmed man and a wounded one at that. If I had had a pistol — [*Staggers and leans against table.*]

ROSE. Oh! What have I done! [*She brings him a chair.*] Sit down and rest. [*In an undertone.*] Forgive me.

MAJOR GRAHAM. There is nothing to forgive. It was not your fault. It was my misfortune.

CREW [*sneeringly*]. You were cleverly trapped. You thought you were safe under the protection of this patriotic young lady, but I knew where you were all along.

ROSE. Oh! What a falsehood! [*To Major Graham.*] You do not believe that?

MAJOR GRAHAM. Not a word of it. I know him of old.

CREW. You will know me better in an hour or two when you are mounting the gallows.

ROSE [*shuddering*]. Oh! [*To Crew, fiercely.*] You shall not insult him.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*quietly*]. He cannot insult me.

CREW. But I can hang you.

MAJOR GRAHAM. And I can hang and still defy you. Do you think that when death is what every soldier faces every day as an incident of his duty that I should fear it? [*To Rose.*] Do not disturb yourself. It is the fate of war.

ROSE [*to Crew*]. If my brother were here you would not dare do this.

CREW [*scornfully*]. Your brother is not here and I am in command now and I order you to leave instantly. [*To guard.*] Take this young woman to her room and if she attempts to return arrest her. Lock her up.

MAJOR GRAHAM. You hound!

ROSE [*to Guard*]. Do not touch me. I will go. [*To Major Graham.*] My brother will soon return. Do not despair.

CREW. Your brother and you will have enough to do answering charges of treason for harboring Rebels; the enemies of your country.

ROSE. We the enemies of our country! It is you and your like who are the enemies of our country and its disgrace.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*to Rose*]. Bravo! Well said! I will never despair while I have your compassion. [*Exit Rose L. U. E.* *To Crew.*] You blackguard! If I were only free for one moment!

CREW. Ha, ha, ha! The wheel has turned and the negro-trader whom you used to despise is —

MAJOR GRAHAM. A negro-trader and a blackguard still, just as you always were, whom I still despise; a disgrace to the uniform which thousands of gallant gentlemen have worn with honor.

CREW [*jerks out pistol furiously*]. Damn you! I will kill you.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*facing him calmly*]. I dare you! Shoot.

CREW [*pausing and putting up pistol*]. No; that would please you too much. I will wait and hang you. [*Enter Mammy Caroline L. U. E.* *She sees Major Graham, rushes over and embraces him, crying.*]

MAMMY. Oh! my Chile! my Chile. What is dey doin' to you!

MAJOR GRAHAM. Why, Mammy! Dear old Mammy. I'm all right.

CREW [*catching hold of Mammy Caroline*]. Get away from him.

MAMMY [*wheeling on him*]. Don't you tech me! Don't you lay yo' hand 'pon me. If you doss I'll tyah you limb from limb. [*She brandishes a pair of scissors.*]

CREW [*backing away*]. You black harridan. I'll have you shot. [*Loud knocking outside R. U. E.*] Who is that? [*Enter Guard hastily. To Guard.*] Arrest this woman. Lock her up.

MAMMY. Yes, he can 'rest me, but don't you tech me or I'll meck you think every nigger you ever sold is on yo' back.

GUARD [*handing Crew a dispatch*]. A courier just brought this for Colonel Bartlett. Says it is urgent.

CREW. Colonel Bartlett is away. I will take it. [*Opens it.*] Hell! [*Glances at Guard and changes tone.*] Oh! That's all right! Where is the messenger? Tell him to wait.

GUARD. All right! But I think he has gone. [*To Mammy.*] Come on old woman.

MAMMY. All right. I'm gwine. [*To Crew.*] You wait till de Cun' comes. He'll settle you. [*She lays scissors on table. Exit Guard with Mammy R. U. E.*]

CREW [*calling*]. Guard! Guard! Hell! I must see him. I will have him shot instantly. [*Stuffs dispatch in pocket and looks at Major Graham.*] You are safe enough, I guess, till I get my squad. Guard! [*Exit Crew hastily R. U. E.*]

MAJOR GRAHAM [*soliloquizing*]. Well, it is all over. If it had only been in battle at the head of my men! It is hard to go this way, but after it is all over it is all the same, I suppose. This rope cuts cruelly. [*Enter*

Rose softly L. U. E. *Gazes around and passes over to Major Graham.*

ROSE. Can you forgive me? If I had dreamed of this! I thought you might meet my brother!

MAJOR GRAHAM [*startled*]. Oh, it is you! There is nothing to forgive. You did all you could. [*He groans.*]

ROSE. You are in pain.

MAJOR GRAHAM. It is nothing — Only the rope cuts into my wounded arm.

ROSE. I can cut it. Wait! Where is a knife? [*She gets the scissors, locks door and then cuts rope.*] There, you are free. Take this and make a dash for liberty—[*Hands him a pistol*]—and — forget me.

MAJOR GRAHAM. I will never forget you. You have saved my life twice. Good-bye. But before I go, will you give me that rose? [*Indicates rose which she wears.*]

ROSE [*lifting hand to rose*]. Why?

MAJOR GRAHAM. That I may remember you.

ROSE [*quickly*]. That you may remember me? You just said that you would never forget.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*stammering*]. No! You know I will never forget you. But give it to me as a token of the divine compassion of — of an enemy.

ROSE [*unpinning a small flag from her dress and holding it out to him*]. Here, I will give you this to remind you of the flag I love.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*taking a step back*]. No, not that! [*Stepping forward as she continues to hold it out.*] Yes, I will! I will take it for what it has been in the past, when it was the flag of my fathers.

ROSE [*handing it to him*]. For what it has been, for what it is and for what it shall be in the future.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*putting the flag in his breast pocket*]. Good-bye!

ROSE. Good-bye! [*Gives Major Graham her hand which he kisses.*] Good-bye. Go! [*She moves over to L. U. E. and exits slowly. Major Graham moves to R. U. E. looking over shoulder at Rose. Enter Colonel Bartlett R. U. E.*]

MAJOR GRAHAM [*raising pistol presents it to Colonel Bartlett's breast.*] Halt! Out of the way, or you are a dead man.

COLONEL BARTLETT [*coolly*]. What is all this?

MAJOR GRAHAM [*lowering pistol slowly*]. My God! Winthrop Bartlett! That was a close call. I thought you were Crew. [*Lays*

pistol on table.] I am your prisoner. [*Re-enter Rose who pauses inside L. U. E.*]

COLONEL BARTLETT. No, you are not a prisoner at all. I have good news—[*Takes out a dispatch. Enter Crew R. U. E. He pulls out a pistol.*]

CREW. What is this? Don't stir or I will shoot.

COLONEL BARTLETT [*stepping in front of him and putting him aside angrily*]. Put that up. [*To Major Graham.*] A courier has come with a dispatch from the President saying that the officer for whom you were held has been sent through the lines. You have been exchanged and are free. [*Enter Mammy.*]

MAMMY. Oh! Thank de Lord! for all his mussies. [*To Crew.*] I's free too — Does you see me?

COLONEL BARTLETT [*to Crew*]. I will trouble you for my dispatch which you suppressed.

MAMMY. He's got it right in he pocket. I seed him put it dyah.

CREW [*handing dispatch to Colonel Bartlett*]. Damn him! Why didn't I shoot him before? [*He falls back towards door and exits scowling.*]

ROSE. Exchanged! Free! Oh, brother! [*She throws herself in Colonel Bartlett's arms.*]

COLONEL BARTLETT. There, there, little Sis. Don't cry! [*To Major Graham.*] This is my sister. She has been much interested in your fate.

ROSE [*wiping her eyes*]. I am so glad you are free. I felt like a murderess.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*taking her hand*]. My fate is still in your hands.

COLONEL BARTLETT [*smiling*]. She is a terrible fire-eater. Worse almost than —

ROSE [*putting her hand over his mouth*]. Hush.

COLONEL BARTLETT. She is for conquest.

ROSE. Brother — please hush.

COLONEL BARTLETT. I have other news. Lee has surrendered.

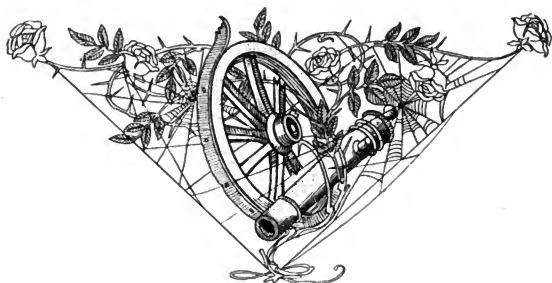
ROSE [*delighted*]. Lee surrendered? Oh, thank God! The war is over.

MAJOR GRAHAM [*agitated*]. Lee surrendered? Impossible! [*Cheering up.*] Oh, you mean one of the younger Lees. I know *Marse Robert* has not surrendered.

MAMMY. Nor; dat he ain't!

COLONEL BARTLETT. Yes, he has. General Lee surrendered his army to General

Grant at Appomattox this morning. *over him*]. Yes, we all have one flag now
 MAJOR GRAHAM [*turning and sinking* and thank God for it! — The flag of your
into a chair beside table]. My God, it is over! fathers and of ours.
 The cause is lost. We have no flag now. MAJOR GRAHAM [*kisses her hand and*
 ROSE [*lifting flag and throwing it partly* buries his head in his arms on the table.]
 [Curtain.]



I HEARD A VOICE

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

I heard a voice in the darkness singing
 (That was a valiant soul I knew)
 And the joy of his song was a wild bird winging
 Swift to his mate through a sky of blue.

Myself—I sang when the dawn was flinging
 Wide his guerdon of fire and dew ;
 I heard a voice in the darkness singing
 (That was a valiant soul I knew).

And his song was of love and all its bringing
 And of certain day when the night was through ;
 I raised my eyes where the hope was springing
 And I think in His Heaven God smiled, too.
 I heard a voice in the darkness singing
 (That was a valiant soul I knew).

THE WALL STREET RAID OF SHIFTY SHIFT

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN-SAYRE GROESBECK



HE man with the long nose and the spectacles coughed nervously. He was Witheridge, the president of the Consolidated Bank.

"It keeps me awake all night, Peters," he remarked to the cashier.

"What does?" queried Peters, a good-natured individual with a flower in his buttonhole.

The president shivered. "This horrible nightmare," he explained, "of getting all our currency from the old bank into the new. It's worse than lobster salad and ice cream with a champagne irrigation. It's an incubus. It's awful."

The cashier smiled confidently. "It's just across the street," he answered carelessly. "I guess there'll be no trouble, after all."

Nevertheless he realized quite as well as did the president the danger that the bank was running. The Consolidated Wall Street Syndicate Bank was a *big* bank, in the first place. It had resulted from the merger of the County, the Hamilton, the Thirteenth National and some half dozen smaller fry. Its business was enormous and it carried huge daily balances. It was, beyond question, the best advertised bank in the city of New York — in America — in the whole world, perhaps. Its new building, still unoccupied, was a colossal affair, just finished and ready for business. The picture of this building had appeared in every newspaper supplement in the Borough of Manhattan and had crept even into the pages of most of the enterprising monthly magazines. And there it stood, its main entrance just three hundred feet from the entrance to the old building — a dash of a few seconds' time to a sprinter; a walk of less

than a minute, even to the slow-going president of the bank.

But that short distance of one hundred yards weighed heavily upon the bank. For all the valuables in the one building must be safely and securely transferred to the other — an Herculean task. It was not the securities that gave the bank concern; payment would be stopped on those during the process of removal. It was the currency. The Consolidated was essentially a ready money bank; it paid out over its counters daily hundreds of thousands of dollars, and on some days millions. And the bank knew and dreaded the knowledge that when the time arrived the full sum of two million five hundred thousand dollars in cold cash must make that short but eventful pilgrimage. For not one instant must this big bank vary its routine or stop its business. If it moved itself on Saturday or Sunday it must be ready, willing and able at ten o'clock on Monday morning to hand out through its new steel tellers' cages any sum that might legally be demanded of it — even to the whole of its vast kingdom; its currency needed ever to be ready and at hand.

"There hundred feet," snorted Witheridge, the president; "it might as well be three hundred miles."

Peters, the cashier, nodded. "A good many things," he admitted, "can happen in the space of three hundred feet — a man can drop dead; anything *might* happen. That I will confess."

It took but a short while for the press to find out that the bank was anxious and why it was anxious. And under the clever manipulation of the press, the sum at stake grew overnight with mushroom-like rapidity to five million, nay, to ten; and that short distance lengthened to a quarter of a mile.

"Think of it," the public whispered



*** EVERY CROOK IN CREATION HAS GOT HIS EYE UPON THIS THING! ***

under its breath, "ten million dollars let loose for a quarter of a mile in Wall Street, without burglar proof safes, electric wires, automatic alarms, or anything!"

It was indeed an event in the career of a moneyed institution, rather than an incident. Witheridge, the president, took time by the forelock and communicated with the department headquarters of police. Headquarters responded with alacrity; it did the best it knew how, for it sent down to the bank old Boneset Smith.

Witheridge, the president, and Peters, the cashier, did not know, could not realize, the extent of the concession that Headquarters was making. For they were two of the very few men in the Borough of Manhattan permitted to look upon the face of Boneset Smith and to know his name. Many men knew his face, and many knew his name, but there were few who knew both at one and the same instant. The crooks knew Boneset Smith, the name, as the power behind the Headquarters' throne. They knew Boneset

Smith, the man, as one who was a fellow crook. Woe, woe, woe to the crook who at the last came to know the name that belonged to the man, for those to whom it was revealed were men caught in a net that was to spread itself across the ages in the cages up the river. For the rest, old Boneset Smith looked like any other man. Witheridge and Peters, of the bank, being each innocent of crime and men of infinite discretion, found themselves face to face with the man, the hoarse whisper of his name still ringing in their ears.

"Here's how," said old Boneset Smith as he sat closeted with the president and the cashier one day, getting down to business almost before he had settled in his chair; "now, look a-here. We know and you know that every crook in creation has got his eye upon this thing. But that's all it is. It begins there and ends there. We don't care so much about that. When it comes to a job of this size most of the guns shut their eyes and dream day dreams and build castles in Spain, and such. They hold each others' hands and

lick their chops and look on and wish that they was it. But, look a-*here*. They don't dare. They ain't got sand. I know



"BONESET SMITH SPRANG FROM HIS CHAIR"

'em — the whole gang." He smiled easily. "I'm telling you, Mr. Witheridge," he continued, "that there's only one man in the universe that'd dare to have a try, only one that's got the grit, to swing a blame big thing like this in broad daylight; only one. And, say, it's some lucky for you that he's behind the bars over in New Jersey. If he wasn't there, I might say, why, look sharp! As it is, why, it seems to me that you can rest easy. That's what."

Peters, the cashier, leaned forward. "Who," he inquired with a considerable show of interest, "is that man?"

Old Boneset Smith of the department scratched his head. "His real name," he answered slowly, "is — Shifty Shift. He's got others, too — lots of 'em. But that's his real name. Shifty — it's his name and it's his nature, too. They caught him over there in Jersey by a fluke. We never caught him here. We don't seem good enough to do it." Old Boneset sighed regretfully, wistfully. "I don't know," he went on, "that there's anything I'd like to do so much as to nail Shifty good and hard. I know all about him — I know everything he's turned off. But we can't get the evidence. There's the rub. And yet," continued he, expectorating in disgust, "over there in Jersey they did it by a fluke." He shook his head. "He's a big man," he went on, "is Shifty Shift, and, what's more, he's got every crook in the Borough of Manhattan in the hollow of his hand. Look a-*here*. You're the head of a syndicate of banks, as you might say. Well, Shifty, he's the head of the biggest syndicate of swindlers,

second-story men, strong arm men, yegg men, all sorts and conditions, that ever was. He's a bold, bad man."

"When he's out of jail," interposed the cashier.

"When he ain't asleep," corrected Boneset. "Still," he added, "as you say, he's in jail, and he's in for good, and that's a comfort."

The president breathed more freely. The words, the manner and the presence of Boneset Smith had restored confidence within him.

"And now," remarked the president, "what do you suggest?"

Boneset Smith hitched his chair forward by the length of a foot or two. "Now listen and I'll tell you," he remarked. And for three-quarters of an hour Smith of the department and Witheridge and Peters of the bank held their heads together and talked, talked, talked — with old Boneset Smith always in the lead.

It was half an hour after that that Boneset Smith stepped into his private cubby hole in Mulberry Street and laid his hand on the shoulder of his right-hand man.

"Billy," he said, "just for layovers for meddlers, look up Shifty's record and see when he went in at Trenton and when he's likely to come out. I want to make sure, that's all."

The other nodded, disappeared and returned after an absence of a quarter of an hour.

"He ain't likely to come out," he announced to Boneset.

"Till — when?" asked Boneset.

"Till — no time," answered the other man; "he ain't *comin'* out, because he is out. He got out *yesterday*."

Boneset Smith, a man unaccustomed to emotion, sprang from his chair as though shot.

"W — what!" he exclaimed. "Shifty Shift out yesterday?" Suddenly, he slapped his thigh. "I'm a pin head," he exclaimed. "I forgot one thing. I forgot that Shifty could be *good*. I was figuring on Shifty bein' bad, even in a jail. And he's been *good*, and his allowance gets him out. And I'm a pin head for not thinking of it."

"You couldn't help it," interposed his deputy.

"It ain't that," screamed Boneset. "It's because I didn't figure on it, that's what. Don't you see! I ought to be broke almost just for not figuring on it." He pulled his hat down over his eyes and turned swiftly upon the other men.

"If Shifty was outside the walls of Trenton yesterday," he exclaimed, "he's in New York to-day. You reckon him up and let me know and be blamed careful not to let *him* know."

Boneset Smith went back to the bank and told the bank about it.

"We got our work cut out for us," he said; "it'll be war to the teeth. I know it. And there's two things that the time has come to do. The one is to get the bank's wad safe across the street. That's the biggest thing to you. The second is to nail Shifty Shift good and hard, for once and all. That's the biggest thing for me. But it's a big thing to you, too, and to the Bankers' Association. It's a big thing for the borough. But we got our work cut out. That's what."

Again the president took refuge beneath the wisdom and experience of Boneset Smith. "What do you suggest?" he asked again.

Boneset snorted. "I'll tell you," he answered; "you chaps don't amount to much when it comes to the show-down. It ain't in your line. What I want is this: I want you to pick out the huskiest, honestest porter that you've got. I want him big — and good. And bring him in."

"Now?" queried the two bank men.

"Right away," said Boneset.

The president and the cashier looked each other in the face. Then each burst forth with the same name upon his lips.

"Mackerley," they said, "he's the man — for sure."

"Are you sure?" asked Boneset. They were. Mackerley had been with the bank so long that the memory of man ran not to the contrary.

"Tell me all about him first," said Smith.

They told him.

"Fetch him in," he finally announced. "I think he'll do."

Mackerley was fetched, and came. He was a burly individual of middle age; a

man with a good right arm and with the stamp of apparent honesty upon his features.

And then they took a step that was momentous — that might be fatal. They told Mackerley what they had to tell, and Mackerley absorbed it. He understood; he grasped the plan in each detail. They were trusting him with the secret that guarded twenty-five hundred thousand dollars. Was he worthy of the trust? Only the event would show.

At six o'clock that night there were five men in the Borough of Manhattan who knew in each detail just what the Consolidated Bank purposed to do. One of these was Withersidge, one was the cashier, one was Boneset Smith.

The fourth man was the porter, Mackerley. And the fifth man — was a man of the name of Shifty Shift.



"SUDDENLY SOMEONE SHOUTED THAT THE TEN MILLIONS WAS ON THIS TRUCK"

Boneset Smith was right, for Shifty Shift was a formidable foe. His stronghold had ever been his knowledge of existing conditions. He invariably found out everything. Mackerley, the porter, had known at three o'clock. Shifty Shift had known at six.



"MICKEY THE MAN FOR HIM"

At midnight Shifty called his clan together—the clan that he held in the hollow of his hand.

"Gents," he said genially, "Archimedes said—"

The gents expected quite as genially. "Who in thunder," they inquired, "was Archimedes?"

Shifty stiffened with dignity. "He's a friend of mine," he answered, "that I met down there in Trenton. And he was the chap that said, 'Gimme a place to stand and I can move the world.' That's him—that's Archimedes. Well, we don't need no place to stand. We can sit, the whole crowd of us, in a butter tub; for I got something better than a place to stand, I'm telling you that."

"What have you got?" queried his first lieutenant.

Shifty nodded. "I got a man on the inside," he answered.

They nodded in unison. "You don't need nothin' else," they conceded.

"Gimme me a man on the inside," went on Shifty after the fashion of his Trenton friend, "and I'll make the world sit up and take some notice."

"A man on the inside," commented a second-story operator, "is worth two cops asleep in some saloon. It's a cinch. Who is the man on the inside?"

Shifty grinned. "He's a honest—a very honest porter," he returned; "a porter in the bank. His name is Mackerley." He laughed aloud.

"Say," he went on, "these bank chaps is soft guys. That Mackerley—that porter, say, he never touched a dollar, and they thought he was on the square. Well,

he wouldn't touch a dollar, nor ten, nor a hundred, nor a thousand, nor, maybe, fifty thousand. But hasn't he got his price?" He swung his fist down upon the table. "But the porter of a bank don't live that won't take half a million and no risk—and this fellow ain't dead. Not yet! He's all alive; and he's to get a half a million clean, and everybody's mouth is to be kept shut about him, no matter what may happen. Understand?"

"Half a million?" they protested; "it's a good deal for him, Shifty."

"A good deal nothin'," answered Shifty; "ain't I tellin' you that he's the man on the inside? And it's the man on the inside that's got to get the goods. With him we can swing the job; without him the job ain't worth to us not a sooo markee. Can't you understand?"

They understood and they knew that Shifty Shift understood. And though the bank had started in with energy to prepare its plans, Shifty and his crowd trod closely on its heels. Boneset had been right. It would be war to the teeth.

"It's a good thing," Witheridge would say to Peters, "that we've got a good honest chap like Mackerley."

"It's a blamed good thing," Shifty would tell his crowd, "that we run up against a straight game like this Mackerley. It's more'n luck. It's Providence."

Little by little rumors began to crop out. And little by little it became known to the Borough of Manhattan that the Consolidated Bank was tunneling Wall Street from the old building to the new. Little by little it cropped out that on Tuesday, April 10th, this bank would, as in the twinkling of an eye, transfer its hoards of cash from one building to another—swiftly, secretly, safely, and by subterranean means.

Tuesday, April 10th, arrived, and with it a horde of curiosity seekers, who hung



"SHIFTY SHIFT WAS A FORMIDABLE FOE"

about the spot on Wall Street for an hour or two. They saw nothing — heard nothing.

Shifty Shift only laughed. He knew well enough that the bank had no more intention of moving on Tuesday, April 10th, than it had of flying from one side of the street to the other. He knew that Mackerley knew that the time would be Saturday at nine o'clock, and that the tunnel was as mythical as it was impracticable and expensive — and impossible. For the bank had no more right to tunnel Wall Street than had Shifty Shift. And Shifty, active as he was, sat down and reasoned with himself. He saw that so far as he was concerned there were just three men in the whole world; one was Boneset Smith, one was Mackerley, the porter, whom he had bought, body and soul, and the third was himself.

Then there was Mickey Walters and — the gang. He had use for the gang, or he never would have let them into the thing. The coup d'état would depend largely upon the finesse of the gang. Mickey Walters was his right-hand man, a new acquaintance, but a thoroughly good lieutenant, whom Shifty had known by reputation for years. Like many great men, Mickey Walters had risen up in this crisis, and Shifty acknowledged to himself that Mickey was the man for him. Mickey was indefatigable, obsequious, subservient and obedient — and original.

Shifty knew that he had the superior force with him. Mackerley and Mickey Walters and himself, all leagued together by the certainty of a big reward, with a discreet and expectant gang behind them; all these ranged upon one side. And upon the other — only Boneset Smith.

"After the trick comes off," said Shifty to Mickey Walters, "old Boneset Smith'll look like a sick dog with a tin can tied to him. That is, if he don't look that way now. I ain't much on old Boneset's looks. For I ain't never seen 'im. Have you?"

"I see him onct," answered Mickey, shivering slightly at the recollection, "but I wasn't stuck on the looks of him. I kin beat him out on looks myself."

"He can't be much then," returned Shifty politely.

On Saturday morning at nine o'clock there was a sudden commotion in the neighborhood of the old Consolidated

Bank. Half a dozen or more of heavy trucks clattered up Broad Street and swung into Wall. A cordon of police on special duty, stiff, stern and forbidding, dropped suddenly from the clouds and stationed itself upon the sidewalk. Stray policemen came running on a dog trot from all directions. And suddenly the office-going crowd understood that the ten millions now were actually going over. Excitement reigned supreme. It was an excitement engendered and fostered not only by the anxiety of the daily press — there were vague rumors of a daylight attack that was feared and had been provided for and might possibly be made.

But the crowd, if it expected anything, was disappointed. There was no attack, no attempt to prevent the peaceable removal of the bank's worldly goods into the bank's new home.

There was nothing save *confusion*. There was plenty of that, and it could not well be helped. For the bank had its securities and its cash packed in long steel fireproof boxes, such as are found in the big vaults of a safe deposit company. These boxes packed well on the big trucks, but there were many of them, filled chiefly with securities. Truck after truck, so loaded, was sent across the street. Upon each was a driver at the head and two policemen at the tail. And there were six trucks, six drivers and twelve policemen detailed upon the trucks.

And Mackerley was engineering it all. And Boneset Smith was nowhere in evidence. It may be that he was closeted with the president and cashier, keeping a watchful eye upon it all. It may be that he was at Headquarters; no one saw him; no one knew where he was.

And where was Shifty Shift, where Mickey Walters, where the gang? Echo answers, for there was but the big, surging, merry crowd; the trucks driving hastily to and fro; the shouting of orders; the whipping of horses; the starting off of loads, the return for more — noise, laughter, merry jest; and that was all.

"Hurry up, hurry up!" It was ever the injunction of Mackerley. "Get a move on there!"

And in the midst of it all Mackerley threw a swift glance at the driver of a certain truck and the driver nodded imperceptibly in return. That glance had

reference to a string of uniformed porters who bore among them a long, chained row of the fireproof boxes.

"This is the cash." That was the thing that Mackerley, with his eyes, had said to the alert driver of the truck in question.

"I'm ready for it." That was the answer conveyed by the nod of the driver's head.

"Load her up," commanded Mackerley to his gang of porters. And they loaded hastily and in silence. And the load, with its driver and its quota of policemen, started off, one of six trucks going to and fro.

At that very instant something happened. A seventh truck, the counterpart of the other, suddenly rounded the corner and started for the new bank building. Upon this seventh truck were a driver and two uniformed officers; upon it were many safe deposit boxes, the counterfeit presentment of the other outfit. So that there was this seventh truck, and the other truck, and five others, all in motion, and — the crowd.

And suddenly some one shouted that the ten millions was on this truck, this seventh truck. It may have been Mackerley, it may have been some one in the crowd. At any rate the curious multitude, shouting in glee, danced about this seventh truck as it wended its way toward the entrance of the new bank.

"The cash, the cash!" the crowd cried musically; "here is the cash!"

Pandemonium reigned. But the pandemonium did not affect the equanimity of the seventh truck. It kept steadily to its course, backed up in front of the new building, and the force at the new building started in to unload its boxes. Boxes filled with — what?

Only Shifty Shift knew that the metallic boxes in the seventh truck were filled with brick. Only he, and perhaps Mackerley, knew that this seventh truck was an interloper, dressed in the same garb, drawn by a team of the same color, mounted by men of the same size and general appearance, as was another truck that bore upon its axles a burden of two million five hundred thousand dollars.

Only he, and possibly Mackerley, knew that the crowd of business men was not a crowd of business men; that it was

a crowd composed of the gang, covering with its cries the trick that had been turned. And that trick! It was easily turned. All that it required was that the driver of the truck that Mackerley had loaded at the last should keep on, unconcernedly, in his course — on and on, and — round the corner. And he did it, this driver. And he and his truck, and the two policemen glanced for an instant back at the howling crowd, as they turned the corner, and then, to all intents and purposes, disappeared completely from the face of the earth.

There was just one man in the whole world who could have turned that trick as it had been turned, just one man who could drive lazily and unconcernedly through the streets of the city, through the whole length of New York, forgetting to remember that behind him at any moment he might hear the shouts of pursuers. That man was the man who, when he at last reached the interior of an old, dingy, deserted stable on the East Side, leaped from the driver's seat and burst into a roar of laughter.

"By George," he said, "we've been and gone and done it. Eureka!"

"Eureka!" answered one of the policemen, removing his helmet and revealing the innocent countenance of Mr. Mickey Walters; "what's that?"

"Archimedes said that," returned Shifty Shift; "Archimedes, formerly of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and now of Trenton, over in New Jersey. Eureka! we have been and gone and done it."

"Let's finish up, then," said the other officer, another member of the gang; "let's stow the stuff away."

That night the gang kept under cover. They wanted to. Not one of them even ventured out to buy a paper. They were held together at the trysting place, not by fear, but by desire, for to the victors belong the spoils, provided they're on hand to get the spoils. And they were all on hand; all sorts and conditions of men, each licking his chops, each stretching forth his hand for his promised portion of the swag.

Shifty Shift presided with his usual grace. He was surrounded by strong steel boxes and at his right hand stood Mickey Walters.



"I DID IT," HE THUNDERED. "I DID IT AND I DID — YOU!"

"Cough up all the keys you've got," said Shifty Shift. The crowd obeyed, but the locks would not yield. They were locks made to resist keys, not to respond to them.

"Wait," said Mickey Walters, finally scurrying away; "I'll get an axe."

In a moment he returned, breathless, with a rusty implement in his hand.

"Stand off," he cried. And then he rained blow after blow upon the refractory hasps and staples. And suddenly a muffled shout went on. The box had yielded and its cover flew wide open.

Some fifteen men plunged forward to have a look.

"All in good time, boys," said Shifty Shift. "I'll pull this wadding out and then we'll get at the goods."

The wadding was a lot of old paper stuffed into the top of the box to hold the contents down. At least, so it seemed. Shifty Shift pulled and pulled and pulled.

Then he muttered an exclamation of disgust.

"Thunderation!" he said, "it's all wadding and there ain't no powder."

He was right. The box did not contain what Shifty called a "soo markee." There was paper, but no paper money.

Half an hour later a disappointed crowd of men stood rubbing their hands and looking disconsolately into each other's faces.

"Done — by thunder!" exclaimed Shifty Shift in despair; "nothing but paper — nothing but that. Done — and by a measly bank! To think of that!" He sprang up suddenly as though he would visit summary vengeance upon that same bank.

"Who did it?" he exclaimed; "Who's responsible for it?"

Mickey Walters, standing at his side, lifted his axe high in the air and brought it down with a resounding crash upon

the table. "I did it," he thundered, "and I'm responsible for it. I did it, and I did — *you!*"

Shifty Shift didn't know what it all meant, but he and his gang were wrought up to the highest pitch. They started forward with outstretched arms to tear the soul out of the man who had betrayed them.

Then they stopped as suddenly as they had all begun. For of a sudden the spacious and dimly lighted apartment had become lined with Headquarters men, some in uniform and some adorned with clothes that were plain.

"I guess," drawled the men from Headquarters, "that you'd better quit. We've got the whole crowd with the goods on."

Shifty Shift never moved a muscle. "What goods?" he asked.

The officers of the law laughed. "You walked into it neat," they said.

"To think," said Shifty in a disgusted tone of voice, "that that there bank has got my nice new boxes that I had made a purpose, all filled with my nice new bricks! It's a shame in 'em to do it." He lapsed into silence, but once more plunged into animated conversation.

"Where is that fellow Mackerley?"

he asked; "that there honest porter of the bank? I'd like to meet him, just once, and that's enough."

"You'll meet him," answered the captain of police, "just once, and just enough. That once," he added, "will be when Mackerley is on the witness stand."

"Mackerley!" went on Shifty Shift; "to think of me being done up by a guy like Mackerley! There ain't only one man that could ever touch me if he lived to be a hundred — and he ain't ever touched me yet. And that's old Boneset Smith."

Mickey Walters stepped forward and touched his hat. "Excuse me, Mr. Shifty Shift, my name is Boneset Smith."

He sighed. "Queer world, this," he remarked. "Mackerley, he was the inside man in the bank, and I was the inside man in the gang. And now," he added, "they'll all be inside men, all but Mackerley and me."

An officer brushed into the place. He nodded to the captain. "The patrols has come," he said.

Thus ended the raid of Shifty Shift upon the Wall Street Bank. Wall Street is still unmoved and so is the world. For Archimedes never found a "foothold" — nor indeed did Shifty Shift.

THE PEDDLER

BY WITTER BYNNER

ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR BY EVIL HERING (FRONTSPICE)

Has he at home a wife and child in need
Of every penny that he brings them
back?

Has he, perhaps, an older mouth to feed —
Children and parents both, to feel the
lack?

Or has he under some concealing board
Enough, and more, to keep him till he
die?

Is he at evening greedy of his
board,

A meaner and a richer man
than I?

Be as it may, the stakes are pretty small
Beside the chance of helping where it's
due,

And if it matters any way at all,
The losing of a dime, it's not to
you.

For, just as I did, first you had a look
And found your yellow laces getting
old —

And that's the kind of shoestring that I
took —

But he it was who bought and we who
sold!



THE COMMON HOUSE FLY WHICH CARRIES TYPHOID

INSECTS FROM BROBDINGNAG

BY RENÉ BACHE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



AN insect is contemptible only when regarded as an individual and from the viewpoint merely of size. In numbers it may — nay, often does — become something stupendous and even appalling. And, when examined under a suitable magnifier, it is liable to assume the aspect of a monster, horrifying to behold, and all the more terrific by reason of its unfamiliarity.

Our eyes, it would appear, are not adapted for seeing little things. Visually speaking, everything in the world that does not happen to be of very considerable size is beyond the powers of our observation — unless, perchance, we use a mi-

croscope. It is on this account that those of us who are not entomologists have no definite or accurate notion of the structure and appearance of even the most common and familiar insects. We recognize a house-fly when we see one, but our notion of the details of its anatomy are altogether indistinct.

Concerning the habits and transformation of insects we cannot be expected to understand much, unless we are students of such matters, but, when one comes to think of it, it seems odd that we should not know what they look like. Nor is it an exaggeration to use such a phrase, judging from some of the pictures herewith presented, which exhibit the originals as they really are. Take the house-fly, for example. What a monster he is, to be sure, when one has an opportunity

to inspect him properly! A shotgun would be an appropriate weapon with which to defend one's self against his advances, if he were actually of such a size.



THE CODDLING MOTH

And the mosquito! Think of being assailed on a peaceful summer night by such a creature! A strong man might be laid low by a stab wound from her formidable lance.

Fortunately, all of these pictured insects are but magnifications — shown, in other words, exactly as they are in nature, but as if seen through an enormously

powerful magnifying glass. The photographs are taken from models (recently made under the direction of the Government Bureau of Entomology, at Washington), which were executed by Mrs. Otto Heidemann, the wife of one of Uncle Sam's bug experts. She is a sculptor of reputation, and, having done much work in the way of drawing insects with the aid of the microscope, was well equipped for a task of this kind.

It was required, of course, that the models should pass a most critical examination by Prof. L. O. Howard, the Government Entomologist-in-Chief, and the specialists under him. They are, in effect, microscopic studies, each one of them being made with the help of such an instrument painstakingly employed. The skeleton of each insect is of steel wire, and the legs, of the same material, tough and flexible, are in most cases covered with *papier maché*. Of *papier maché*, also, is the body of the ferocious-looking swamp mosquito; but the substance used to compose the bulk of most of the other creatures is a secret composition, colored in each case to suit the desired complexion. In some instances the original models were of clay, from which reproductions in composition or *papier maché* were cast.

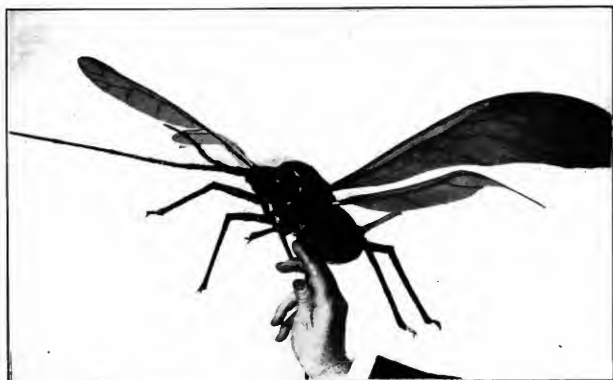
A PLEASANT HOUSE MATE





THE ANOPHELES, OR MALARIA MOSQUITO

"Think of being assailed on a summer night by such a creature"



THE WINGED PLANT LOUSE

Some of the insects presented very curious problems — for example, the codling moth, which is the mother of the worm that is so disagreeably common in the apple. Examined under a strong magnifier, the whole of its body is seen to be covered with what looks like feathers; and to counterfeit these on a large scale

was no easy task. As for the worm, it was a comparatively simple matter, the model, two feet in length, being made in clay, and reproduced in composition of a yellowish color. These two, together with a proportionately magnified counterfeit of half an apple, worm-eaten inside, serve quite nicely to illustrate this par-

THE LADY BUG THAT SAVED THE CALIFORNIA ORANGE INDUSTRY



ticular insect, which does an amount of damage in this country estimated at \$20,000,000 annually.

The object of constructing the models described is to illustrate bug problems in such a way as to make them easy to understand—the insects chosen for the purpose being in every case of species important to man, economically or otherwise. Of course, the mosquito and the house-fly possess no economic importance, but the former is a dreadful nuisance, and both of them are conspicuous as agents in the spreading of disease. That without mosquitoes there would be no malaria and no yellow fever is a fact already well known; and as for the fly, it undoubtedly spreads typhoid fever, affording the principal means by which that malady is rendered epidemic in camps. Bred in the filth of stables, it flies thence directly to our houses, bringing various unpleasant and dangerous germs, which it transfers to the food upon our tables.

We are getting rid of mosquitoes by draining swamps and by applying kerosene to water spaces where they breed; and before long we shall do away with house-flies almost altogether by rendering compulsory the disinfection of all stable refuse. But against many other kinds of insects, unfortunately, we are almost

helpless. The chinch-bug is only a third of an inch long, but it eats \$20,000,000 worth of wheat in this country annually.



THE MILK COW OF THE INSECT WORLD

Multiplying at a rate nothing short of fabulous, it defies attack by any means as yet known to man. Even worse is the grub of the Hessian fly, which, though so

A CHINCH BUG





THE KIND THAT GROWS IN JERSEY

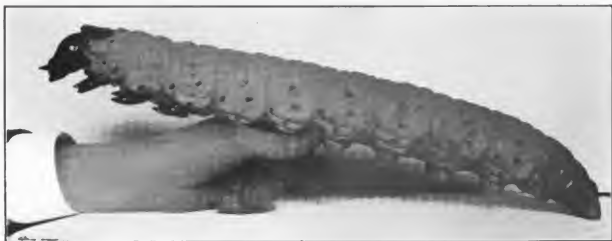
tiny (the winged adult looks like a mosquito in miniature), devours \$40,000,000 worth of wheat every year.

This, however, is not a story about destructive insects. It has to do merely with the models which have been made,

under the direction of the Government, to represent them in such a way as to make them understood. Only some of them are exhibited in the accompanying photographs. In the collection described there are huge bees, crawling around on

DRONE AND WORKER BEES





THIS FELLOW LIVES IN APPLES

a gigantic piece of comb; cotton-boll photographs herewith presented, the in-weevils (creatures which destroy \$20,-000,000 worth of cotton in Texas every twelve-month), and several huge specimens of the "plant louse," showing different stages of development of this interesting creature. The plant louse is much the same thing as a rose-bug, and its habit of sucking the soft kernels in forming heads of grain costs the farmers of this country \$10,000,000 per annum.

Did you ever hear of the "ant's cow," the bug from which ants obtain regular supplies of a kind of "milk" evidently regarded by them as particularly palatable? Well, it is the plant louse that is the cow in question; and entomologists say that the ants get the milk by stroking the creature with their fore-legs. On which account it is most interesting to see, in one of the



A QUIET PET

ing, near the end of the back, the two tubes through which the fluid is drawn.

One of the most curious of these giant models is a cockchafer, which, however, was obtained from France, and has the peculiarity of opening, so as to show the "inside works" of the insect. It is merely necessary to undo a little catch at the back and another on the stomach in order to separate the affair into two halves. One is surprised, thereupon, to discover what elaborate machinery a bug requires for the control of its physical economy. It would seem, on off-hand consideration, to be a great waste of ingenuity; but, then, one should realize that, if numbers count, insects are really much more important creatures in the world than we our-

selves, who, comparatively speaking, are only a few.

In one of the accompanying pictures, by the way, is shown the most valuable bug ever discovered. It is the famous "lady-bird" beetle, called by naturalists *Pedalia*, which saved the orange industry in California from destruction. Within a few months it literally ate up the scale bugs — enough of them, at all events, to prevent them from doing any more mischief — and, thanks to their help, oranges from the Golden State are now more plentiful in the market than ever.

To the casual eye one mosquito is pretty much like another. It seems that way, because our vision is not adapted for distinguishing small details of structure, but the fact is now well known that there are many species of mosquitoes, which differ widely in appearance, physical make-up and habits. Seen under a powerful magnifier, the malaria mosquito is altogether unlike the yellow fever mosquito, and neither of them resemble at all closely the common swamp mosquito, which has striped legs. Considered merely as works of art, these gigantic insects, which might appropriately be native to the kingdom of Brobdingnag, are really wonderful. Together they compose a most remarkable assemblage; and, while positively startling to the casual view, they excite strongly in the mind of the every-day observer the wonder which has been said by a great

philosopher to be the beginning of knowledge.

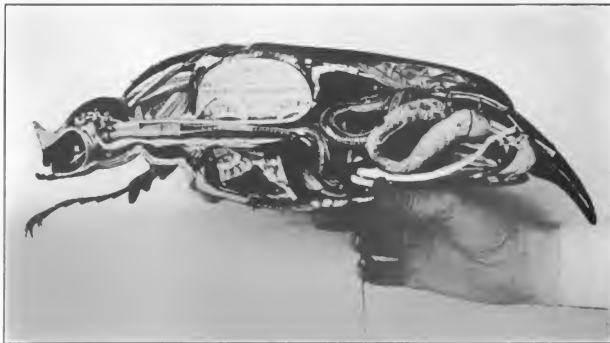
The bug that eats the cotton's foe, presented herewith, is the first published photograph of the "kelep," or Guatemalan ant, which has been imported into this country for the purpose of exterminating the boll-weevil of the cotton.

The kelep is not really an ant, but, more properly speaking, ant-like. It is, in fact, a species entirely new to science, a social insect related to the wasps. At home, in Guatemala, it dwells in colonies of 300 or 400 individuals, in burrows under ground; and its favorite food being the weevil of the cotton-boll, it attacks that pestiferous creature with such ferocity and persistence as to reduce it to practical harmlessness, economically speaking.

Though harmless to man, the kelep is a ferocious creature of prey. The boll-weevil, however, is its chosen game always; and its habit is to wait patiently on a twig of the cotton plant until the victim comes along, thereupon pouncing upon it, stinging it to helplessness, and devouring it.

A number of colonies of keleps have been brought from Guatemala to Texas, where efforts are being made to introduce them. Many experiments are being made all over the State, but it is not known as yet whether the scheme is destined to succeed or not.

DISSECTING A COCKCHAFER





THE GREAT MONOPOLY

BY A. E. W. MASON



FOR many years the mystery remained a dark and haunting problem. It concealed a tragedy—of so much we all in the end, felt sure, but we knew nothing. If the tragedy were a crime, we had no clue to the motive; if an accident, we could discover no trace of its occurrence. The police failed to solve the mystery, and we did not rest content with the inquiries of the police. Every possible kind of investigation was practiced without thought of the money spent. For a great interest was involved, nothing less, in a word, than the revolution of an entire industry. But no hint of a solution was obtained, and it was the merest chance which, after the affair had been almost forgotten, disclosed some part of the truth to me.

But however mysterious the end was to prove, the beginning was commonplace enough. One morning in June, while I was sitting in my chambers in Gray's Inn, thinking over a series of lectures which I was to deliver next term upon the wanderings of Odysseus, my servant entered with a card and a letter, and I read for the first time the name of Reuben Clinch. There was an address upon the card,

Ballarat,

Australia.

I turned to the letter, which was addressed to me in a handwriting vaguely familiar, and tore open the envelope. It

was a letter of introduction, written by a professor at Melbourne University, who had been an acquaintance of mine twenty years before, when we were both undergraduates at Balliol. I had never liked him then; I liked him less now for thrusting in upon my seclusion. To speak the truth, I was rather annoyed. The letter described the Australian as a young man of great scientific attainments, and I felt that there could be no possible sympathy between such a man and myself. However, I could hardly refuse to see my visitor, and with a sigh for my wasted morning, I turned from my Homer and said:

"Show Mr. Clinch in."

A young man about twenty-six years of age walked into the room, and at once I could not but grudgingly admit to myself that I was more favorably impressed than I had thought to be. Mr. Clinch was tall and long of limb. He was dark in hair and complexion, and wore a little black mustache, which did not take away from the singular keenness of his appearance. His face was not handsome so much as significant. There was power and ability in every line of it; the features were sharp and extremely mobile, and his eyes were steady.

"I am afraid, Professor Royle, that I am interrupting you," he said as he took my hand.

"Well, Mr. Clinch, the morning is for work, is it not?" I said a little ungraciously, I am afraid. I saw a look of

anxiety and disappointment come into his eyes, and I hastened to add: "But I am none the less very glad to see you."

I motioned him to a chair near the open window, and he sat down in it.

"I am glad to hear it," he said with a smile; "for I know no one at all in London, or indeed in England. And the letter of introduction which I have brought to you is the only letter of the kind which I possess."

"Then this is your first visit," I said.

"Yes," he replied, still looking at me with a great earnestness. I felt that he was speculating upon my willingness and my ability to serve him; and somehow I was impelled to say to him:

"Well, I must see what I can do for you. I go very little into the world myself. But I can make you an honorary member of my club," and Reuben Clinch smiled, and the smile was supercilious. There was suddenly revealed to me a nature masterful and rather intolerant. But in a moment the contempt had gone, and he was leaning forward, with his hands upon his knees, as though he was concentrating his mind upon persuading me to serve his turn.

"I did not come here to enjoy myself," he said quietly. "Will you let me tell you what you can do for me?"

"Certainly," I replied, sitting back with resignation in my study chair.

Clinch looked out into the garden for a few moments, his eyes resting upon the great leafy trees, and, beneath their shade, the green lawns, splashed with sunlight.

"It is quiet here," he said. "A very pleasant place for a man to work in," and then he turned his eyes to me, and said quietly, "I have made a great discovery."

My heart sank at the words.

"It is of a scientific kind, I presume," I said wearily.

"Yes."

"I am not well versed in scientific matters," I protested, "but I can give you some letters to scientific men of eminence, who will be a help to you."

Reuben Clinch smiled again.

"Thank you, Professor, but I am satisfied with the results of my investigations. My discovery is of a practical kind. The help I want is on the commercial side."

"Then," I hastened to interrupt, "I shall be still more useless to you."

"Are you sure?" he asked earnestly. "Hear me first before you answer." He leaned forward impressively. "I have discovered how to fix the oil in wool."

"I assure you that this is all Greek to me," I replied.

"No," he persisted. "If it were that it would be clear as daylight to you, Professor. Let me say that it is to you what Greek would be to me."

It was a neatly turned compliment, no doubt. I am not more sensible to such things than other men. But one could not but be pleased to know that one had a reputation even in Australia. The smile, too, with which the compliment was expressed was undoubtedly winning.

"Well, tell me about your discovery," I said.

And he began. Frankly, the man was wonderful. He had enthusiasm, he had confidence, and he was determined that I should listen and understand. It appeared that the difficulty of fixing the oil had been the one great hindrance in the woollen industry, that experts had been in vain trying to overcome it for many years. At last, thanks to a practical experience of sheep farming, combined with a mind scientifically trained, he, Reuben Clinch, had discovered the great secret. The dying of cloth would be simplified, the processes, the machinery of the Yorkshire factories would be superseded, the whole industry would be revolutionized. Colossal fortunes would be made, and prices would be lowered for the public. I seemed to be listening to a great commercial epic. The man was magnetic. He made me see the great discovery in the great, wide aspect in which it appealed to him. It was a great romance which he unfolded, a romance which had begun with a boy tending sheep on an upland farm of Australia, and was to end in the multiplication of factories, and the capture of the entire world's trade in this industry for England.

He stopped and said abruptly:

"Now, what I want you to do for me, if you can, is to give me a strong introduction to a man of capital engaged in the wool trade."

It was astonishing with what confidence Reuben Clinch made his unlikely request.

It was still more astonishing, I think, that I was actually able to comply with it. Fortune was once more siding with the masterful. For one of my few friends was a prosperous wool merchant in the City of London, Mr. Ralph Speedy. I knew little of the commercial side of Speedy's life, but was aware that he held a high reputation and that his opinion was thought of value in his trade. My friendship with him was due to another aspect of his character. He was a man with a great reverence for the classics, though with little knowledge. He would quote Horace upon occasion, without, it is true, either accuracy or appositeness, but with an amiable diffidence which quite prevented criticism. And, above all, he behaved towards those fortunate few who are really scholars with a respect which I find much too rare.

"Yes," I said doubtfully, looking at Reuben Clinch, "I can give you such an introduction. But it will be better perhaps if I first see the man I am thinking of."

A shade of disappointment darkened upon my visitor's face.

"You will not forget?" he said anxiously.

"No," I replied. "And if I do, I think you will probably call and remind me."

Mr. Clinch laughed, wrote his address upon a card, and went away. I turned back to my Homer and very quickly forgot all about Clinch and his famous discovery.

In the afternoon, however, as I was taking my daily walk, he recurred to my mind. I wondered at the strange spell he had cast upon me. I laughed at my momentary obsession as at some foolish hallucination. He was probably an impostor, a quack! And, lo! all the time I was unconsciously walking, not to my usual haunt on an afternoon, the rooms of the British Academy, but down Cheap-side towards the City. I woke to the direction of my walk when I was only a few yards from my friend Speedy's office. Since I was so near I might as well go in.

"What?" said my friend genially as I entered his office; "you have deserted Parnassus and the streams of Helicon? Sit down."

I told Speedy the story of my visitor

and of his discovery. Speedy shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"An impostor," said he.

It was my own thought, but now that it was expressed by another man I no longer felt so sure of it. Something of the glamour which Clinch had thrown over his subject came back to me.

"It would be a great discovery?" I asked. "A method of fixing the oil in wool would produce this startling revolution in the industry?"

"Undoubtedly," said Speedy. "But everybody has had a shot at it. No one has succeeded. It is a secret which will never be discovered."

"It might be worth while seeing the man," I suggested. "I confess that he impressed me."

Speedy looked at me with surprise. It was no doubt as strange to him as it was to me that I should be in any way interested in the subject.

"Oh," he said abruptly, "let's go and see him now." He took up his hat and we went out.

Clinch had taken rooms in Duke Street, St. James's, and thither we drove. We found him in.

"I have brought Mr. Speedy to see you," I said.

Clinch's face flushed with pleasure, and he shook me warmly by the hand. "That's very kind of you, Professor," he said. "I did not expect it. I understood quite clearly this morning that you did not want to see me at all. I was prepared to hear nothing further from you." Then he turned to my friend and bowed.

"Mr. Speedy's name is, of course, very well known to me. I could not hope for better assistance."

Speedy did not respond with any warmth to this greeting.

"I promise no assistance," he said coldly. "You must first prove to me the genuineness of your discovery."

"Of course," said Clinch.

He placed chairs, and we sat down. Then he went to a cupboard, and took out two small bundles of wool. These he brought across the room to us.

"Here is the natural wool," he said, holding out one of the bundles.

Speedy took it and examined it, and laid it aside.

"Yes," he said.

Clinch handed him the second bundle.

"Here is wool from the same clip after my treatment."

Speedy took the second bundle and bent his head closely over it. I saw his face change from its indifference. He fingered the wool and examined it in every part. That he was interested was clear enough, but what he actually thought—that was another matter. His face gave us no clue, and he did not speak. We waited upon his decision in a great suspense. I say we, for indeed I believe that I was more excited than Reuben Clinch.

At last Speedy put the bundle down.

"Yes," he said gravely, "this is genuine."

He went to the window and stood looking out upon the street. I had no doubt that the same dream which had been mine this morning was his now. I did not move, neither did Reuben Clinch. But I looked at Clinch. He was now quite calm. Speedy's statement was no more than he expected. He was sitting quietly, unconcernedly in a chair, his whole attitude that of a man who knows he is right.

Speedy turned back from the window.

"Still I make no promises," he said.

"I make you a proposition, however. I have a house in the country. Will you come down with me on Friday? I will then place in your hands some wool. I will provide you with whatever chemical products you require, or you can bring what you require yourself. I will give you an empty room, which you can lock, if you like, on the inside. But you must there fix the oil in the wool I give you."

Clinch bowed.

"I accept the test with pleasure."

"Very well, then, we catch the 4:30 train from Waterloo to Dorking on Friday afternoon." Speedy turned to me. "Will you come, too, or will it bore you?"

"No," I answered eagerly. "I shall be very glad."

The experiment was entirely successful. It was conducted under the strictest surveillance. Clinch himself insisted on being searched before he entered his room. And when the finished wool was produced the last of Speedy's distrust vanished forever. We all three traveled up to London together on Monday morning, and I

very well remember Speedy looking out through the windows upon the Surrey woods, and seeing nothing whatever of the foliage as we passed. He was a stoutly built, strong man, in face and figure an impersonation of common sense. But on this morning his eyes were alight. Clinch had thrown his spell upon him, too.

"There's a colossal fortune in this," he said. "Oh, not merely for us, but for all Yorkshire, for England. We shall so simplify and economize in the cost of production, not a country will be able to compete. We shall hold a monopoly—a monopoly in cloth!"

In his ears, too, the great commercial epic was sounding loud.

"Think what that means!" he exclaimed. "Think what it means! I don't think it wise to go for a patent. Keep your secret, Clinch! There's no fear that any one else will hit upon it. We must get Bradford to come in. Oh, it can be done. There will be opposition, of course, but we will break that down. Meanwhile I'll finance you."

Speedy was quick to act once he had made up his prudent mind. A house was taken, furnished, near to the Marble Arch, and overlooking Hyde Park. It was a good house and well furnished. "We must do the thing well," said Speedy. "No parsimony and no fireworks." Servants were engaged, an excellent cook—upon that point Speedy laid the greatest stress—a butler and a footman. Within a fortnight of the visit to Dorking, Clinch was installed, and that notable series of dinner parties began which was to prelude the revolution in the woollen industry.

I was present at the first, which was also the smallest. There were only six seated along the dinner table, three leading Yorkshire manufacturers, Speedy, Clinch and myself. I can see that party now, even after this lapse of time. The big dining room, with its polished mahogany, its dark hangings, its air of comfort, the round table, with its decanters and silver, and Pratt, the burly, shrewd Yorkshireman, leaning across the table, with his cigar tilted upwards from the corner of his mouth. He had one hand upon the sample of wool. I remember what a contrast he made to Clinch,

who sat opposite to him, with his pale face, dark eyes, and rather supercilious air.

"Who knows how the thing's done?" asked Pratt. "How many are in the secret?"

"Only myself," answered Clinch.

"Let's see!" said Pratt. He looked towards me, and looked away again. "You? No. You don't! But, Speedy! What of you, eh?"

"I, only, know the secret," Clinch repeated. "I will explain to you now three-quarters of the process. The other quarter I keep to myself until you come into the scheme."

"That's fair," said Pratt.

"I will confess to you that the three-quarters will be of no help to any man who does not know the rest."

It seemed to me a dangerous plan. But I looked at Clinch. He had no hesitation, no fear. He leaned back in his chair, perfectly secure that no one of his hearers would penetrate his secret. He explained the process, while those about listened keenly to every word—he explained it with a deliberation which was almost careless. I, of course, could not understand a word. But I understood from the faces of the others about the dinner table that the scheme was being comprehended and thought good. Clinch stopped.

"Another word, and the cat's out of the bag," he said. "I stop here, gentlemen."

"Very well," said Pratt. He had let his cigar go out. He threw it into the grate and lighted another. "I speak for myself," he went on. "The thing's good enough for me. I'm in, Speedy."

Pratt's opinion carried weight, and his two companions followed him.

This dinner took place in July. The summer holidays were coming on, and I think only one more such party took place before the early autumn. I am not quite sure, for I left London myself, and traveled to Greece, in order to follow by sea and land the actual wanderings of Odysseus. The hot weather gave me fever. I was delayed in my undertaking, and I only returned to town in November, just in time to deliver the first of my lectures. It was in the second week of that month that I was again present at a dinner party in the house by the Marble Arch.

As I entered the room I saw that matters had progressed. There were quite twenty people present, most of them, so far as I could gather from the conversation which went on about me, the smaller Bradford manufacturers. Speedy sat next to me, and I asked him how things were going.

"Finely," he replied. "We are going to effect a great combination. The public announcement will be made in less than a month. You see," and he looked round the table, "we have already come to the smaller fry. They must come in, or be crushed out of the trade altogether."

The dinner was in most respects a copy of those which had gone before. The samples of wool were sent round and examined. Some portion of the process was explained, and questions were invited by Clinch. One difference I noticed. There seemed more anxiety on the part of the questioners to know what would be the actual cost of the alterations they would have immediately to make in their businesses and factories than to estimate the subsequent profits which would follow when the process was in use.

"They seem to be niggling," I said to Speedy.

"They are the small men, you see," said Speedy.

The party broke up rather late. It was past twelve when Speedy and I, who had remained to the last, took leave of Clinch. He came through the hall to the door with us and glanced up at the clock as he passed it.

"I won't ask you to stay on to-night," he said. "Good-bye."

That was the last I was ever to see of Clinch. No—I am wrong. The night was mild, and Speedy walked with me a little of my way along Oxford Street. We had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when a man came up behind us, passed us, and walked quickly on ahead. He was evidently wearing evening dress, and a light overcoat above it. I clutched Speedy by the arm.

"Surely that's Clinch," I said.

"Is it? Where?"

I pointed out the man, who was now some distance in front. I had not seen anything of his face, so that I was not certain.

"It looks like him, certainly," said

Speedy. "But one can't be certain. And, anyhow, it's no business of ours."

At the next corner Speedy jumped into a hansom, and drove back westwards to his home. I got into an omnibus, and jolted along to Gray's Inn. Thither, three mornings later, Speedy came to me. He was terribly agitated. He refused to sit down, and paced the room in the greatest distress.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed. "Clinch has disappeared."

I started up from my chair.

"Disappeared!"

"Yes, vanished completely. There's not a trace of him, not a clue to his whereabouts — nothing, absolutely nothing."

At once, just for a second, my old suspicion flashed across my mind. "Was Clinch an impostor?" I asked myself, and I only asked the question to dismiss it. I did not utter it aloud.

"When did he disappear?" I said.

"Three nights ago. You remember we dined at the house."

I uttered a cry.

"It was he, then, who passed us in Oxford Street?"

"No doubt of it," said Speedy. "The butler told me that he left the house immediately after he was free of us. Why didn't we stop him?" He dropped into a chair. The very chair in which Clinch had sat in the early summer, when he paid me his first visit.

"Oh, why didn't we stop him?" he repeated. He was wringing his hands like a woman in distress.

"You know why we didn't stop him," I replied.

Speedy lifted his head and answered:

"Yes."

"Are you sure there was no love affair?"

Speedy knitted his forehead over that problem, and then he cried out in despair: "I don't know. He never opened out, did he?"

"No," I replied. "But there might be letters in the house."

"There's nothing — absolutely nothing. I have been at the house all the morning. Not one of the servants knows a thing. There's not the merest scrap of writing that will give us any help."

"When did you first hear that he had disappeared?" I asked.

"Two days ago. That's the fatal thing. I have lost two days, and if it's" — he paused for a second, as though he feared to speak the words even to himself — "if it's foul play, the loss of those two days may just stop us from ever finding him. Let's get into a hansom."

He put his hat on his head, helped me into my overcoat, and hurried me out of the room. We went down into the Gray's Inn Road, and hailed a hansom.

"Scotland Yard," cried Speedy, "and as quick as you can." He was in a fever.

"Keep a lookout on your side, Royle," he said, "while I talk to you. I'll look out on mine. One of us might see him. Not much hope, but we mustn't miss a chance. You see, there has been some sort of an affair, I know. Who she is, what she is, whether she is any particular one, I don't know. But Clinch has gone away before. Only he has never stayed away. He has disappeared; only he has come back again. That's why I have lost two days. I thought he would come back until this morning."

"He may have eloped," I suggested as the cab turned down Chancery Lane.

"I have thought of that. But would he?" exclaimed Speedy. "Would he, with all this colossal future waiting for him? I don't know. These quiet, secret men — you never know. But I am afraid of something else."

"Of what?"

"Of one of those queer accident things which strike a man down just as he is coming into his kingdom."

I had never seen Speedy so moved. I would not have believed it possible that he could have been so moved by the loss of any one who was not very dear to him. But Clinch had thrown his spell upon us both.

"Here we are," Speedy cried as the cab stopped.

We told our story to the Inspector, and as he listened I noticed that a smile of amusement struggled into his impassive face.

"Oh, I know what you are thinking," said Speedy. "You are thinking that Clinch has fooled us, that he is an impostor and has done a bolt. But that's not true. I know very well what I am talking about. His process was perfectly

genuine. He must have made a huge fortune if he had stayed here."

He took all the details which we could give him down in a book, and as he wrote them down I realized how meagre they were. The house in the Bayswater Road was searched from floor to ceiling. We waited with a lingering hope, for a month, for two months, for three. The police could discover nothing. Clinch had disappeared. He carried with him his secret. No one knew the last process by which the oil was fixed. The house by the Marble Arch was given up, and the great monopoly of cloth became once more a dream.

Speculation was rife as to the reason of Clinch's disappearance. The view which gained most adherents held that he had been lured on that night of his last dinner into some foul den and then murdered for what he had upon his person. But thirteen years later I learned the truth.

I was crossing Westminster Bridge one November evening, about six o'clock, on my way to Waterloo Station. It was an evening of fog, although the fog was not dense. As I passed beneath a lamp post there came out of the fog towards me a man whom I seemed dimly to recognize. Then he passed on. I walked slowly on my way for a few paces, trying to recollect where I had seen his face. I stopped again automatically and looked back. I saw the man had stopped, too, just as I had, and was looking after me, as I was looking after him. I turned and walked towards him. Slowly, it seemed to me reluctantly, he in his turn came towards me. As we met he touched his hat.

"I seem to know your face," I said.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "You are Professor Royle. I was butler to poor Mr. Clinch over there at the Marble Arch."

At once I remembered. The story had grown rather dim to me by this time, but the butler's words revived it vividly.

"Yes," I said. "That was sad."

The butler nodded his head.

"Yes, sir," and he added, "You were dining at the house on the night when Mr. Clinch was murdered."

"Murdered?" I exclaimed. "Are you sure of that? He disappeared. That is all we know."

"Oh, yes, sir, he was murdered," the butler persisted. "I know well." Then he looked around him. "It's so very long since, sir, that I'll tell you how I know. That evening as the gentlemen were leaving I helped two of them on with their coats. They took no notice of me. They were thinking of other things. I heard one say, 'That means ruin to us, you know,' and I heard the other reply, 'It would mean ruin, but it will never come off. You'll see.' I didn't take much notice of the words at the time, sir, but I remembered them afterwards. I remembered, too, that they were spoken with a great deal of conviction."

"But why on earth didn't you come forward and say that at the time?" I asked.

The man shuffled his feet.

"Well, sir, I didn't remember the names of the gentlemen. I didn't see what good it would do, Mr. Clinch having gone, and — and — well, I told my wife about it and she said: 'Hold your tongue! It won't do you any good to be mixed up in it.'" And upon that the butler touched his hat again and disappeared into the fog.

I remembered now that that party was a party of the small men. I recollected how the conversation had run on the cost of the alterations consequent upon the revolution of the trade once the process was adopted. And this is clear: the great monopoly which was to help England was stopped by a crime, and the crime was committed by one of the smaller men who was likely to go under in the process of change.



TO A CROW

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON



Bold, amiable, ebon
outlaw, grave and
wise!

For many a good green
year hast thou with-
stood —

By dangerous, planted
field, and haunted
wood —

All the devices of thine
enemies.

Gleaning thy grudget
bread with watchful
eyes,

And self-relying soul.
Come ill or good,



Blithe days thou see'st, thou feathered Robin Hood;
Thou makest a jest of farmland boundaries.

Take all thou may'st, and never count it crime
To rob the greatest robber of the earth,
Weak-visioned, dull, self-lauding man, whose worth
Is in his own esteem. Bide thou thy time;
Thou know'st far more of nature's lore than he,
And her wide lap shall still provide for thee.

THE CRIMSON WIGWAM

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



WESTWARD and westward, beyond the voiceless barrens, beyond the hills where dwell the Gray Hunters, beyond the narrow sea and atop the edge of the world, glows the Crimson Wigwam. The spirits of the warriors of the Beothic People tarry at the Crimson Wigwam on their way out from the stony graves, to tell their names, and the tales of their great and little deeds, to the god who dwells therein. Then they continue on the long trail to the valleys of eternal summer.

In the Crimson Wigwam are many wonderful things which in the old days were given to man by the gods, only to be taken back because of the waywardness of man. Among these wonders are The Red Arrow, The Wallet of Plenty, The Moccasins of the Wind, The Pictures of Wisdom, and The Water of Healing.

To the village on the River of Three Fires stole a fearful sickness. It followed on the trail of the hunters who had been slaying the caribou about Wind Lake. The season was that of the southward migration, when the great herds cross the barrens to the extremist valleys, and the ptarmigan cross the bays and dust themselves in the dry loam between the granite boulders on the knolls; when the snipe take wing for the far flight, and the leaves singe to blackness on the twisted alders. It was the season of dropping gold in the birch thickets; of rotting berries on the marshes; of haze of lost campfires across expectant lakes.

Before the dawn, with the white frost, the sickness stole into the lodges of the village. Three of the returned hunters were the first to die. Then a woman turned away from her food, and her eyes from the light, and forgot the voice of

her lover. The old women distilled bright liquors from various herbs, according to their knowledge of such things. The priests covered their heads with the head-skins of bear and wolf, and invoked their gods. They pricked their flesh with needles of bone, moistened the ashes of the council-fire with their blood and tossed pellets of it to the four ways. Still the sickness entered the lodges and claimed its helpless victims.

With the coming of the snow and the binding of the ice the nameless malady increased in deadliness. Then the oldest man of the village — oldest in wisdom as well as in years — called Wolf Master, his great-grandson, to his lodge and told him of the Water of Healing, which was in the Crimson Wigwam atop the western edge of the world.

"Hold straight to the journey," said the oldest man. "Turn not aside for anything save food to strengthen you on the way. Cross the salt water as your wits and courage may tell you how. At the door of the great lodge of dyed skins stand upright and cry, with a fearless voice, that death sits in the lodges of your village and that you have journeyed from the River of Three Fires, without help of magic, in quest of the Water of Healing. Then cover your eyes with your left hand and extend your right, and await what may happen."

Wolf Master tied food in a bag at his belt, armed himself and bound racquets to his feet. His heart shook within him for terror of that journey which no living man before him had undertaken. As he turned his face westward from the shelter of the lodges, a young squaw ran to his side and laid slim hands on his arm. The bloom of health was still in her cheeks and lips. Life still glowed undaunted in her strong young body. Her eyes were alight with more than life.

"Do you hunt to-day?" she asked.

He freed his arm from her hands and drew her against him.



"THE GODS OF THE NORTH WERE DANCING BEYOND THEIR WALLS OF ETERNAL ICE"

"I hunt a great quarry," he said; and he told her, in a few words, of the water of healing.

"Let me go with you," she pleaded, clinging to the furs on his breast.

"Nay," he whispered, "for how could I remember the sufferings of the village and the end of the quest, with your hunger and weariness ever near me? Then would I forsake the trail, that I might hunt food for you and build you a warm lodge."

The maiden saw the truth of his words. For a moment she clung to him—and then turned away. So they parted at the edge of the forest, where the new snow lay gray and unbroken under the gray sky. The girl went back to the stricken lodges, and the brave stepped between the frozen spruces and broke his trail up the wooded slope.

To the west he set his face, flashing through the lifeless wood up to the lifeless barren. A long wind ran before him, between the levels of brooding sky and blanketed earth. It died in a thicket of black spruces, like a wounded animal in its den. The gray canopy of heaven hung lower, and snow descended in silent, revolving curtains of white. Wolf Master bent his head to it and held on his way; and love was a fire in his heart that warmed his courage against the ghostly desolation. All day he traveled, breaking a trail that twisted and turned, yet held true to the westward course. So the expert woodsman has ever traveled—saving his strength by edging thickets rather than breaking through, and taking a dozen steps around wind-fall and boulder rather than risking a strain by leaping across.

The storm of snow ceased about noon. The sky cleared, and a cold draught of wind came down from the north. When the early twilight began to gather over the gray waste, Wolf Master sought a resting place in the heart of a thicket of firs. There, with one of his racquets, he dug a trench in the drift. Near by he found fresh tracks of a hare, and above it, between two small spruces, he set a loop of fine thong. Returning to the trench, he built a fire and broiled a fragment of dried deer meat. He wisely chose to make his first day's journey short, so as to season himself gradually to the toil that lay before him. At one end of the

trench he laid a bed of fir branches, springy and aromatic. At the other the fire burned brightly, and the white, melting walls reflected the heat to the couch of boughs.

In the middle night Wolf Master awoke. The fire was low. Stars twinkled frostily in the violet dome of the sky. A light wind ran in the huddled firs and blew an occasional wisp of snow across the trench. Wolf Master fed the fire with a few sticks from the pile of dry wood which he had gathered before retiring. As the flame shot up two great wolves slunk away from the edge of the trench into the shadows of the trees.

By the red sunrise Wolf Master found that his snare had been robbed. There was blood on the snow. Under the thin, new drift he discerned the tracks of wolves. Anger stirred in him, and a hot desire to hunt down the robbers; but duty held him to the westward trail.

Night after night he set his nooses, at the end of each weary journey; and night after night the same pair of wolves, following like grim shadows, devoured his quarry. At last all of his dried deer meat was eaten and hunger gnawed him. The narrow, unknown sea still lay a day's march ahead. Death faced him and trotted behind him in the open. Better to seek it while his blood had still some warmth from the last scanty meal than to wait for it to tear him at the last with double agony. So that night he built no fire and set no snare.

Twice, in quick succession, Wolf Master drew his bow and sped the heavy arrow. The dog-wolf snarled and sprang. The she-wolf yelped and crawled forward with her belly in the snow. The flint knife struck the dog-wolf in the shoulder, and tore hide and muscle. Again it struck, this time wedging between two of the gaunt ribs. Then the hands of the man closed on the neck of the beast. The final struggle was brief.

A day's journey back from the western coast lay the great red carcasses. Wolf Master had taken the pelts from them, and a little of the flesh. The red foxes found them and fed to their heart's content. Jays and snow-birds pecked at the frozen bones.

Wolf Master stood on the shore of the narrow sea, gazing westward and across,



"HE SPRANG INTO THE AIR AND FELT THE INVISIBLE CURRENT FIRM UNDER HIS FEET"

He could not see the Crimson Wigwam, for the sun was still low in the east. Ice fringed the gray tide, and the rocks were drifted with snow. The farther shore lay like drifted smoke along the uneasy waters. The air was bitterly cold; and in all that wide outlook nothing stirred but the wind and the sea. The warrior's courage faltered and sickened. Who was he to dare those unknown perils? to brave the sliding, shifting waters on which no man had ventured before him? to stand at the door of a god's lodge? His spirit cowered within him; his limbs shook; his belly yearned for food.

Strengthened by the meat of a great sea-bird which he had stalked and killed, Wolf Master took fresh heart for the completion of the adventure. By the slanting sun of the previous evening he had seen the walls of the Crimson Wigwam so close that it seemed as if an arrow, shot high, would rouse the god from his retreat. Now only the rocking sea and the belt of smoky hill lay between him and the guardian of the magic water.

With fire and his stone ax he felled a dozen spruce trees. He trimmed them of their branches and dragged them to the edge of the tide. There he bound them together with thongs cut from the raw hides of the wolves. He shaped rough paddles of spruce and fir. Such game as he could procure — a brace of ptarmigan, several gulls and a hare — he roasted at his fire, let freeze and bound securely to his raft.

The morning sky was heavy, the wind was raw and from the east, when he launched his rude float from the rocks

onto the desolate waters. The raft rode so deep that it was awash with every wave. It was sluggish, too, and the reckless voyager had to work desperately, with his pole of spruce, to get it clear of the shore. Once away from the rocks the wind helped him. He paddled until he was tired, standing upright, with the icy water streaming over his moccasined feet. He found it no easy matter to keep his balance, so sidling and erratic was the action of the sea.

The wind from the east drove a white fog before it. It blew out like dropping smoke. The rugged coast of the great island, the unstable floor of the sea, and the unknown coast ahead, were all blotted from Wolf Master's vision. Unseen birds, with harsh, affrighting voices, cried around him. Toil-spent, chilled to the bone and sickened by the unfamiliar motion, he lay prone on the raft and clung to the straining thongs of hide by which it was held together. Indifferent to danger, and weak beyond naming, he sank, at last, into a profound slumber.

The sleep of exhaustion lasted many hours. The wind slackened and fell. The fog thinned and rolled southward. The sea quieted. The sun shone in the west, illuminating the walls of the Crimson Wigwam till they burned like fire. Soon the dusk flooded from the east and stars glinted overhead. Weird voices floated on the bitter air—the voices of the spirits of the wilderness. In the north a red curtain fell across the stars, shook east and west with silver and violet in its folds, and wavered along the hill tops. The gods of the north were dancing, beyond their walls of eternal ice.

Wolf Master's sleep of exhaustion slowly deepened towards the verge of the sleep of death. The while his blood pulsed slower and slower he dreamed of summer and love. His leather garments were frozen stiff, and the raft was heavy with a casing of new ice. And still he slumbered, dreaming of summer along the valley of the River of Three Fires.

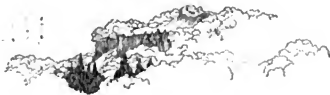
Shortly before dawn a northing and landward current drew the raft toward the shore of the unknown land. Sea-birds swooped above it, veering and returning. A bright figure waded into the water and lifted the body of the brave from the sodden raft. The face of the god was tender. The arms of the god were strong and warm.

When Wolf Master recovered consciousness he found himself lying on a caribou hide in the open. The blood ran warm in his veins. Weariness had left him. He was clothed in a new coat made from the skins of silver foxes. Gloves of mink skin were on his hands, and on his feet were moccasins trimmed with dyed porcupine quills. Beside him, in a bag of oiled skin, lay what he knew to be the Water of Healing. He sat up and looked about him. In front ran the narrow sea, gray as steel under the high sun. Beyond it lay the rugged shores of the great island from which he had come. But nowhere could he see the Crimson Wigwam.

He fastened the bag of water to his belt and got to his feet. A strange sensation of buoyancy—of strength and lightness—possessed him. He sprang into the air and felt the invisible currents firm under his feet. Then he knew that he wore the magic Moccasins of the Wind. So he ran eastward, swift as flying brant, high across the gray sea, the black hills and the white desolate barrens.

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In the chief's lodge in the village on the River of Three Fires sorrow crouched in the shadows. The daughter of the chief lay unconscious, stricken with the sickness. From the outer glare came Wolf Master, her lover, with the Water of Healing in his hands. Kneeling beside the couch of skins, he held it to her lips. Straightway she opened her eyes—and life was returned to them, and love still glowed in their depths.





"BAKE-FOOTED AND SWINGING A PAIL, COMING IN FROM THE FIELDS"

THE STRAIGHT PATH

BY CHARLES WADSWORTH CAMP

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. HUBBARD



HE tinkling of the telephone broke into their day-dream. "Aunt Liza's out; you'll have to answer it," she said.

He grumbled his resignation and hurried across the grass and into the living-room of the time-worn New England farmhouse. He paused to wave his hand to the country girl on the bench under the trees, then, still smiling, put the receiver to his ear to meet the crisis wholly unprepared. For he had unlimited youth and enthusiasm and was narrow enough to live with both, to the exclusion of wisdom; so that during his convalescence he had found it easy to forget the fore-ordained.

When he heard his mother's voice he took it for granted that she was calling him from New York.

"What's gone wrong?" he shouted, to be sure the words would carry.

"I can hear you perfectly well, Freddy. You shouldn't exert yourself so. Nothing's wrong. Claire and I are at the station."

"Why have you come?" he snapped.

"To see about you," she calmly replied.

"About me!" he stumbled. Youth and enthusiasm were carried before the flood of recollection let loose by their presence here. "What can you want to see about me?"

Her voice vibrated to him challengingly. "Is it surprising I should want to know how you are picking up after the fever? It isn't necessary we should discuss that here, at all events. This 'phone is in the middle of a grocery store—

quite; and most of the population is enjoying the novelty of seeing it used." There was a pause, then: "Haven't you a decent carriage to send for us? It isn't far, is it?"

"Fully two miles," he replied discouragingly, "and this is September; all the horses are in the fields."

"What are stables for?" she demanded. "If you weren't my only son, I'd turn back. Wait a minute."

He heard a man's voice echoing over the wire, with an offer to drive the ladies all the way to the Ringer's place for fifty cents.

"I've engaged a carriage," she resumed. "Good-bye," and he heard the wire snap dead. He replaced his own receiver reflectively, thrust his hands into his pockets, and, his lips pursed as though he would have whistled his discomfiture, sauntered across the porch and towards the bench. "Should he tell her?" he was asking himself.

She awaited him with a look sounding his delay. It was his custom to shorten as far as possible these moments of separation. She was a slip of a girl, scarcely more than eighteen, with dark hair parted in the middle and waving back to a knot gathered low on her neck. Her almost startlingly innocent eyes made his own for the first time waver, and he decided that, however much she might love him, she could not understand how unthinkingly he had led her and himself into this labyrinth.

"What is it?" she asked, as he returned to his place beside her.

"Nothing of any consequence. I'll tell you about it later," he answered to gain time, in a hope, whose deceit he recog-

nized, that he would be able to think a peaceful way out for both of them.

After a few moments' silence she placed her hand on his. "They're not calling you back, Freddy? You're not strong enough yet."

His glance took in her plain, neat gown, which somehow fitted her charmingly. This unwelcome recall to his old life had not altered the great fact. "My mother is driving from the village — and a friend of hers. It's a little sudden." He viciously spoiled a mole's industry.

She felt his trouble vaguely. "Aren't you glad?"

"I hope I'm always glad to see my mother, but it's surprising; haven't heard from her in three weeks."

"Are you wondering whether to tell her about me?" Perhaps neither of them had put it into words before, but both had accepted it as a foregone conclusion. Her question brought the situation to him barer and more unpleasant than ever. Had he not come here to convalesce; had this crisis not arisen, it is conceivable that up to his wedding day, he would never have felt himself bound to Claire by his careless yielding to his mother's insistence. And now she was coming with Claire. Could it have been Bob Frazer, whose talk had brought them? Frazer had been out the week before, and he, of course, had eyes. But he had accepted it all as a matter of course. Claire had hidden in some remote corner of his brain for weeks.

"If you think it better not," the girl said, rising. "I know you will do whatever is best. I'll go into the house now."

"Yes, I'd rather see them alone for a minute. I'll bring them in. Good-bye, Kate."

He watched her until the screen door had closed behind her, then turned his eyes to the bend in the road around which they must come. In a few minutes they drove through the gate, uncomfortable in a dilapidated two-seated carriage, fringed with torn curtains and adorned with the mud of several storms. He helped his mother, gray-haired and dignified, to the ground, then held out his hand to Claire, a pretty, conventional young woman, who looked as though her family had had for several generations enough money to make them all ladies and gentlemen.

"Well, I've never seen you looking better," Mrs. Randall declared.

"I didn't expect to be so honored," he answered with a half-hearted laugh. "I never supposed, mother, that your solicitude would carry you so far from the beaten paths. And Claire —"

"Freddy, I didn't come to see how many pounds you had gained," his mother said, skirmishing.

"It isn't very clear in my mind what we did come for," Claire put in.

"I thought it best for you to come under the circumstances," she explained.

"Something Bob Frazer said?" he questioned, anxious now to have the battle started.

"Your father always had a way of going to the point. Of course," she went on with an impetuosity that showed how uncertain she was of her ground, "we all know what an utter idiot Bob Frazer is."

"I might question his judgment in this case," he replied, "but I would scarcely call him an idiot."

"We don't believe him naturally — at least, I don't. I thought it best to wait until we had reached the ground, where the silly story could be disproved, before telling your future wife."

He turned to Claire, bowing mockingly.

"Yes, I'm it," she confessed. "Now, what's it all about?"

"Nothing, I'm sure," Mrs. Randall hurried on. "Bobby Frazer's quite crazy."

"Let's move into the shade, and then you can tell me where they've taken him," Claire suggested mildly.

"You'd better come right on into the house," Freddy proposed. "Mrs. Ringer's gone over to the Stillwells' for the day; but Kate's here."

"And who is Kate?" his mother asked. "The help?"

"Scarcely. She's Mrs. Ringer's niece, and — and —"

"And what?"

The fight wasn't going exactly to his taste. Claire's presence and her ignorance of the situation strengthened his mother's position, and she was gathering confidence with each move. He led them onto the veranda, deciding on purely defensive tactics. Mrs. Randall paused, disdainfully surveying the warped clapboards and the distorted window frames.

"How disreputably picturesque!" she sniffed.

"It's been here for more than a hundred years," he asserted, "and it's never been out of the family."

"Like the owners," she declaimed, "worn out and faintly amusing."

He jerked the screen door open and followed them into the darkened interior. Kate rose from a chair in the chimney corner and advanced uneasily. He glanced from one to the other of the two young women. No sane man, he knew, would hesitate for a moment; but in order to prove his sanity, he would have to violate tradition, fly in the face of his small but powerful world, and—the thought would not leave him—what would she, herself, say?

"Kate, my mother has just been saying that she doesn't like old things, so I've brought her to you."

The girl moved forward as though to offer her hand, but Mrs. Randall's formal bow repelled her. He turned to Claire, but his mother was not letting the opportunity slip. She nodded towards Claire.

"And I," she said, "want to present you to my son's fiancée."

Her avaricious grasp at the chance shocked him. "This is Miss Claire Everett," he amended.

"I didn't know—" she began, but he interrupted her, catching her comforting interpretation of his mother's introduction.

"No, I am the one and only son."

She flushed and after a moment turned pale, but that was all. This time her hand went out and Claire took it.

"I'm awfully glad," Claire drawled. "Have you been helping Freddy get well?"

"I think I have," she answered cheerfully. "And I'm glad to meet you."

Her tone disturbed him more than ever. It suggested the shifting of all her values, the slipping away of youth.

"Of course, you will stay to dinner," she went on, "and you'll want to rest. You must have had an uncomfortable trip; it's such a hot day."

Without once glancing at him, she led the way up the stairs. He paced the floor waiting for her return, hoping she would demand an explanation; yet at a loss for

a satisfying one. After a time he braved the unwilling piano, playing a hymn—the only thing that occurred to him. Then he took a book, but his eyes sought continually the head of the stairs. Would she never come back? He romantically pictured her suffering, until finally, yielding to his own, he threw discretion to the winds, and, leaning against the newel post, called, at first hesitatingly, then louder, more insistently:

"Kate! Kate!"

But she made no answer and he tried again, and after that until his mother replied:

"Well, what is it, Freddy?"

"Nothing, nothing," he answered.

"It's time for my milk and egg; that's all. I suppose I can get it myself."

"Where are the maids?"

"I didn't know you had brought them," he snapped, and went onto the porch, slamming the door behind him. He tried to find comfort in thoughts of a relapse, but, counting the weeks since he had left the hospital, ended by smiling grimly.

Kate did not reappear until dinner time. The men had taken their baskets to the field, and the four had the room to themselves. Kate said never a word during the meal, for Mrs. Randall's attitude suggested total ignorance of her presence. Claire's conversation suffered from a severe effort; and Freddy tried to confine his interest to his dinner. Oddly enough, it was Irish stew, and Mrs. Randall had no more appetite than the rest of them. It scarcely once distracted her attention from the weighty sentences of which her son was the subject and his future the predicate. Claire, he guessed before the meal was finished, had measured the situation, and he was curious as to her feelings.

Afterwards Kate left them, and his mother with a sigh occupied the sofa.

"What a relief!" she said. "Come here, son, and let's have a cozy chat. Now that this silly story has been disproved, I apologize for ever having taken any stock in it."

"I can't stop, mother."

"Why not? Where are you going?"

"You ought to know how ill I've been. The doctor insists on my taking a brisk walk after meals."



"SHE WAS MUCH INTERESTED IN SOMETHING CLAIRE WAS SAYING"

"Then we'll have to see about getting you a new doctor."

"Meantime I shall obey the old." He avoided further expostulation.

She was not in the kitchen, and he hurried through the barnyard. He saw Mrs. Ringer's small daughter, bare-footed and swinging a pail, coming in from the fields.

"Have you seen your cousin Kate?" he called.

She nodded in the direction of the woods, and he ploughed across the first cornfield. He came upon her suddenly through the trees, so that she had no chance of escape. She was seated dejectedly on a fallen log, where a spring had hollowed a deep basin in the clay. Had she been weeping, as he had half expected, he would have felt surer of himself, but after the first glance she kept her eyes on the ground, while he rustled through last year's leaves and stood before her.

Her self-possession routed the dramatic utterances he had prepared on the way from the house. "What are you doing here all alone?" was the best he could muster.

"It is cool here," she answered.

"Now, Kate—" he began.

"Well?"

"This isn't getting anywheres." He waited. "Is it what my mother said?"

She raised her eyes then. "Oh, you have made me so ashamed of myself."

He sat down beside her and started to tear a twig to pieces. "It is I who should be ashamed, and I am; but all this can't make any difference to us."

"It makes all the difference," she answered quietly. "I feel as though I had grown old since they came."

"I know, Kate, that you think I'm a sad scoundrel."

"I hope not that. I hope it was just because you were weak. Only—I wish weak people wouldn't drag other people into their weaknesses."

Her voice shook a little, but when he made an effort for her hand, she drew it away.

"You must try to believe me," he said. "I don't minimize the shock to you. If I hadn't been careless and weak, as you say, this couldn't have happened. I wouldn't have had it happen for the

world." He faced her squarely. "But now that it has happened, don't you think that it is going to change a thing. No, don't say a word. I'm not trying to comfort you. I'm selfish; it's myself. If I can't persuade you what an utter idiot I've been, I'm a poor sort. Claire and I have never cared a snap of our fingers for each other."

"That's nonsense; then you couldn't be going to marry each other," she calmly stated.

"I hate to tell you this sort of thing, but our families were taking care of all those minor details. So it didn't occur to me to tell you about Claire. I hardly once thought of her. She seemed so foreign to what was between us. I was entering a new world, so perhaps it was purposely that I kept her out. It was so engrossing, so natural, that I took it for granted that everybody would be as pleased as I was."

"It isn't clear at all. I don't see the use of this. You belong to her, anyway."

"I don't, and nothing could make me now, no matter what happens. You see, dear, I've never known Claire very well. When my mother told me she wanted me to marry her, I laughed. 'What will Claire say?' I asked. 'Claire's a good, sensible girl,' she said. Then I got angry, and mother wept until I said 'yes.' She assured me that I needn't bother about it for a long time, and I haven't bothered about it once since. I told Claire I wasn't going to lose any sleep over it, and that she'd better not either. She answered that insomnia was hereditary in her family, so she wouldn't have any illusions in any case. Now, Kate, haven't I a right? Is there any social code that insists on my making three persons utterly miserable for all their lives?"

"If there is, it isn't a good one," she answered.

"You understand, don't you?"

"Not quite, and I can't see why I should, truly." There were tears in her eyes now, and, leaning over, he put his arms about her and kissed her.

"There is no reason why you should, since you can't doubt the important thing. I will take care of the rest. All I want to know is that you will help."

"I guess I will help," she said slowly. "I think I'd better."

"Do you mean to tell me," she said, "that you walked all the way from the house without your hat?"

"I wasn't thinking of hats," he laughed.

"Then I'll have to make you one. You might have a relapse."

"I rather hoped for it this morning; and not once to-day have I taken the customary milk and egg."

She tied a knot in each corner of his handkerchief and, rising, placed it on his head.

"Now," he said, "let's go face the music."

She paused at the barnyard gate. "You had such a glorious future," she said plaintively.

"And I hadn't done a thing to deserve it. This is justice!"

"Please be serious. I'm sorry you are going to disappoint your mother."

"I hope before long that she will see it was the only thing. I'm going to try to show her now."

He walked boldly in at the front door. Mrs. Randall's face was red, and Claire as soon as she saw him got to her feet. He felt that he was interrupting combatants, not conspirators. His mother sat up.

"For heaven's sake, Freddy, where did you get that thing on your head?"

"Kate put it there," he said simply.

Claire smothered a laugh and went onto the veranda.

"This has gone quite far enough," his mother said. "I want you to pack your trunk. You are coming back to the city with me."

"No, I'm not, mother."

"You're quite strong enough; if you're not, you can go somewheres else."

"That isn't it at all. It's simply the Declaration of Independence."

"I won't have it," she said. "That hopeless creature!"

"You mustn't say those things about her."

"Your sense of honor *must* prevent you."

"If it did it would be a mistaken sense of honor. Just this problem doesn't come to every man. If it did he would have one honorable course, and that's the one

I'm taking. Now you may say whatever you please, but I have nothing more to say."

He found Kate and Claire together on the bench under the trees. The girl had picked up a garden trowel which she had been using that morning, as though glorying in her bondage to the soil; but she was much interested in something Claire was saying. As he came up Claire smiled.

"It's all right, Freddy," she said. "You believe it, and I guess it's true. You couldn't have done anything else. Is the debate all over?"

"Yes," he answered, "and the parental melodrama has been played out. Not a cent."

"What will you do?"

"I've got something, and I'll go to work. Maybe that's better, too."

A little later the unexpected climax came. They were waiting for the carriage to take the two visitors to the station. Mrs. Randall was nursing her sorrow alone at one end of the veranda, and the others were talking pleasantly by the door, when a big touring car turned in at the gate. Kate with an exclamation of surprise ran across the grass to meet it. Mrs. Randall watched the tall, middle-aged man at the wheel stop the engine, and, jumping to the ground, lean over and kiss the girl; watched it with a sickening feeling of gratitude. She joined the others. "I knew she reminded me of somebody," she said feebly.

"And now," Claire asked, "you can bear up under my broken heart?"

But Mrs. Randall turned for the greeting of the newcomer. "I remember now," she said, "you told me last winter she would finish school this year. But why have you kept her away from us all?"

"Look at her," he answered. "Don't you see? I have raised her the best I could without her mother."

Mrs. Randall went to Claire and wept. "Oh, Kate!" she moaned, "why didn't you tell us?"

"I thought it was just myself," Kate said. "I didn't know it made any difference."

"And it didn't," Freddy answered stoutly; "not the least in the world."

ADVENTURES IN SOCIETY

BY A CHINESE GENTLEMAN



If you were to ask me which class of the Americans I found most interesting, I should reply the *nouveaux riches*. Of course, as a regular diet you would want the aristocrats. Their good breeding, their absolute pose and culture, is restful, but it is not particularly interesting when you are in search of novelties. So I have, by the aid of a clever friend, been presented to a number of families which are technically known as "climbers."

You see plays about them; they are caricatured by the professional wits of the press, but you do not meet them if you are in the best society, or if you are in the worst. They constitute a set, in a general way, by themselves.

I first heard of them at a dinner where a specimen was included, as I was told, as a business proposition. In other words, a man of the best circles had forced his wife to invite the "climber" to dinner, as he wished to induce him to go into some business deal. In a word, he "stooped to conquer."

The man was fairly presentable, but his wife was, as the daughter of the host told me confidentially, "something awful" — and she quite looked the part.

At the dinner, when they got to the story telling and the wine began to loosen the cockles of their hearts and tongues, a young man who, in a way, resented the presence of the "climber" as an affront to his wife, looked at his bald head and said: "That reminds me of a story."

"Abraham Lincoln was always being bothered by people who wanted advice on various topics, and one day a bald headed man came to him and said, 'Abe, I've been invited to a masquerade ball and I

don't know what to wear; what would you advise?'

"The future president looked at the man a moment, taking in his polished skull, then replied, 'Why, if I had your bald head and was invited to a masked ball I'd silver coat it and go as a pill.'"

Everybody laughed, and the "climber" was called upon for a story, but he replied that he was a self-made man and couldn't be expected to talk. Upon this the young man spoke up and said, "If you are a self-made man, why don't you give yourself more hair?"

This was too much for even the "climber"; he deliberately took out a note book and made a memorandum, and everybody supposed he was writing down the story; but not so. He wrote the name of the young man, and I was told later that he repaid what he considered an insult by ruining him in a stock deal.

Washington and New York are the headquarters for the newly rich, as here they can acquire merit and attain a certain stage which to the "mob" passes for social position; yet I have reason to believe that some of these tremendously rich persons were isolated and lonesome to a marked degree.

It was an easy matter to obtain the *entré* to some of these houses. My friend, who was what might have been termed a professional diner-out, at dinner told me that he had a standing order from the lady of the house to bag all the big game he could; and that he had a commission or remuneration, I do not question. He was living on a small salary, and every time he dined out, he was so much in. This is a joke. He told me this himself. He was of good family, a good speaker, good looking, a wit, and in constant demand.

We went early, and I found myself in

one of the finest houses in the city; what they call a "mansion" in America, built without regard to expense and decorated with the taste of a second-rate or class furniture dealer; "loud, and plenty of it," as my friend said.

Entering the drawing-room, we found the host and hostess; he, a small, undersized man, who looked the picture of despair in evening dress, and the lady a large, gross woman of undoubted Irish lineage. If I had my doubts as to this, they were brushed aside the moment she spoke. As my young friend said, "The moment she opened her mouth, she fell into it," as she had a brogue that was rich, rare and racy. She was a blaze of diamonds, and her dress, being black velvet covered with steel ornaments, she appeared to be covered with gems, and I could not divest myself of the idea that she was the leader of the ballet in the march of the Amazons which I had seen the night previous at one of the play houses. She had a collar of diamonds about her throat, each one being a four-carat stone, and a crown upon her head was studded with them; and as she stood beneath an electric light, arranged especially to illumine her, the spectacle was stupendous. She had rings on over her glove—a glaring horror even in America—and the husband wore a big gold chain over his black evening dress vest—a small act that stamped him at once as an ignorant *parvenu*. I mention this that you may understand the complications of the American etiquette. Thus, a man may have billions, but should he do such a thing as this, it would be seen at once that he was a fraud, that is, not a bred gentleman.

I have here *seriatim* a few "breaks," as my jovial diner-out friend calls them, that would condemn a man at once:

- (1) Wearing a big chain with evening dress.
- (2) Eating fish with a knife (merely touching it).
- (3) Making a noise in eating soup.
- (4) Putting soup spoon into the mouth.
- (5) Placing the elbows on the table while eating.
- (6) Expectorating in public.
- (7) Smoking on the street.
- (8) Yawning or gaping or blowing the nose in public.

(9) Picking the teeth in public.

All or any of these things would stamp a man and advertise him as a "cad," as only the common people commit such social sins.

You could tell the imitation lady by:

- (1) Overdressing.
- (2) Overuse of jewels.
- (3) Wearing jewels over gloves.
- (4) Wearing watch pinned on the bosom.
- (5) Her lack of poise and manner.

The host took me by the arm and carried me into a large room, where a negro was dispensing drinks, and most of the men took a "toner," a cocktail of whisky, that was supposed to give one an appetite.

My host had been a miner, who had in some way acquired an interest in a mine and had literally tumbled into wealth. He had been a bar-keeper, cowboy, sailor, and had never seen a gentleman or lady in his life, except at long range. His wife had been a bar-maid (his enemies said, his mistress), and was at one time the laundress of a camp. In a calico dress she would have passed as an ordinary type of an Irish-American, but in velvet and gems she was a "horror." I quote my friend, though I am not sure that he did not say a "holy terror." These people had everything that money could buy, they had moved to Chicago, then to New York, had built a "mansion" and had imitated rich people in every way; servants, clothes, gems, horses and carriages. They had everything but *social recognition*, and it was reported that the "Colonel," as my host was called, had sworn to have that or "bust."

But New Yorkers fought shy of them. They lived on Fifth Avenue, but no one came to see them, and so they drifted to Washington, and, in the hands of several clever men and women, they had accumulated a following, but of a poor class. There were plenty of Congressmen, some army and navy officers, a few Senators and a lot of others, but none of the really best people.

In England it is a very common thing for a poor aristocrat to take money for introducing people into society, but in America it is not so common; yet it is done, quietly, and I am confident that my young friend, and I use the term in a

"free" sense, was steering this strange craft along the devious channel to the port of society. In fact, once under the influence of his patron's cups, he confessed to me that he had a "hard job."

One incident will illustrate the trials and tribulations of this excellent but impecunious young person. He had arranged our dinner, had selected the guests, had procured a lady to coach the hostess, had had a rehearsal and supposed that everything was all right, but as we passed into the dining-room, the hostess on the arm of Senator ———, I heard a groan; he caught my eye, and there, on the center of the table, was a big bowl of toothpicks. It appears that the Colonel had dropped into the dining-room at the last moment and had noticed that they had "forgotten the toothpicks!"

The nature of the "set" the guests belonged to was soon evident. They all drank too much, even the women, and after dinner it appeared to be the ambition of the host to "fill up" the guests, none of whom needed any urging.

I would give a large sum if I could remember all the conversation and forget all the "stories" which were told after the ladies left the table. I sat next to the host, and he slapped me on the back and said: "Fill up your glass, *Mikado*; drink hearty, me boy. Do ye know," he said in a burst of confidence, "I always had an idea that a chink was a sorter d—— fool? Be heavins, if I'd been told when I was in California that I'd be setting at me own table with a Chinaman ten years later, I'd have denounced the man as a liar. Why, you're a regular gentleman, like meself."

"No, no," I protested, "you do me too much honor, Colonel."

"Divil a bit," he replied. "But, tell me, are there more like ye in China? I thought they was all bloomin' Turks, laundrymen, and vegetable sellers."

This man was as impossible as a hog: in the best American society he would not have been admitted to a gentleman's house, on any terms, but he had invested thousands of dollars in Washington, and was a large contractor as well, and there were some decent people who came as a matter of policy, but their wives were always "sick" or "abroad."

It is not a pleasant subject to follow in

detail. I remember this man taking me through his rooms to show me his paintings. They were, in the main, by the best masters, and I am sure had been bought by my young friend, but in the midst of the gems, with a Rembrandt on one side and a De Haas on the other, was one of the cheapest daubs I have ever seen. I called attention to it, and he said that it was something he had picked up himself.

"Do ye know," he said, "there's half a million dollars in this room in paint, and to my mind it's all rot. That there painting that I paid ten dollars for will knock the spots out of them all."

This was my last call at that place. I sent my valet with a card. I couldn't stand it. But a year later I met my friend, and he unbosomed himself. He had been discharged. The Colonel had decided to give a big reception and had insisted on my friend "rounding up" the vice-president, at least; but he could not do it, so the Colonel gave his party, and invited over one thousand people he did not know, the wealth and fashion of the city.

The Americans have many slang phrases to illustrate certain points; one is, "That night it snowed." Well, it snowed that night—that is, no one responded but the little band of time servers and the society reporters. But the next day the papers were filled with reports of the "reception," and the "names of those invited" filled several columns, all of which, doubtless, was paid for.

The peculiar conditions in America, the possibilities of making wealth suddenly, produce hundreds of such people, and they cannot be avoided when making a study of the people.

My young friend, very much of a wit, in his way, classified them. And one day he confided to me that he was in love with the daughter of a "climber." This family had progressed a little farther. They had started in a mining camp twenty years ago, where the father had been almost everything. They had a son and four daughters, whom they had sent to Europe to be educated, and the young people as they came home presented a marvelous contrast to the father and mother, who belonged to the "awful" class.

All would have gone well, but the mother insisted in introducing her daughters to society and would stand in line — "a sight to behold." One daughter married into the army, to a man of about their own class, and all were beautiful women, but the parents mortified them until the end.

I conceived it a singular feature that these people should recognize their limitations and determine to give their children all the educational benefits that money could buy, and then were unable to resist the temptation to shine with them, and eject their crudities into the lives of their children to such an extent that the press made them a common laughing stock.

An army officer told me that in their efforts to make a social place for their children, they called on all the officers of the army and navy, and that when the calls were returned they found the old lady at the head of the line, a female "Bombastes Furioso," and next to her four of the most beautiful and cultivated young women in America.

It was said by Holmes, one of the American poets, that it took three generations of college men to make a gentleman. This may be, but my young friend assured me that this did not apply to women — they bridged the chasm in twenty years.

When I last saw my friend, he was deliberating whether he could marry into a family with such a mother-in-law.

You meet such families all over America and can classify them and trace them even to the day when the parents have died and the children are fixed in society of some kind. In Washington I met a woman at an ambassador's reception who had all the face-marks of a very common type of the Irish peasant woman — a type once seen not easily forgotten, yet when this woman spoke to me she conversed in French, Italian, German, or English. She was a woman of perfect refinement and culture, yet she had the "appearance" of a low Irish type. I made some inquiries and found that her father was a "bog trotter," a common, low type, and her mother the same. He had "struck it rich," and the little girl when only seven years of age had been sent to a convent in France, and the father had paid vast sums to have her educated and introduced into

the best French, English, and German society, and had studiously kept himself in the background. Imagine the shock when this refined girl came home and saw this man! But did she spurn him? Was she ashamed of him? No, no. I met no nobler a woman in America than this one, and when we parted, after a most interesting conversation, she said, "I should like you to meet my father." And she led me over to a corner where sat the "funniest" couple mortal man ever looked at in polite society. Was she ashamed of them? Not at all. Commend me to this type of the American girl. Deep in her soul she knew they were laughed at, yet she stood by them. She married an excellent gentleman, a man of wealth, honor, and position.

In New York I found an interesting state of affairs socially. I saw palaces built by "social climbers"; I saw them in all stages. One of the most beautiful palaces, said to cost millions, was closed. It had been built by one of the wealthiest men in America, whose wealth was counted by millions. He bought men, legislatures, senates and commercial bodies, but he failed at the one thing he cared most for. He could not buy social recognition. The best New Yorkers would not call on his wife, and those who did left their wives at home. It is said that this man spent millions in trying to force his way into the best society, but failed utterly and completely, and finally closed his palace and left the city.

I met men who were the fourth and fifth generations from nothing, and at the Union Club I lunched one day with a party of ten gentlemen, all of whom were representatives of the best people and society. A friend who knew my interests and line of studies gave me the history of the families of the men present.

One was the descendant of a particular friend of George Washington, and his name can be found in all the old drawing-room lists by referring to the daily papers of the time of Washington.

Another was the great, great-grandson of a well-known pedler of that date, and another was a common "Dutch gardener" production.

In a word, the descendants of the people who at the time of Washington were "nobodies" had caught up to the gente-

men of that period, and I was told as a fact that the wife of the young man whose father was a pedler claimed to be the leading lady of New York.

But the real "society" of New York, and of Boston, Philadelphia, and of other cities, is made up of the descendants of men who were gentlemen of standing not

only when the Republic was established, but also in England.

The people of the United States are aristocrats at heart. Those who are not, hate the others, and all the rich ape it and strive for recognition from their betters, all the while crying out, "All Americans are equal."

RIPPLES

BY STEWART CARTER

There flows the shallow stream
Whose rocks protrude;
Whose turbulent unrest
And unavailing quest
Furnish the theme
Of wise admonishing.

How deep the silent brook,
Whose waters smooth
Mirror the woodland scene,
And flowing calm, serene,
Fill every nook,
Symbol of Constancy.



A GAME OF DESPERATION

BY ANNE WARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CECIL CLAY



CADWALLADER leaned far back in his chair, tilting the foot that he was nursing idly to and fro. As he tilted his foot idly, so he twisted his moustache idly—the whole while he looked idly on at the fervent hurry of Botolph's dressing.

Botolph was feverishly anxious to be through and away. His uncle smiled. Once he had known what it was to be anxious and in a hurry, but now—well!—never now. Never now and never again.

Botolph was a handsome boy—it ran in the blood to be handsome. Cadwallader had been a handsome boy himself—some twenty years ago. He had no ill-feeling towards Fate for having dealt him twenty years more than Botolph—he knew with a curious smiling little twist in the left corner of his right eyebrow, that Fate had not been so awfully cruel in what she had altered during those years. A black mustache with a glint of gray, some fine deep lines about the eyes and lips, an ironical gayety, a charming *savoir-faire*, *abandon*, *laissez aller*—well, let Botolph pray for an equally good collection of French words when he should come to be forty—that was all that his uncle wished him.

"D—n it, I shall *never* be ready!" It was a cry of woe, as the dresser searched in a drawer of gloves and found no pair of delicate pearl gray—only two for the same hand.

Just then the bell rang.

"I'll go," said the uncle, ceasing to tilt his foot and rising slowly to a sense of friendliness in need. It was a boy with a note.

"Give it here!" Botolph exclaimed with a snatch. Then he groaned aloud.

"It's from —; she'll want something of me, and I haven't a minute to-night."

"Anything I can do, old chap?" The uncle's voice was most impartially calm.

"Oh, if it were only white to turn it over to you!" wailed the boy, laying the note on the chiffonier and searching distractedly for his gloves. "You don't understand, though. It's Mrs. Covert; she's divorced, or married, or something unpleasant. Anyway, she thinks a lot of me, and when she writes I—by George, here's one for the other hand at last."

"Shall you read the note before you go?" Cadwallader asked, remaining standing.

"Of course, I'll have to." He tore it open as he spoke. "It's such a tough case, uncle. You see, I'm so young I don't count, and she's grown to rather—turn—to—" The words died on his lips as his eyes began to follow the written lines.

"Oh, Scott, what shall I do now?" the unhappy youth next cried. "I'm sure I don't know what to do. She—"

"Can't you turn it over to me?" Cadwallader was still standing there beside him. "What's the difficulty?"

"She wants me to drop in about ten o'clock and interrupt whoever's there. I often do that for her. Her mother goes to bed, and they badger her so—" Botolph was now buttoning his gloves.

"Why couldn't I go?" asked the uncle.

"You don't know her," said Botolph, now from the closet, where he was seeking his opera cape, "and besides you're older than she is—she can't bear men older than she is—she—" He was dumb under stress of finding the clasp to the cape.

"I'll engage not to bother her!" said Cadwallader, concealing his amusement admirably. "I'll break up the *tête-à-tête*



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"HE CAME ALL OF A SUDDEN INTO THE COMPLETE LIGHT"



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and promise to come away and leave her unscathed."

"It's quite a long letter," said Botolph, snapping an opera-hat out to be sure that that particular one worked. "I haven't time to read it all." It was plain to be seen that the flesh was weakening fast. "Of course, I *couldn't* get away at ten o'clock."

"I'll read the letter," the uncle declared imperturbably. "Of course, no one would expect you to be able to get away at ten o'clock."

"That's her picture in on the easel," said the nephew; "the one that you asked me if it was any one I knew, and I said no. I do hope I'm not doing anything but what's decent."

"Certainly you're not."

"You're sure so?"

"Absolutely."

"It'll be so good of you, uncle."

"Don't speak of it."

"The address is on the top of the letter."

Botolph was gone! Laurence Cadwallader went to the dresser, took up the letter, returned to the chair which he had vacated five minutes before, and began to read:

"Do you know, my dear boy, I am on the verge of insanity! He is absolutely driving me mad. I begin to fear that it is my Nirvana, or Kama, or Juggernaut Car, and that he is it. Wherever I go I meet him, and when we don't meet by accident, he comes to the house. I have refused him four times, and he doesn't mind a bit. People are beginning to talk. I am so unhappy. I am so sick of men. And they won't believe it. I am so tired of being made love to, and they won't stop. When I cry they think I do it to lead them on. When I say I never will marry again, it brightens them up and seems positively to spur them on to renewed efforts. I am in a fearful mess to-night. Mamma is ill, and I am sure that he is coming. He always seems to divine when Mamma is ill. I have told Clinton to attend to the fire frequently, but I almost feel sure that he has bribed Clinton, for sometimes he stays out a whole half-hour at a time. You don't know what it is to be alone a whole half-hour at a time with him. I get so blue over having made him so wretched, and

so wild over the way he puts in his glass, and so nervous for fear he will ask me to marry him again!

"Oh, can't you come in at ten o'clock and break up the meeting? Come breezily in and kiss me. That will make him see stars, for he's awfully jealous, and maybe he'll go. There is no harm in your kissing me—I could have been your mother if we'd all been Chinese and I'd married young. Do, for pity's sake, come! I tell you I am being driven mad. You are a dear, and I count on you to save me. Don't ask if I'm in, for I'm almost sure that he's bribed Clinton—he coughs before he comes in, just as if he'd been bribed. Don't you consider it awfully low down to bribe my servants to cough in my own house? You don't think he could be bribing Mamma to be ill, too, do you? She has been ill so much lately. Oh, dear, I am getting suspicious of every one. But I trust you. Don't fail me.

"This is a mere line, but I'm always so rushed, you know. Yours,

CATHERINE THERON.

"P. S.—If Clinton says I am out, say you'll wait. I shan't be out. I am quite positive that he has bribed Clinton. It would be just like him—a man that won't take four no's for one answer.

"You will come—won't you?"

"P. P. S.—I am trusting you to come."

Cadwallader felt his moustache to be slipping from his control. There was something irresistibly amusing to him in the epistle, and in the notion of any woman in distress feeling that Botolph had within him the stuff for a rescue. The boy had gone so gaily, callously forth—
—he—

Cadwallader had strolled into the parlor just here and was staring hard at the picture on the easel. The young villain, to say that it was no one he knew! The uncle felt that he had been most unrighteously deceived. The longer he looked the more vexed at Botolph he grew, for the picture was that of an uncommonly pretty and attractive woman. Perhaps she was twenty-five, perhaps she was thirty, perhaps she was thirty-five—anyhow, the foolish boy in whom she had so blindly trusted had basely deserted her trust, had gladly deserted it, had gone off to the opera, and left the task to him—
Cadwallader.

He walked slowly back to the sleeping room as he reflected on the situation, and the latent fires of chivalry and some other fires stirred within him. He had not come to forty with his eyes, and his moustache, and all those fine French words quoted above, without having won out in many a contest where desperation fought hard with determination, and the gender of each noun swayed now this way and now that. As he leisurely noted down the address of the letter, and then with an equal leisure divested himself of his velvet house-coat, he felt all sorts of pleasant thrills of confidence in himself. He drew alternately on either side of his moustache before the mirror, noted the splendid square angle of chin and collar, smiled a little into two well-pleased eyes that smiled back, sought street-gear and began to prepare for the fray.

It was just one hour later that a cab deposited this champion of one woman in distress at Mrs. Theron's door. The house was large and imposing, and appearing very dark from the outside. If the drawing-rooms were lighted, the stuff of which their curtains were made was uncommonly good stuff and most snugly adjusted on either side. The clocks were just striking ten as Cadwallader mounted the steps. He felt a certain secret satisfaction over being so exactly on time as he pressed the bell. What an introduction it would be—his few laughing words as to being a poor apology for his nephew's unavoidable absence. His gloved hand strayed to his moustache once more as he thought of it.

It was a great while before the door opened, so great a while that he was just about to ring again when a rattle of the knob stayed his intention. The next instant a form that he felt positive to be that of the rascally Clinton stood before him, and in the rascal's face he saw amazement slowly overspreading composure.

"Mrs. Theron expects me," said Cadwallader authoritatively, and presented his card as he spoke.

"Askin' yer pardon, sir, Mrs. Theron's hout."

Cadwallader smiled.

"It's not necessary to say that," he declared; "Mrs. Theron is expecting me at ten o'clock."

The man looked thoroughly startled, and while he hesitated Cadwallader entered the hall.

"My horders was—" began the servant then, but the caller was giving him his coat and hat, and saying:

"There, there, my good fellow, Mrs. Theron wrote a note—"

"But my horders—" began the servant again. However, Cadwallader was well on his way upstairs, reflecting as he went on the vast advantage of *savoir-faire*, *abandon*, *laissez aller*, since here he was, a stranger, entering a lady's drawing-room unannounced, and not in the least uncertain as to what sort of a welcome he should forthwith win for himself.

There were two curtained arches at the head of the staircase, and some slight sound drew the visitor to enter that which led to the rear room. He parted the draperies and entered, but the room was so large, and the furniture and screens and plants so curiously interspersed and intermingled, that at first he could not see the lay of this new species of land at all.

But again a sound guided him, and he went boldly forward, passed between a palm and a brazier, encircled a sort of fountain of electrically lighted crystal, skirted the edge of a long standard of tattered pennants, and came all of a sudden into the complete light.

Into the complete light in more senses than one.

Before the fire stood a man and a woman. The man was a head the taller and had a clean-cut English face, gray eyes, straight brow, and an aquiline nose. Cadwallader had no way of knowing what his mouth was like, for the very good reason that it was pressed against his companion's, she being securely encircled by his arms and apparently very well content with her situation.

Then the man saw the intruder.

"My word, Kitty!" he said, with a slight start, and Mrs. Theron, turning and seeing Cadwallader, gave a real shriek and cried:

"Why!—it isn't any one I know! And I told Clinton not to let any one in, even if I did know them!"

Cadwallader never knew how he got out of the house, but he got out somehow, and the next day he left town while his promising nephew was still asleep.

Later, Botolph, without making any comment, forwarded him this note:

"You Dear Boy:

"It was so lucky that you did not come, after all. Because the fifth time I accepted him, and it would have been too annoying to have been interrupted. We were a little interrupted, anyway, by a man that Clinton thinks thought we were the next house. It was very awkward, but, of course, we were engaged, so he might have expected it.

"I want you to come to see me, but be sure that you let me know first, for Clinton has the strictest sort of orders now, and I fully intend to discharge him if he makes another blunder. I have suffered so much at his hands that I am really quite out of patience.

"I am so desperately in love that it's altogether beyond belief. I cannot see how I ever refused him four times. To think it was Fate all along! You know I always said so. I fear I am becoming quite a Buddha. I always did like cashmere shawls—they make up into such lovely tea-gowns. But, dear me, you are too young to care about that sort of serious views yet, and, beside, we are going out to drive, and I only have ten minutes for this and my hat. That is why this is only a line. Don't forget to come and see me. Don't forget to let me know first. Don't think it will do to say that you are expected, for Clinton has strict orders not to let in any more people that I expect until long after we are married. Yours, as usual, K. T."



LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

BY ELSA BARKER

Among those things that make our love complete
 And high beyond all others I have known,
 This knowledge is not least: That we have sown
 Together seeds of beauty that shall greet
 Strange years in blossoms that the reckless feet
 Of Death shall not destroy; that we have shown
 To blinded eyes the visions of our own,
 And made our blood in others' veins to beat.

Why should we yearn for immortality
 In some imagined heaven, when on earth
 Our flowers of song perfume the dusty road
 And speak to passers-by of you and me?
 Enough if we have justified our birth
 Ere entering the inscrutable abode.



"ONE 'UD SAIL UP AN' SAY 'HOWDY!' AN' DE YUTHER'D 'FUSE TO 'SPON' "

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BIRD IN THE WORLD

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. CONDÉ



UNCLE REMUS and the little boy were returning from a long and leisurely walk in the woods. They had had a pretty good time, all things considered, and the old man was in high good humor. The little boy had an idea that the walk had been undertaken solely for his pleasure, and Uncle Remus allowed him to think so; but the truth was that it had a purpose behind it. The old negro wanted to locate some wild hogs, that had long been devastating the growing stuff on the plantation. The wild hogs gave him no trouble until they began to destroy stuff

that he himself had planted — watermelons and sugar-cane — and he argued from this that they were growing bolder, and that they would have to be captured. So, on this particular day, he had set out to find where they had their headquarters, and he was successful.

The next thing would be to take the dogs and capture them one by one, taking care not to disturb the hogs that came up to be fed every evening, when the hog-feeder began to call. The two companions — the old man and the little lad — had started out immediately after dinner, and dusk was falling when they returned. But neither one was weary; they had gone leisurely along, stopping occasionally to talk about the in-



"MISS WERN AN' MISS BLUE BIRD AN' MISS ROBIN . . . AX HOW DEY GWINTER STOP DE 'SPUTE'"

teresting things they saw, and resuming their walk whenever Uncle Remus thought the child had rested long enough.

The squirrels ran noisily over the leaves that winter had flung on the ground, and went home by jumping from tree to tree; birds that the city-raised child had never seen before, flitted in the bushes, or went hopping, or running on the ground. The little boy was interested in all of them, but the joree seemed especially to attract his attention, and he was for stopping whenever he heard a scratching in the dead leaves and trash. The joree is a very lonely bird, and you would judge that it was mortally afraid of man; but it is not so shy as its habits would lead you to believe. It is not for flying away

every time it hears a noise, but will continue scratching for its food in the fence corners and under the bushes, until the observer ventures too close, and then, with a cheery little trill, it will fly away.

In its coat of black and brown and white, it is a very pretty bird. Its markings are peculiar, but nature has laid them on so that they harmonize effectively with its surroundings in wood and swamp. The enthusiasm of the little boy was such that Uncle Remus felt obliged to clip its wings. This he endeavored to do, not by arguing or disputing, but in a way quite characteristic.

The little boy had said over and over again that the joree, with its comical hop, back and forth, as it stirred up the leaves

and trash, and its peculiar coloring, was the funniest as well as the most beautiful bird he had ever seen.

"Dat bein' de case," remarked Uncle Remus with a judicial air, "you ain't never see de Baltimer bird."

"Oh, yes!" said the child; "don't you know you showed me the hanging nest, and told me it was the Baltimore bird? Grandmother says it is the oriole."

"She do, do she? Well, ef she sesso, I speck it's so, but you ain't gwine ketch me twis'in' my tongue 'roun' fer ter talk dat kinder outlandish talk — not me! An' I knows dis, dat ef anybody don't wanten call dat bird de Baltimer bird, dey don't hatter. I been callin' it dat a mighty long time, ef you take one year wid an'er, an' ef it's y'ever fotch de bird any bad luck, I ain't never y'ear tell un it. I ain't gwine ter 'spute wid you, honey, 'bout de joree; in his place an' whar he b'longs at, dey ain't no better ner no purtier bird; but when it comes ter sayin' dat he's de purtiest er all de birds, why, dat's de way de lawyers talk when dey er jowerin' in de court-house. When it comes ter de purtiest bird er all de birds, she's done gone away too long ago ter talk about, an' nobody can't fin' her. She wa'n't de purtiest bird des kaze some un sesso; not her — no, suh! She wuz purty kaze all de yuther birds sesso. Dey done 'cide it — dey done 'gree ter it — an' you can't rub it out. Dey ain't wanten sesso, but dey bleeze ter do it; dey wa'n't no gittin' 'roun' it. One bird ain't like de idee er sayin' dat any udder bird is purtier dan what she is, but dey bleeze ter do it, atter dey seen what dey seed.

"I ain't never see dis purty bird mysef'," the old man went on, "an' de nex' man you ax will tell you de same; but I done hear tell un 'im — ef he wuz a him. Time an' time ag'in I hear folks tell de tale — some one way an' some an'er, but it all come ter de same thing in de een' — dar wuz de tale."

"But what about the bird?" the little boy asked.

"Shucks, honey! ain't I des a-tellin' yo' dat 'twa'n't des a plain bird; you kin say dat 'bout all un um but dis un, which she wuz de purtiest bird on de face er de yeth. I'm kinder rattled 'bout de entitlements er dis yer bird, kaze it seem like dat dem what fust 'gun ter tell de tale kinder got de name mixed up wid der own foolishness. Some

call 'im de Coogly Bird, some call 'im de Coo-Cow Bird, an' some call 'im de Coo-Coo Bird — some say 'twuz a ladybird, an' den ag'in some say 'twuz a gemman bird. By good rights, she oughten been a ladybird, fum de fuss she kicked up, an' I boun' she wuz. It's des like I tell you 'bout de name, yit, call 'er what you please an' when you please, she ain't gwinter come fer yo' callin'. She'd 'a' come long ago ef callin' would 'a' fotch 'er, kaze, fum dat time ter dis, some er de yuther birds been hollin' an' callin' 'er. Dey been callin' 'er sence de day dat all de birds had der ssemblement des like white folks, an' niggers, too, fer dat matter, when dey wanten up an' out a man what ain't been doin' nothin' in de roun' worl' but gittin' pay fer settin' 'roun' doin' nothin'."

"Don't you mean a convention, Uncle Remus?" inquired the lad. "Papa's gone to Atlanta to attend a convention."

"Dat 'zackly what I mean, honey, 'cep-pin' dat yo' daddy oughten be right here now wid his ma. But dat's needer here ner dar, ez de man sez 'bout de flea what he ain't cotch. 'Way back yander, when de clouds wuz thicker dan what dey is now, an' when de sun ain't had ter go to bed at night ter keep fum bein' tired de nex' day, de time come when de crecturs, fur an' feather, ain't had much ter do, mo' speshually de birds. Dey flew'd 'roun', dey did, an' fed tergedder widout fightin', an' made der houses in de trees an' on de groun', an' dey wuz all des ez sociable ez you please. But atter while dey ain't had much ter do, an' when dat time come dey got ter wranglin' an' 'sputin', des like folks does now. One 'ud sail up an' say 'Howdy?' an' de yuther'd 'fuse ter 'spon', an' dar dey had it. While de gemman birds wuz gwine on dis away, de lady birds wuz des ez busy. Dey 'sputed 'bout der feathers an' 'bout der looks 'twel it seem like dey wuz gwine ter be sho' 'nough war, kaze de most un um had bills an' claws.

"Atter while, dey fin' dat dis kinder doin's ain't gwine ter pay, an' so dey bowed ter one an'er, mighty perlite, an' make out dey gwine on 'bout der business. Well, dey played like dey wuz mighty busy, but dey soon git tired er dis, an' dey say ter deysef dat dey'd die dead ef day didn't run 'roun' an' have a chat wid de neighbors; an' here dey went, axin' de news, an' tellin' dat what ain't news. One say she hear dat Miss Red Bird up an' 'low dat she de purtiest er all de



birds, an' dar dey had it, squallin', chatterin' an' squealin'. De word went 'roun' an' when it come back ter whar it started, it ain't look like its'f. 'Twuz Miss Blue Bird, 'twuz Miss Jay Bird, 'twuz Miss Dat an' Miss T'other. It seem like dat eve'y one un um think dat she de purtiest.

"Well, suh, de 'spute got so hot dat dey had ter be sump'n done — dey wa'n't no two ways 'bout dat. Miss Wren an' Miss Blue Bird an' Miss Robin put der heads tergedder, an' ax how dey gwinter stop de 'spute. Na'er one un um 'pended on der good looks, but der havishness wuz er de best, an' dey wanted ter stop de jowerin'. Dey study

an' dey study, dey talk an' dey talk, but dey ain't hit on nothin'. Little Miss Wren wuz de spryest, an' she had a slice er temper wid salt an' pepper on it. Dey talked so fast an' dey talked so 'long dat she wuz skeer'd she might git sorter sassy, an' she up'n say, 'Ladies, le' me make a rove an' motion. Le's p'oc'astinate dis session uv our confab, kaze some un us mought say sump'n dat de yuthers won't like. De sun gittin' mighty low anyhow; le's put off our cologuin' twel termorrer. We'll go home an' ax our ol' men what dey think, an' dey'll tell us what dey kin — you know how men folks does: dey knows eve'ything 'cep'in' dat dey

"EF HE SAY DE BUZZARD IS DE PURTIEST, DAT'S DE WAY IT GOT TER BE"



does know, an' dat dey done fergot. Dey'll tell us, an' when we go ter bed we kin dream on it.'

"Miss Blue Bird an' Miss Robin 'low dat dis de smartest thing dey y'ever is here, an' dey 'gree ter what little Miss Wren say. Dey put on der things an' marched off home fer ter feed de chillun an' put um ter bed. Bright an' y'early de nex' mornin' dey met at de same place. an', atter dey got over der gigglin' an' der howdy-doin', dey start up de confab whar dey lef' off. Miss Robin say she can't think uv a blessed thing. She say dat when she ax'd her ol' man 'bout it, he up an' 'low'd dat she better jine 'im in huntin' bugs fer de chillun fer ter play wid, stidder gaddin' fum post ter pillar. An' de yuthers raise der wings, an' say, 'Well, well!' an' 'Who'd 'a' think it?'

"Miss Blue Bird 'low dat when she ax her ol' man 'bout it, he say she better stay at home stidder gwine 'roun' spreadin' scandaliousness thoo de neighborhood. Miss Wren kinder hunged her head like she 'shame fer ter tell 'bout her speunce. She say dat her ol' man wuz monstus sassy twel she tol' 'im dat ef he wanten change his boardin'-house he wuz mo' dan welcome. Wid dat, he whirled an' ax her why in de name er goodness don't she 'swade 'um fer ter have a big 'sembly er all de lady birds at some place er 'nother whar dey 'll have plenty er room, whar dey kin all march 'roun' an' let somebody pick out de purtiest in de whole crowd, an' den when dat's done all de balance un um must be put under de needcessity er 'greein' ter what de picker picks. Ef he say de owl is de purtiest, den all de yuther birds got ter sesso too; ef he say de buzzard is de purtiest, dat's de way it got ter be.

"'La, me!' sez Miss Robin, 'did you y'ever hear de beat?' Miss Blue Bird 'low, 'Now, ain't dat des like a man!' You may not b'lieve it, but de three tuck up wid de 'idee, an' when dey talked it over wid de balance er de lady birds, all un um say it's des fine, an' dey tuck up wid it quicker dan a cat kin smell a mackerel layin' on de shelf. De funny thing 'bout de whole business wuz d-:t dey had ter have two 'semblments."

"That certainly was funny," said the little boy, so seriously that Uncle Remus closed his eyes and sighed. He never could reconcile himself to the fact that a little child could be almost as old-fashioned as a grown person.

"Yasser!" the old man continued, "dey had two 'semblments. De 'greement wuz dat all de lady birds, er all kin's an' color, wuz ter be dar, an' all wuz ter march by de place whar de one dey had chosen fer ter pick out de purtiest wuz ter be settin' at. De one dey choosened wuz ol' Brer Rabbit, so dat de sayin' mought come true —

'When you choosen a creetur,
'Des shun de bird-eater.'

In dem days, de doctor done tol' Brer Rabbit dat de best eatin' fer him wuz honey-an'-clover an' sweet barley, an' he wuz stickin' to dat kinder doin's. When de time come fer de fust 'semblment, Brer Rabbit wuz right on de spot, wid a fresh plug er ter-backer, an' a pocketful er honey-bee clover. De birds all come, des like dey say dey would, an' when some un motioned ter Brer Rabbit fer ter say de word, dey 'gun ter march 'roun' an' 'roun', one by one, an' two by two. Dey ain't been marchin' long 'fo' Brer Rabbit shuck his head an' sot down ag'in.

"'La, Brer Rabbit!' dey say, 'What de matter? We er all here; why'n' you pick out de purtiest? We ain't gwine ter peck yo' eyes out.' 'I dunno so well 'bout dat,' sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'You say you er all here, but ef I got my two eyes you ain't all here. No, ladies! You'll hatter skusen me!' an', wid dat, he riz up, he did, an' make sech a nice bow dat ol' Miss Swamp Owl's mouf 'gun ter water. Dey say, 'Lawdy mussy! Who's missin'?"

"Brer Rabbit he 'low, 'Whar Miss Coo-Coo Bird? I put on my specks, but I can't see 'er. Is she 'roun' here any whar's?' Dey looked all 'roun', in de corners, an' under de bushes whar anybody mought hide, but dey ain't fin' de Coo-Coo Bird. An' a mighty good reason, kaze she wan't dar, le' um hunt whar dey would an' s'arch whar dey might. Den Brer Rabbit up an' 'low, 'Ladies, all, we bleeze ter p'oc'astinate dish yer 'semblment, an' put it off twel you kin sen' word ter de Coo-Coo Bird, kaze you can't do nothin' 'tall widout 'er. She got ter be in, er she won't bide by de choesement. You des bleeze ter git her in ef you gwine ter stop de 'sputin'. Dey ain't no two ways 'bout dat.'

"Den dey all 'gun ter look at one an'er, an' giggle, an' make a great 'miration 'bout how sharp Brer Rabbit wuz. Some say dat dey don't think dat de Coo-Coo Bird is



"BRER RABBIT WUZ RIGHT ON DE SPOT, WID A FRESH PLUG FER TERRACKER."

wuff foolin' wid, kaze she ain't no great shakes, nohow, but dey bleeze ter have her in de crowd when de 'semblement 'sembles, kaze dey ain't no yuther way fer ter stop de jowerin'. All de birds wuz bleeze ter be dar.

"Well, time went on just like it do now; ef dey wuz any diffunce, meal-time came a right smart sooner den dan it do now,

Endurin' de time 'twix de 'semblement what hatter be called off, an' de nex' un dat wuz ter come, de lady birds had a scrumptious time. Dey went callin' on der neighbors, an' dem dat dey ain't fin' at home dey'd hunt up. Dey wuz mo' backbitin' dan you could shake a stick at, an' de chatter went on so long an' so loud, dat you couldn't hear yo own y'ears. Miss Peafowl called on Brer

Rabbit, an' axed how she wuz gwine ter come out in de parade, an' Brer Rabbit say dat she'd have a mighty good chance ef 'twant fer her footses an' her scaly legs. He 'low dat ef she come dar wid dem, she won't have no show a tall, an' dar dey had it, up an' down. An' 'twuz de same way wid all un um; dey tried fer ter make ol' Brer Rabbit, which he wuz gwine fer ter be de judge, look at um thoo dey own eyes.

"While all dis wuz goin' on, dey wuz huntin' up de Coo-Coo Bird, an' atter so long a time dey foun' her right whar dey moughter foun' her at fust, stayin' at home an' lookin' atter de house-keepin'. But 'twuz a mighty quare thing 'bout de Coo-Coo Bird: she ain't got a rag er cloze ter 'er back. Whar de feathers oughter been dey wan't nothin' but a little bit er downy fuzz.

When dey fin' 'er, dey say, 'Whyn't you come ter de 'semblement, whar dey gwineter choosen de purtiest er all de bird tribe?' She 'low, 'La, I got sump'n else ter do sides tryin' ter fin' out who de purtiest; an', mo' dan dat, how I gwineter come when I ain't got no cloze ter w'ar? No, ma'am! You'll hatter skusen me! Go on an' parade on yo' Bullyfard, an' I'll parade at home.'

"Dey try ter tell 'er dat dey bleeze ter have her dar, so dey'll all be sachified, but she shuck her head, and went on cleanin' her house. Dey 'swaded, an' dey 'swaded, an' bimeby she say dat ef dey'l loan her some cloze among um, she'll go; ef dey don't, well an' good — she won't budge a step. An' so dar 'twuz. Well, all de yuther birds kinder collogued tergedder, an' dey say dey better loan her some cloze. Dey went 'roun'

"MISS COO-COO WUZ WAY YANDER DE PURTIEST ER DE WHOLE GANG"



an' got a feather fum eve'y bird, an' fum some un um two. Ol' Miss Ost'ich know'd she ain't stan' no chance in de parade wid her bony neck an' long legs, an' she sont de Coo-Coo Bird a bunch er de purtiest feathers you ever is lay eyes on.

"When de time come fer de 'semblement, Miss Coo-Coo wuz dar, an' dressed up fit ter kill; an' when dey all 'gun ter march, she wuz at de head er de crowd, an' stepped along ez gaily ez you please. Well, day wan't no two ways 'bout it, Miss Coo-Coo wuz way yander de purtiest er de whole gang. De way she look, de way she walk, de way she hol' 'er-se'f, de way she bow an' s'lute um all — eve'ything put 'er in de front place. Brer Rabbit stood up, he did, an' wave his han', an' dey all stop still. Den he say dat dey ain't no doubt an' no s'picious but what Miss Coo-Coo Bird wuz de purtiest er all de birds, an' dey all 'gree wid 'im. Den dey wuz ter have a dance, but 'fo' de music struck up, Miss Coo-Coo say dey must please excusin' her, an' wid dat, she slip inter de bushes an' wuz gone — done gone! Gone fer good, an' dey ain't nobody seed her fum dat day ter dis, less'n maybe

ol' Brer Rabbit, an' he ain't tellin' nobody 'bout it.

"De yuther birds hunt fer her, but dey can't fin' 'er, an' deyer huntin' plum twel yit, huntin' eve'ywhar, an' a-callin' ez dey hunt. Dey do say dat when de big owl hollas, he ain't axin' 'Who cooks fer you-all?' He's sayin', 'Coo-Coo, Coo-Coo! whar you at?' an' de turtle-dove hollers, 'Coo-Coo, Coo-Coo, Coo-Coo, Coo-Coo! Coo-Coo-oo!' an' e'en down ter de rooster callsout 'fo' day, an' all thoodenight, 'Please fetch my feather back!' An' so dar you is! Coo-Coo Bird done flew'd away, an' all de yuther birds huntin' fer 'er. An' dey tells me," remarked Uncle Remus, after a pause, "dat when folks think de birds is pickin' deyse'f an' straightenin' out der feathers, dey ain't doin' nothin' in de roun' worl' but seein' ef de one what dey loaned de Coo-Coo Bird is done growed back."

The little boy made no comment, but seemed to be waiting for the story to end. The old negro threw his head back, and in a sing-song tone made this announcement:

"Jig-a-ma-rig, an' a jig-a-ma-ree!

Dat's all de tale dat 'uz tol' ter me!"

"YOUR LOSS SHALL BE GAIN"

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

O little girl I might have loved and won,

And cherished through the many changing years,

I seek you where you hide, behind the tears

Within a woman's eyes — and long to run

And lure you out to laugh and play in the sun,

Till you forget, and childhood re-appears.

—And yet I would not change what pains and fears

And strong pure will that conquers shame have done.

For who can dare to count the wondrous sum

Of perfect love hid in a woman's heart

Grown strong through pain to know love's deepest lore!

The years, the inevitable years, have come

And robbed, yet given. I take all, not part,

And love the child, yet love the woman more.

THE WANDERINGS OF LOU THE LUCKY

BY GEORGE C. HULL

ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR BY EMIL HERING



LOU the Lucky, retired "confidence" man and "bunco steerer," sat at ease under his own vine and fig tree, figuratively speaking—that is, Lou the Lucky, having forsaken his old ways, had acquired a saloon, and was consequently enabled to sit down with screen doors open, and the while he blew the collar from a mug of beer, eye with more complacency than was his wont in bygone days, the patrolman pace his beat past the place of the "Golden Mitt."

To Lou and the brew which he dispensed came one who had known him in years long gone, when, a disciple of one "Soapy" Smith, the portly Lou, as a quick change artist, had aided in spoiling the stranger within the purlieus of Denver.

"Son, I'm sure glad to see you," ejaculated the fortunate one, when he had carefully identified his visitor. "Sit down and take something. I ain't laid eyes on anybody I knew in Denver since I returned from my travels. Son, I can tell you of some wanderings which will make them of my late lamented friend and teacher, 'Soapy,' look like a gentleman's game after 'Deep Sea' Jimmy and a 'Hold out' has butted into it."

The visitor expressed himself as being willing—nay, anxious—to hear the tale. "The last heard of you in Denver," he said, "the piratical craft 'Lucky Lou' was on the rocks at Manila."

"Ye may well say rocks," responded the erstwhile "Big Mitt," "but they wasn't the kind that I've been on some few times in these here United States, in towns that I won't name—where you make little ones out of big ones with a

tack hammer. These rocks that I went on in Manila, I would call the hard luck rocks, and I was on 'em not only there, but in Hong Kong and Yokohama, not to mention being sunk, so to speak, like a stone boat in the Hoogly River at Calcutta.

"Son, if you should happen to know a young man about to take up the 'profess,' tell him for me to beware the heathen Hindoo," and the old "con" man sighed sorrowfully and emptied his glass at a draught.

"You remember the day in Denver that I was called into the front office, and the 'old man' said it was time for me to break the chains which held me in the City of the Plains, and hunt for other though not greener fields?"

"Yes, and the map you had all covered with lead pencil marks, which you called your horoscope."

"The same, son. Them pencil marks was circles which I had drawn around places which the powers that be had announced was unhealthy as a residence for me. Well, the night after my sorrowful session with the 'old man,' I draws the fatal mark around Denver, and then looks for a new place to go. Son, what's my surprise and grief to find that there ain't a town of any size at all in the whole country that don't have a ring around it on the map. I casts a mournful eye on Mexico, and remembers some things which happened there, but which ain't got nothing to do with this story, and I draws a line clear around the whole country of Mexico. Then I 'pipes' the Philippines, staked off in a corner by 'emselfes, and my mind's made up. 'The Philippines,' I says to Shasta Sam, who is also contemplating a move, 'is the place for an aggressive business man like me. Along with the rest of the cultured and

beneficent lights of civilization which our nation is casting upon them, I will add my little ray. It's up to me to teach our little brown brothers the gentle art of separation without reparation. Me for the deep sea and fair Luzon.'

"Shasta tries to dissuade me by pointing to South America and Alaska as likely places. 'Nixy 'em both,' says I. 'South Americans has greasers for police, and they shoot amiable financiers like me for little or nothing. As far as Alaska is concerned, think of what happened to my poor old pard and mentor "Soapy" of sainted memory, who was brutally shot full of holes because his missionary work didn't suit the natives.'

"When Shasta perceives that I am determined he wishes to go along, but I forbade him. I am sorry to say that, Shasta having forgot what little he knew of our glorious 'profesh,' had at the time sought the solace found in the long bamboo, and consequently become a trifler with the naked truth, when there was absolutely no necessity for it. So I couldn't trust him. Shasta naturally feels bad, but the day I leave he gives me a book writ by a man named Kipling, which Shasta 'lows is descriptive some of the place for which I'm bound. I'll bet the poor unfortunate stole it, but the book was all right and I read it going over.

"When I lands in Manila the first thing I see is the 'sludgy squeegee crick,' the pote writes of. I don't see the 'elephants a piling teak,' but on the bridge across the creek I do see Dennis Murphy, him who used to walk a beat on Larimer street — ye know him. I don't let Denny see me 'pipe' him off, for I've got business in the city, but he ain't so careful about me. 'Hullo, Lou,' he sings out. 'When did yez come in?' I stop and notice that he's got a sort of yellow uniform on and that he is swinging a stick which looks like a copper's club, and I answered shortly, 'This morning.'

"'And when be ye thinking of leaving?'

"'I'm going to stop a while,' I says. 'I want to see the palm trees and the tinkly temple bells and smell the spicy garlic smells.'

"'Ye are not,' says he sweetly; 'the boat for Hong Kong leaves to-morrow at noon, and ye are going on it. I'm a police

inspector here,' and he slaps himself across the chest.

"When I hear he's been promoted I let loose of the five case note I was fixing to slip him and claps two yellow twenties together. 'Your blind,' I said, reaching out my hand, 'ye never saw me.'

"He jumps back like he had been bit with a snake. 'Don't try that on me again,' says he, 'or I'll swat ye with this bit of teak,' and he flourishes the club wild.

"'So that's the teak,' I responded, still thinking of the poetry and the elephant, 'and what's come over you since last we met together?'

"'Nothin' doin',' he whispers fearfully. 'They put grafters in little old Bildad penitentiary. Will ye promise to leave to-morrow, or must I run yez in?'

"'I'll leave,' says I bitterly, 'for when Dennis Murphy turns a bet down I know it's no place for me, but the little brown brothers is losing a lot in the way of education.'

"My bad luck stays with me. On the way to Hong Kong I'm seduced into sitting in a friendly game in the smoking room. My instincts get the better of me, and a long gent with white side whiskers and a linen duster, lets out an awful yell when I parts him from 1,100 'dobe samo-leons. Perhaps he piped the 'clutch' in my sleeve, for I had my coat off on account of the heat, but, anyway, he makes it stick with the 'Cap,' and I'm an object of suspicion the rest of the way. Worse! When we get to Hong Kong his whiskers has a drag, and while I'm sitting on the veranda of the Grand Hotel, hoisting a long one in a green glass and thinking pleasant thoughts, up comes a fussy person in a big white hat. 'Me man,' says he, 'a word with you.'

"'As many as you like,' I respond politely.

"'I'm a police inspector and —'

"'Keno!' I shouts. 'When does the boat start?'

"'So nice of you not to make a bally row,' says White Hat. 'We got your record, you knao; Manila, you knao; Murphy, you knao.'

"'I know them all,' said I, cutting him off short, 'and I go — Pronto!'

"'The boat for Yokohama leaves to-morrow morn'g at pree-cisely seven



From a Painting by Emile Hering.

Uor M

LOU, THE LUCKY, RETIRED "CONFIDENCE" MAN AND "BUNCO STEERER," SAT AT EASE
UNDER HIS OWN VINE AND FIG-TREE.

o'clock,' says the inspector and walks off, leaving me to wonder why all the police inspectors make themselves into human time-tables for boats when they see me first. The little God of Fortune throws the little ivory ball on the house number on the trip to Yokohama, and all my misfortunes which come after that trip got their start on board that boat.

"As usual, there was the little game in the smoking room, and I was there with the 'Little Giant Hold Out,' my travels looking for scenery, and at the direction of the police, having cost some money. The 'Little Giant' never failed me before, but, son, she sure went back on me this time, and I was forced to drop her overboard to save my self-respect.

"In the party that was playing on this boat was a young appearing person whom I took for a 'Chink,' but who answered to the name of Smith and could sling the English as good as anybody. That man was certainly fond of cards, and they reciprocated the affection by bunching themselves together in his hand in the best possible combinations. I found out the reason for this later. Anyway, when the boat reached Yokohama I had just seven dollars, Jap money, in my pockets, and my only other asset was the big spark I wore and which had cost a man from Texas \$1,000 before I met him. Mr. Smith, the Chink, had the rest of my roll, and the other persons in the game had contributed to him proper. Smith, I knew, must have something extra good to beat the 'Little Giant,' and I was some morose because I hadn't found it out sooner. When I remembered how he grinned at me when 'copping' out the last big pot I didn't feel any better, and I was only pleased that none of the old bunch in the States could hear about it.

"Son, when I walked down the gang-plank in Yokohama, I was feeling so melancholy that for a minute I thought of making a mistake and stepping off into the liquid blue of the harbor, which at the time was some black from coal dust.

"I strolled down the 'Bund,' which is the street on the waterfront, and stopped awhile to look at the happy little Jap boys paddling around. 'I might as well have lost the diamond, too,' I says aloud to myself.

"'If you'd stuck by the "Little Giant"

any longer you would have lost it,' says a voice at my elbow. I turned and there was putty-faced Smith smiling at me. 'G'wan,' I said, disgusted like, 'you are a robber.'

"'The best man or the best machine?' he chuckled, and then he closed one eye and looked at me thoughtfully. 'Can you tell me where the Governor's palace is?' he asks.

"Son, I knowed him for one of the 'perfesh' from that one question, for many a time in Denver have I asked a suffering stranger on the street as to the location of the smelters, this being preparatory to buying him a drink, and then showing him some mineral specimens and a poker game. 'Do they do it the same way?' I asks, with some respect in my eye.

"'Just the same,' he laughs. 'What's your name?'

"'What's in a name?' I asked, my career in Manila and Hong Kong making me reticent.

"'Mine's Mahadeo Suddoo Govindrow Smith.'

"'Be on your way!' I growled; 'you're a heathen.'

"'Not so,' says Mr. Smith; 'my father was John Smith, born in Connecticut. My mother was a Hindoo, and I'm a Eurasian and a Christian.'

"'You're as much of the last as I am,' I said, taking a liking to him, 'but I ain't noways equipped to pronounce your name more than once in a life time. All I remember now is Ma something or other. I'll call you just "Ma" Smith, and that's final.'

"'And your name?' he asks again.

"'Lou the Lucky, once; it ought to be Mr. Bates, a Mark, now.'

"'Lou the Lucky you'll be again if you come in with me on a scheme I got,' he chortles. 'Let's go and eat!'

"My boy, while me and Ma Smith is feeding in the hotel, with fans waving over our heads and a Chink boy behind each chair, this yellow-faced hybrid unfolds to me a scheme which makes 'Soapy' Smith's old 'loot' turn green with envy, and I figures if it goes through that I'll get the finest thirst parlor on Broadway, with a pull whereby I can have Murphy, of Manila, put back to shoveling cinders in a gas house.

"'In the first place,' says Ma after ordering the chow, 'we've got to go to India.'

"'Not for me,' I breaks in, 'I've traveled enough. I'm going to have some traffic with the "Yankees of the Orient," as I believe the Japs is now called. Besides, I need the money.'

"'You'll not stay here, for two reasons,' says Ma sternly. 'In the first place, I've had dealings with the skunable in these parts before and they ain't got nothing left. In the second place, the police is on to me and they will be put wise to you.'

"'Both reasons is good,' I murmured regretfully; 'after my experience I don't doubt one or the other of 'em.'

"'We'll go to Calcutta and you'll turn yellow,' says Ma.

"'That's what the Doc on the boat said, that if I ate much of this chili con carne they call curry, I'd be as yellow as the best of 'em,' I says.

"'Listen and don't interrupt,' continues my mentor. 'You will turn yellow all over in a day. Through being raised by my mother, I can speak Hindustani like a native, and look and act like one when I want to. Now, to carry out my scheme, you've got to be a native, too. What's more, you are going to be a dumb fakir, for you don't know the language.'

"'There's where you get off on the wrong foot!' I shouted, and I was good and sore. 'I'm one of the best "con" men in the world, and I'll turn fakir for nobody. I hate these 'phony hoop peddlers and the patent medicine rummies, and I despise a thief. Nobody can remove the epidermis of a sucker quicker than I can, but I'll point out a thief to the fly cops any time. There's a big difference between a "con" man and a thief, but between a fakir and a thief there ain't ary to speak of.'

"'You have got the dope all wrong,' says Ma impatiently. 'A fakir in India ain't the same as a fakir in your country. The Hindoo fakir is a holy man, and everybody worships him. He don't do anything but sit around and take the money people give him, on account of his general dirtiness and piety. Now, my scheme is this: You are to be the King of Ballayabad, under a vow of silence,

turned pious on account of your past sins, and giving your money away so that you can die easier. A fakir giving money away instead of collecting it will make a big hit, and you'll be all the goods.'

"'Ma,' I remarked at this point, 'I'll be a king all right and stand for being called a fakir and for being dirty and pious, but you nor nobody else can make me give away money. I ain't been raised that way. I'm getting other people to give it to me, with as little unpleasantness as possible. In this respect I'm like the genuine fakirs, and you'll have to think up some other business for the part.'

"Ma looked up at me with a sneer all over his yellow face. 'And you were Soapy's right-hand man?' he said sarcastically. 'And did you, or did you not, ever sell soap on the streets of Denver, wrapping up a five-case note in each and every package? Maybe you're a four flush.'

"A great light burst upon me. 'I see the game,' I whispered. 'We sell the heathen soap, and he just thinks he gets the money. If you had spoke of mental money, I'd have understood,' I added reproachfully.

"'Not on your life will we sell 'em soap!' says Ma. 'Soap and a Hindoo is deadly enemies. It's against their religion to touch anything that has to do with dead animals, and soap is made out of fat. Why, the Hindoos and the English had an awful fight because the heathen thought the cartridges he was getting was greased with cow's fat. Don't ever mention soap to a Hindoo. What we are going to sell 'em is water — just plain old muddy water.'

"'Come out of the trance,' I sneers sarcastically. 'I've seen easy marks in my time, from gents that fought to get the electric pad made out of cayenne pepper and sawdust, to them that bought chances on a turkey raffle I was running once, when it was plain to all eyes that there was no turkey, but the foundation of our noble "profess" is the idea most people have of getting something for nothing. Water is not something, but vice versa. There —'

"'Let me talk,' says Ma impatiently, 'and I'll show you where this thing lies on the solid foundation you speak of. This water we are going to sell is holy

water from the Ganges, which is the holy river to which the Hindoos pray and down which they like to float when they are dead, it being considered a certain pathway to the Hindoo heaven. It's also supposed to be good medicine. What better combination do you want? If they are sick it makes 'em well, and if they are dead it makes 'em holy. By selling this water we minister not only to their physical and spiritual ills, but to their financial ills, for with each and every bottle the holy King from the mountains of Afghanistan gives away money. This money, being wrapped in a package with a little vial of holy water, is given to the poor deluded heathen in exchange for one rupee, Hindoo money, the King only consenting to take the money for the benefit of his faithful servant, being under a vow to give his own money only to the poor, and not for any service done. In selling the water, the royal fakir makes only one condition, and that is that the package be not opened for one month after its purchase, the intervening time to be spent by the Hindoo in making prayers for the memory of the King's great grandfather, who was ate up by a tiger and didn't for this reason get to float down the Ganges into the Hindoo heaven. The penalty for violating this condition will be the disappearance of the money into thin air. See now where the human nature comes in? The people that pay their good money will obey the condition for about two weeks at the most, then somebody will get curious and tear a little hole in the package, and there won't be any money there. What? They ain't got any kick coming? They see you put the money in. If it ain't there it's because they broke the charm by peeking. Those that don't fall by the wayside won't find the holy King from Afghanistan or his pardner either when the month is up. "Human curiosity" and the "something for nothing" gags rolled into one! Ain't it a winner?"

"It sure is," I says, "and I have to hand it to you. No wonder you landed on my roll coming here."

"At Ma's suggestion, I went and hocked my diamond in a Chinese pawn shop for nine hundred samoleons, and didn't sleep that night for dreaming of millions."

"Son, draw a curtain over the journey,

which was uneventful, because I wouldn't play cards with Ma, and nobody else would play with either of us, and cast your eye on the spectacle of Ma and me doing business in Calcutta. See me, colored up good and yellow, with a dab of wood ashes on my head to show repentance, and with nothing much else on me but dirt to show that I am holy. I have three bars of grease paint on my forehead to show I'm about as sacred as there is going, according to the brand. See Ma dressed about as I am, but with only one bar, showing that he has just commenced to climb the holiness ladder by associating with me. Picture Ma making a terrific spiel in the Hindu language, and me sitting on a mat, dumb, wrapping up little bottles of muddy water, and making them poor heathen believe I'm putting a ten-rupee note in each and every package. Imagine a thousand cussing and fighting Hindoos, each with a rupee in hand, fighting to get to me first. Think of having to haul the money to the bank in a wagon, and of thousands following me and kissing my footprints in the muddy street. Son, there ain't no brand of poppy vapor which could have shown me a dream like the reality. In one week we cleaned up one hundred thousand rupees, and then I regret to state something happened which dashed my happiness to earth, and made me the keeper of a rum shop instead of a gorgeous potentate."

Lou the Lucky held up two fingers for the benefit of his bartender and groaned at the recollection of what he was about to relate. "Son, when I said to look out for the heathen Hindoo, I meant not only the pure blood one in his native jungle, but also, and especially, any that has got Connecticut Yankee blood in their viens, for they are so crooked that no honest confidence man should ever associate with 'em. One, Mahadeo Suddoo Govindrow Smith, a putty-faced Eurasian, bilked his side pardner out of all his money and all the confidence he ever had in the members of his 'profesh.' Also, he did it so nicely and in such an original way that I feel to tell about it, although it's a knock on myself."

"It was this way. I was just cleaning up after the week's prosperous business aforementioned, with the intention of being a white man for one night, when in

Ma rushes in a state of fearful excitement. He closes all the doors and windows and peeks under the bed, and then he comes close to me and whispers, 'The stuff's all off!'

"Keep cool," I said, 'and tell me about it.'

"The Hindoo priests is on to us," says Ma, 'and they are going to have us run out of town for hurting their own graft. Some of the Brahmins at the temple has done so poorly this week that they ain't had enough to eat.'

"That's their misfortune," I answers coldly, 'and as for being run out of town, I'm willing to go right now. We got enough!'

"That's the point," says Ma; 'they ain't going to let us get away with the coin. They are going to point us out to the English cops, and they will surely confiscate the money, with half to the informer.'

"It's a low down way of doing business," I remarked, worried like. 'Anything else?'

"The priests made a proposition to me," says Ma slowly, looking at me, as I now remember, in a very foxy way.

"Why didn't you say that before?" I demanded. 'Where a proposition is made to a "con" man it means only one thing, and that's money.'

"And then Ma went on to tell me that the priests in the temple being grafters themselves, and their ancestors having been in the same line for thousands of years, had got wise to us right away, but admired our nerve so much that they was willing to do the right thing, so they got a cut. The priests figured that if we could make a bunch of money on the street that we could make four times as much by doing business in their temple, besides giving such a reputation to the place that the Hindoos would all go there for the next hundred years, and the collections would amount to an enormous sum after we were gone.

"The main squeeze at the temple told me to tell you," said Ma, 'that "if the white fakir will consent to do business in our temple for one month, we will give him half and furnish protection. In addition, if he brings the money which he has received for the week to the temple to-night, I will count out to him two

rupees for every one that he has in gold, silver or paper money, as a bonus. If he don't accept this proposition he goes to jail, and we get half of the money, anyhow.'

"Ma didn't look me in the eye when he was telling me this, but I was too interested at the time to notice it much. 'That's a pretty decent proposition, Ma,' I said, 'and we'll just skin the priests out of that bonus money. I always wanted to see the inside of their church, anyhow, and look at the 'eathen idol made of mud, which they call the great Gawd Budd, of which the poet sings, but I ain't going to take the cash money there. They might knock us in the head and bury us in the basement of the church. A certified check for the money is all they can see, and they can give us the cash.'

"Hell!" shouted Ma, getting excited, which was suspicious if I had only noticed it. 'Do you think this is New York City, and that you're doing business with a bunch of brokers on the Stock Exchange, talking about certified checks? Why, these poor, ignorant priests is over three thousand years behind the times. They don't know what a check is, nor what a bank is. They keep their money hid in the temple, and the cold cash money is all they know. We got to take the money there to do business.'

"Cupidity, in thinking of that extra two hundred thousand rupees, got the best of my caution, and I told Ma that I was in on the play. I slipped a 'gat' in my pocket, and me and Ma started for the temple at sunset, each of us carrying a sack containing fifty thousand rupees in gold mohurs and Bank of India notes.

"Ma seemed to know the way, which struck me as being awful round-about. We had a native buggy, with two horses, and it seemed to me an hour before we commenced bumping over big rocks, and Ma announced that we would have to walk the rest of the way.

"I got out, with one hand on the 'gat,' and looked at the temple. It was dark, but I could see that it appeared to be tumbling down, and I thought of what would happen to them priests in a real live city, where they had building inspectors. We climbed up a lot of steps and walked into the temple. There we found three priests, as I thought, sitting on the floor,

with a big box in front of 'em. All the light there was came from some wicks burning in saucers full of oil. Ma introduced me to the priests in their own language, and the main guy, who was a dried up yellow man, with bushy white whiskers, gave me the office of the 'con' men, to show me that there was nothing new on the face of the earth, as the Bible says.

"After Ma had palavered with 'em a bit, the old man threw open the lid of the box and motioned for me to look. I never saw so much gold money in one place in my life before. I felt like taking a swipe at everybody there, Ma included, and running off with the box, but the old priest gave me a look which made funny feelings run up and down my spine, so we got down to business. For every piece of money I took out of our sack the old man would take two pieces out of the box, and every time he did it he'd look me in the face. It took a long time to finish the count, and both Ma and I was glad when it was over. The box was pretty near empty when we got through, and Ma suggested that we put our money in it and leave the sacks. This was agreeable to the priests, and the old man took up our sacks and emptied them himself into the box. Then he locked it and gave the key to me. Although the money was mostly gold and paper, the box was heavy, and Ma and I had a hard time getting it out of the temple. Before we went Ma stood good for our appearance, saying that we'd be there early the next day, and the old man winked and said something that sounded like, 'You had better come!' Then he and the other two melted away into the darkness, and Ma and I started for the rig with the box of money. It was so heavy that when we got to the top of the steps leading down to the road, Ma said for me to sit on it and rest, while he went to see if the driver was where we had left him. I sat there for a long time, thinking of what I was going to do with the money and about getting Murphy, of Manila, fired, and then I began to wonder where Ma was. I stood on the chest and hollered for an hour, but I heard nothing but hoot owls, and there didn't come a sound from the temple. When the gray light of morning began to show, I made up my mind that somebody had about laid

for Ma and put him out of business, and while I felt sorry for him, I couldn't help thinking of the way he had trimmed me on the boat, and of the fact that my fortune was doubled. After awhile an ox cart came along and I hailed the driver. We loaded the box on and drove into town to the little hut where Ma and I had been stopping to keep up the fakir gag.

"Here I washes off my fakir clothes and bids 'em farcwell forever, and, putting on my Christian clothes, becomes once more the best 'con' man in the world. Loading the box into another rig, I get out at a swell hotel, where I registers my right name, so that all the world may see. Then I takes the box to a room, and, pulling down the blinds, makes preparations to gloat a little over the coin. As I am unlocking the box, I soliloquize some about poor Ma. 'You was all right,' I says, 'but you wasn't born under the same star which twinkled in the blue when Lou the Lucky was born. You played a fine game of poker, and I'd like to have had the little instrument you used, but what good did it do you? A tiger may have et you last night, or Old Whiskers, the priest, may have slipped around and strong-armed ye, thinking you had the money. Mebbe the driver of the buggy abducted you, I dunno. Anyways, I can't start the police looking for you, for they might get inquisitive about me. Peace be to your ashes and may you sleep well, wherever you are, for as a schemer your head was worth a pile of money'; and then I opens the box. Son, I am willing to swear to this day that as I done so I heard a merry ha! ha! and had a feeling of disappointment, thinking that Ma had come back to claim his share. Then I cast my eyes into the box and almost swooned away, for instead of the gleaming gold and bright, crisp paper money, there was about half a bushel of pebbles and gravel. For a moment I stood there petrified, and then with a fearful curse, I began scrabbling around in the gravel, thinking maybe it had sifted over the money in some way. Not a cent did I find, but at the bottom of the box was a note addressed to me and a small package. With tears of grief running down my cheeks, I tore open the envelope and read the following:

" 'DEAR OLD PAL:

" 'When I found you leaning over the railing at Yokohama you said that you thought your name ought to be Mr. Bates, a Mark. I am of the same opinion now as yourself. Getting money from you is like taking candy from a puny infant. It grieves me now to announce that the money which I amassed through your aid, is needed by me and some friends in a little speculation, relating to the smuggling of cheap rifles to the poor, benighted heathen in Afghanistan.

" 'I can imagine that a bunco man buncoed is the most pitiful sight on earth, and for this reason will give you some good advice and tell the story of the plot. In the first place, you made a sad mistake in coming to a country where the confidence man flourished for thousands of years before your country was discovered by old Columbus, who was somewhat the goods himself in a small way. My advice to you is to go back to your own land, and confine future operations in your line to short changing intoxicated persons in a cheap saloon. All you know of the game isn't even the alphabet of it here. As to the disappearance of the money, would say that the venerable person you thought was a priest, is my great uncle on my mother's side, Rajaram Dass by name. He's a Mahatma and a thirty-third degree juggler. The reason you didn't find any gold in the box is simple. There never was any in it. Good old uncle made you think you saw money, just as you made the Hindoos think you were wrapping money up in the packages. Talking about mental money, you've seen it. You can now go back and tell 'em what you seen the Hindoo jugglers do.

" 'Because I am somewhat sorry for you, I am giving you the "Invincible Pocket Picker," which beats the "Little

Giant," as you probably remember. When you get a little stake together by hard work, use it, my own invention, on the way home. When you get enough to buy a little business, throw the instrument away and keep out of temptation, and so no more.

" 'MAHADEO SUDDOO GOVINDROW SMITH.'

" 'Son, I felt a feeling as if I was falling some distance, and the next thing I remember I was climbing up the temple steps, having run the whole way. I rushed into the place, but it was empty, save for the 'great Gawd Budd.' As I stood staring at him he seemed to wink at me. 'Eathen idol made of mud!' I shouted in my frenzy and give him a kick. The pote's suspicions was correct, for he fell over and broke into a thousand pieces.

" 'There ain't much more to tell. I hung around Calcutta looking for Ma until the police ran me in for a 'vag,' and I did thirty days on the same kind of rocks as they have here. Then, broken hearted, I shipped on a sailing vessel going to Australia. Because of my feelings, I won't repeat what happened on that ship. Having my wages when I got to Sidney, I dressed up and took passage on a boat for New York. The 'Invincible Pocket Picker' was the works. When the lady with the lamp in her mitt hove in sight, I counted up and found I had about \$6,000 and the ill-will of an astonishing number of persons, who couldn't see how it was done, but had their suspicions. I trun Ma's parting gift overboard off Sandy Hook.

" 'Now I am the sole proprietor of the 'Golden Mitt.' The police respect me, and all the buncoing I do is to make my own brand of red likker every night in the cellar."





*Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.*

—Pope.

CHARLES JAMES FOX

BRITISH ADVOCATE FOR THE AMERICAN COLONIES, 1774-1802

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

September the thirteenth marks the centennial of the death of Charles James Fox, an English statesman of power and versatility, who defended the cause of the American colonies in the British House of Commons during the War of Independence.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PORTRAIT



ABOVE all, my dear lord, I hope that it will be a point of honor among us to support the American pretensions in adversity as much as we did in their prosperity. . . . I am resolved in the present situation of affairs to adhere still more, if possible, than I have done, to those principles of government which we have always recommended with respect to America, and to maintain that if America should be at our feet (which God forbid), we ought to give them as good terms at least as those offered in Burke's proposition."

Thus wrote Charles James Fox to his friend, Lord Rockingham. The letter was sent in the midst of the author's fight for colonial liberty; a fight which he, an Englishman, without personal interest other than the recognition of the sincerity of their cause, and without secondary underhand desires, fought for the American people, even to a point of losing all chance of remaining in his king's favor, or holding an office in his government; a fight ending in that overthrow of Lord North's administration which made possible the success of colonial arms. The name of Fox is scarcely known to the people of the United States. Yet if the colonists had lacked his support, they might never have won a successful issue from the war, while if they had been favored by a few more debaters of his calibre and opinions their descendants might now be British citizens.

Briefly, the life of Charles James Fox is this. He was born in London on the 24th of January, 1749, the third son of Henry Fox, afterward Lord Holland, and Lady Caroline Georgina, daughter of

the second Duke of Richmond, grandson of Charles II. He studied first at Eton, and then at Hertford College, Oxford, which he left without a degree, though precocious with his books, in order to spend a short and dissolute visit to Paris before taking up his public life. He entered Parliament as a Tory in 1768, at the most unusually early age of nineteen. Two years later he became junior Lord of the Admiralty, and two years after that he held a similar position in the Treasury under Lord North's ministry. There his radical views and his assertive desire to defend liberty in general, added to his wild habits, soon began to incur the displeasure of the narrow-minded and straight-laced George III. For not only did Fox espouse the cause of America, but he led the forces of religious liberty, and gave his utmost to bring freedom of worship to both the Catholic and Protestant dissenters. Lord North, therefore, though reluctant to take the step, cringed before the wishes of the monarch, and saw to it that the young man quickly gave up his official position. The decision was fatal to the premier, since Fox promptly joined the Whig party, remained in their ranks throughout his political career, and devoted himself to leveling his sharp-witted and thoroughly just remarks at the head of his former leader. Only three times after this early downfall did he hold office. The first occasion was on the formation of Lord Rockingham's ministry in 1782, when he was appointed Foreign Secretary, a position which he resigned on the death of Rockingham, in the same year, being unwilling to serve under his chief's successor, Lord Shelburne. His second appearance in the same chair came the following year, when, with the Duke of Portland as Prime Minister, he became able to form a

coalition ministry. That position, too, was as short lived as the one that went before, since the enmity of the King quickly came to the fore again and forced him back into the ranks. The last call only reached him in the final year of his life, 1806, when Lord Grenville refused to form a ministry without him, and he received the appointment of Foreign Secretary, a position that his disease of dropsy almost forbade his filling. The early days of his private life were passionate and uncontrolled in the extreme, but years bred temperance, and in 1795 he married Elizabeth Bridget, with whom he lived in great contentment until his death.

Americans would better appreciate what he did for them, if they understood the stir aroused in the English Parliament previous to the War of the Revolution by the stern and unconciliatory attitude maintained by the colonists. If the British Government had used forbearance in these trying circumstances, the ultimate political changes might never have taken place, but the ministry under Lord North misunderstood the strength of their adversaries, and, fearful of surrendering any atom of their rights, began to harass the colonists and to provoke a contest, on the principle carried across the water in the time of Charles I, that taxation and representation should go hand in hand. There was hope of peace, however, until the most bitter cause of complaint came, when, in order to protect the home trade, Parliament constructed a Navigation Act, restricting American subjects to the use of British merchandise and British shipping. This law the colonists eluded in every possible way, especially in their dealings with South America, and then when the mother country attempted more severe restraints, the desire to revolt became obvious to every eye. Nevertheless, a stringent policy was maintained until, on the renewing of the famous Stamp Act, the situation reached its climax. Pitt, Rockingham and Burke had taken up the cause of the Americans against the Administration, but their efforts were pressed none too strongly, and in the end for a tea duty of £1,600 a year England found itself in a fair way to lose America.

In the midst of these preliminary broils, Fox lost his position in Lord North's Ministry, though hitherto he had never

spoken a public word in favor of coercion. Yet his independence in advocating the Dissenters' Relief Bill, and his critical attitude towards the Royal Marriage Bill, had been resented by the King, who was waiting an opportunity to curb this dangerously zealous young man. As a result, after a week's pressure on the part of the Crown, Lord North nerved himself to send the following letter to Fox:

"SIR:

"His Majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name."

That note should be guarded in American minds, for it meant that thereafter, the young man employed all the powers of his nimble tongue in their behalf. Almost simultaneously with his shift the tea was thrown overboard in Boston harbor, and the Crown added fat to the fire by attempting to break the charter of the Commonwealth and to take away the free government of Massachusetts Bay. Then Fox took up his friendship with Rockingham and Burke, and headed a last effort to turn the King to a more pacific state of mind. If Lord North had possessed a strength of will equal to his intelligence these efforts might have been successful. But the Prime Minister desired favor in Court above everything else, and so encouraged the King's unflinching attitude. To no purpose did Fox aim his sarcastic replies at the opinions of "the Noble Lord" (North). To no purpose did Burke deliver his great speech on conciliation. The debate was dragged on purposely until when at last plausible suggestions were sent across the water, they reached their destination only after the attack on the Concord arsenal had shut the door to compromise, and had laid the issue between the stubborn wills of two most obstinate peoples.

Thereupon during the seven years following Fox became the leader of the Opposition, and bore the brunt of the attack of the majority, believing that the cause of liberty in America was the cause of liberty in England. For one thing, he had no political reasons for coercing America, since, though he was not a free-trader in his sentiments at home, he believed that America would support an



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel

CHARLES JAMES FOX

From an Old Engraving Made at the Height of His Career

agricultural community on its seemingly boundless land, rather than offer industrial competition to the mother country. Also he grasped the great truth, afterwards used so well in regard to the neighboring territory of Canada, that political freedom was the essential condition of a sound and permanent colonial freedom. He saw that British statesmanship would fall into a sea of trouble, if violence were done to the self-respect of the colonies. He had the courage to express his convictions.

English nature likes the sound of the word "mastery," and Fox, realizing this, set himself to check the passion it implied, struggling up to the day of his success, when Lord North was finally driven from office. Indeed, Fox said almost at the first: "I take this to be the question—whether America is to be governed by force or management." And: "The noble lord who moved the amendment said that we were in the dilemma of conquering or abandoning America; if we are reduced to that, I am for abandoning America." This text he held to throughout the stormy years that followed after the Declaration of Independence, and the treaties with France, in his debates against Lord North, whom he called a "blundering pirate," reiterating in strong, vigorous language that a conquered America would produce nothing but mischievous, profitless colonies. He felt that by the use of force his government would lose their opportunities for trade or commercial advantage. He realized that the numerous people beyond the Atlantic, growing in their ideas and sentiments, would require a standing army to keep them subdued. He feared that "such an army, trained to break the spirits of men, to trample on rights, and to live on the spoils cruelly wrung from the sweat and the labor of the fellow subjects—such an army, employed for such purposes and paid by such means, would be a very proper instrument to effect points of a greater or, at least, more favorable importance nearer home, points, perhaps, very unfavorable to the liberties of this country."

Again when the war with France began in 1778, he returned to his subject from a fresh point of view, arguing that his country should choose which struggle they would engage in, as up to that time they

had not been able successfully to support one war. The choice, he urged, as always, was the withdrawal of the British armies from the American colonies. "For," he said, "the war of the Americans is a war of passion; it is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues, love of liberty and of country, and at the same time by those passions in the human heart which give courage, strength, and perseverance to man."

With such words, despite defeat after defeat, he forced his cause, never giving his adversaries breathing spell in the uphill fight he was making for his people. Such, too, was the fashion in which he criticised the wretched administration of Lord North's government, and such was the manner in which he aided the cause of America. At the end his triumph was the colonies' triumph, since in the year in which he drove Lord North from office, the American people were able to free themselves from the British hand.

There were older men than Fox who held his views in the House of Commons, but none so virile or active or daring. The Lord Chatham supported him in all his efforts, but Chatham had such a position of dignity to maintain, that he was forced to exercise a temperance of speech in the least important debates. The same situation applied to Horace Walpole and Saville. But Fox in his youth and free strength, could give vent to his desire to speak without premeditation or particular language. Burke called him the greatest debater the world ever saw. Recuperative power, truth and vigor rather than length and roundness characterized his discourse. His retentive memory allowed him a clear spread of his material, which gave a proper field to the fertility of his invention, heroically turned to every good cause without counting the cost. His summing up never appeared methodical, but remained invariably fascinating. He was eager for unexpected occasions, whereby he might drive some new points straight home. His gentle, ardent spirit showed a contempt for political intrigue. He possessed an honest sense of duty and of freedom, rather than any ambition for personal advancement, which set him fighting for English liberty at home and beyond the sea.

THE SELLER OF HATE



BY ARTHUR MORRISON



HERE is an English county of which it is said that the devil never entered it, for fear of being put into a pie. At the moment I cannot remember which county it is, and know no more of it than to be certain it was not Essex, for all Essex pies are filled with much care and are excellent. Nevertheless, it is the fact that in the old days, before he began building cheap villas, the devil very rarely came into Essex, and even now seldom ventures beyond the parts that they sell, by auction, in building lots. For the old Essex men were too hard for him and the county bore him no luck. Everybody knows of his historic defeat at Barn Hall, and here I have the tale of his bad bargain at Cock-a-Bevis Hill.

It was some little time ago — some might not call it a little time: at any rate, it was before all the improvements — that old Luke Hoddy lived in a cottage on the lower slope of Cock-a-Bevis Hill. It was so small a cottage that it might have been called a shed without slander, and a very lonely, sullen, smoky, frowning, ill-conditioned-looking shed it was, because it is the property of a house to proclaim its tenant's character, and Luke Hoddy was that sort of man. He was lonely, like his cottage, because he was sullen, and frowning, and ill-conditioned, like it also; and they both looked passing smoky because of neglect.

It might be venturing too far to say that Luke Hoddy was the most misanthropic man in the world, or even in all

England. But certainly he must have been the most misanthropic man in all Essex, where men were all smiling, jolly, and pleasant together in the days when the devil feared their honest faces. Luke Hoddy not only hated his fellow-man, but he kept pigs, and hated them; he also kept fowls, and hated them, too. He detested the poor cottage wherein his poverty condemned him to live. He loathed the people who bought eggs of him, and so enabled him to live there. He abominated the children who bought apples from the tree in the garden — abominated them to such an extent that I cannot guess what sentiments he had left for the boys who stole them in the dusk. He abhorred the whole world and everything in it. He was poor, and ugly, and old, and he resented each misfortune as though it were the personal and individual crime of every creature but himself. When he sold a fowl or a dozen eggs he did it with so evil a grace that he had to sell cheaper than anybody else, or keep his wares; and this was another reason for hating his customer. He hated the money he took, because it wasn't more; the eggs he sold, because he couldn't keep them; the hen that laid them, because there weren't twice as many; the rest of the fowls, because they didn't care; and he was only glad of an order for one, because he could kill it without losing money. If he could have wrung his customer's neck as cheaply he would have done it with joy. To hate everybody better off than himself was part of his nature; and he hated the rest, because they were so cheerful, comparatively. If you had given him a sackful of sovereigns he would have been your enemy

for life because they weren't guineas; and you would have deserved much worse for being such a fool.

At the close of a warm autumn day Luke Hoddy stood by his garden gate and scowled on all of the world that he could see. The sinking sun flung red gold along the fields and against the trees and hedges, and a little child sat to view the marvel, and to think wonderful things that it would long to recall in after life, and fail. But old Hoddy hated all the gold in the world that was not in his own pocket, where there was very little, and that little the only thing he loved. Children also he detested, for they were human beings. A stout, round-faced woman went down the path, with a baby on one arm and a basket on the other, and as she passed she called "Good night." Luke flung back a savage growl, for this woman was a great aversion of his, being always happy, and all her life persistently sending more children to play on Cock-a-Bevis Hill. Then a girl came, driving cows, and a brown lad with her, and neither of them saw Luke Hoddy at all, because they were looking at each other. Luke positively snarled; and such a villainous twist remained on his face when they had passed that a very small boy, who was coming hopefully up with a halfpenny gripped in his fist, greatly desiring an apple, turned and ran, and never stopped until he reached the goody-shop in the village; so that old Hoddy was the poorer by one halfpenny, and I am sorry it was no more.

The day waned, and people went on their way to rest from their work, old and young, men and women, and old Hoddy saw the world in little pass before his gate, and he hated it at large. Then there went the carrier, and after him Paigles, the farmer, on his cob.

Paigles was a notoriously poor farmer, and backward with his rent; it was more than believed, in fact, that his landlord would be glad to sell the farm, and that way be quit of him, since he shrank from turning Paigles away from the land his great-grandfather had farmed a hundred years before him. Luke Hoddy grinned savagely at Paigles's back as it merged in the shadows of the trees. If only he had the money he would buy the farm, sell up Paigles, and fling him out, neck and crop. He would buy other people's houses, too,

and treat them likewise. They hated him now, and if he had money how he would grind their faces! He would grind their faces off their heads, if only he had the money.

It was at this favorable moment that the devil ventured out on Cock-a-Bevis Hill. He did not come flaming and raging, in a way to frighten folk, for tonight that was not his business; he came dressed very well and neatly, like a gentleman of those days, and it struck Luke Hoddy at the time that he looked rather like the lawyer at Witham. He wore trousers a little tighter than was usual — skin-tight, in fact — with straps. His swallow-tailed coat was pinched in very elegantly at the waist, and his beaver hat was broad in the crown and wide in the brim. He carried a quizzing-cane, and his black stock looked as though it must have gone a dozen times round his neck, on a collar that was half-way up his head behind. Still, notwithstanding this very respectable appearance, you must not suppose that Luke Hoddy mistook his visitor. Indeed, he recognized him at once; his beautifully varnished boots looked empty at the toes, and from time to time something vaguely disturbed the points of his elegant coat-tails; moreover, his eyes would have been enough, glowing there in the dark like dull coals.

"Good evening, Mr. Hoddy," said the visitor, pleasantly.

"Gr-r-umph!" replied Luke, as near as I can spell it. He was no great conversationalist, finding a growl expressed the most of what he had to say.

"I'm very glad to meet you," the visitor went on. "I think we should know each other, Mr. Hoddy."

"Gr-r-umph."

"It might lead to business, I think."

"Gr-r-umph."

"Yes. You'll find me an excellent customer. My command of money is unlimited — I handle most of what exists, at some time or other — and expense is no consideration, so long as I get what I want. I am prepared to pay, Mr. Hoddy, heavily."

"Gr-r-m." It was a slightly different growl this time. Old Hoddy was conscious of a possible opportunity. He did not care what he sold, if only it would fetch enough money. "I should want a

lot," he said; "a plenshus lot. Money down."

"You shall have it."

"An' I won't sign — no, not nothin' — not till I get it, every farden."

The devil laughed — quite a gentlemanly laugh, with nothing offensive in it. "You are misunderstanding, Mr. Hoddy," he said. "I believe — I really do believe you have the absurd old notion I hear of so often. Do you think I want to buy your soul?"

"'Course," answered Luke. "What else?"

"Really, really! I don't wish to say anything unkind, but is it likely? As I have told you, I have unlimited command of money, and I spend it freely for purposes of business. But I don't absolutely *pitch* it away, Mr. Hoddy! I don't pay for what is as good as mine already. For nothing? No, no. You are persisting in a very common and vulgar error. I may have entered into such a transaction as you indicate, now and again, but then the circumstances were exceptional. As a rule, such an arrangement with anybody willing to enter into it is altogether unnecessary, as in your case. No; I come to buy something else!"

"What's that?" demanded Hoddy with suspicion. For his wits were not quick, and he knew he was dealing with a cunning customer. "Gr-r-r-umph! What's that?"

"Hate! I want to buy hatred wholesale. I am the largest dealer in that line in existence, and I pay top prices. I do not ask lower terms in consideration of a big contract — I will even pay a specially high rate to a large producer like yourself; it saves trouble, and I want to have a substantial stock ready to hand. I sow it about all over the world, you see, and it is most annoying to find one's self in some happy, contented community, and the stock of hatred completely out. So I am here to buy all you can sell."

"How much?" asked Luke Hoddy, still suspicious.

"Oh, we shall never quarrel about terms, I promise you. You shall make a fortune out of it. Of course, there are plenty of people who throw their hate about, so that I could pick it up for nothing; but the quantities are comparatively small, and really, you know, a gentleman

can't go raking about in gutters for remnants and scraps, like some starving black-guard after crusts. Wouldn't do at all, you know. So I prefer to buy wholesale, and you are a perfect quarry — a mine. I am ready to take your whole stock."

"How much?" asked Luke Hoddy again.

The visitor grinned quietly. "I do believe," he said, "that if I wished to drive a hard bargain I could swindle you, Mr. Hoddy. You are so very anxious to know about the money, and I'm sure you don't really guess what a stock of goods you have in hand. I could make quite a bargain for the lot, I'm certain, and you'd be surprised at the amount you had sacrificed. But, as I have told you, money is no object with me, though I am not, at present, urgently needing the stock. I have been to a Philanthropic Congress lately, where everybody exuded it, wallowed in it, and pelted everybody else with it to such an extent that I couldn't resist the temptation to gather it in, though I really attended with the idea of sowing some I already had in hand. I am quite well provided for a time, but as a prudent man of business I like to look ahead and make engagements in advance. You want to know what I will pay. Well, I am ready to accept bills as often as you like to draw them, each for anything up to five thousand pounds. Will that suit you?"

Luke Hoddy gulped and gasped. This was tremendous. He had been thinking of fifties and hundreds, and here were thousands — and thousands over and over again, indefinitely. It was wonderful — too good to believe all at once. Perhaps it would turn out a swindle after all — a trick to rob him of the precious hate he had cherished so long, and which now seemed a more valuable possession than ever. Old Hoddy did not understand the acceptance of bills, and he resolved to question a little more.

"It seems a pretty good deal o' money," he admitted, grudgingly. "Anyhow, a good deal for you to want to pay as can pick the stuff up. I should count there was plenty of hate about, too. It ain't a rare stuff."

"No, it isn't. But considering the plenteousness of the commodity, it's won-

derful how little I get of it. People seem to want it for each other, you see. People talk a deal about hating me, but they hate each other so much more that it's very rarely I can get anybody's hatred without paying for it. And that is why I am here for yours."

"Gr-r-r-umph! Well, I'll sell. But none o' yer bills an' 'ceptances, an' that. I want money down. See?"

"You shall have the money before I receive the goods. Will that suit you?"

Luke thought that would do, and growled to indicate as much.

The devil stooped in the shadow of the fence, and produced a box, which old Hoddy had not noticed before. It was a chest of some hard wood, bound and cornered with iron, and as soon as it rested on the fence-rail Hoddy grabbed it eagerly. As a box it was heavy, but not so heavy as it should have been if it were full of money. In fact, old Hoddy judged it empty.

"There ain't no five thousand pun' in that!" he snarled.

"Quite so; I never thought of pretending it. This is a little arrangement of my own invention, which I will explain."

The night was full dark by now, but a dull red light fell on the chest wherever the devil pointed, and so Luke understood all he said.

"You perceive that the box is locked. I shall keep the key, and I advise you, for your own sake, not to meddle. It is a dangerous thing to open if you do not understand it. The lid, you see, is a deep one. That is because it contains a separate chamber, into which you slip your bills for acceptance. There is a narrow slot, you perceive, just under the upper edge. Whenever you wish to do business you will fill in one of the forms I shall leave you, with the amount of hate you wish to sell in money up to five thousand pounds, and sign it. Then you will slip the paper in at the slot and go to bed. That is all. In the morning you will receive the money. But meantime you must sleep. Otherwise the sale cannot be completed. Take the box, and remember what I say. I shall not call again till I want some of the goods. Then I shall take away the box and leave a fresh one. Do you know, I'm rather proud of the invention of that box. Some day, if I

have time, I intend to adapt the idea to other purposes. It might be made to work with pennies for matches and lollipops and such things. Good notion, eh? But here are your bill-forms; if you want more you can copy one of them. And remember, no more than five thousand pounds at one time, if you please. That is the price of the largest quantity of hate the machine is able to compress in one day. That is all, I think. Good evening, Mr. Hoddy."

And with that he was gone, vanishing in a very low and courtly bow, which somehow slid away backward into the shadows, leaving Luke Hoddy standing there with a bunch of papers in his right hand, while he balanced the box on the fence with his left.

Old Hoddy stared for a minute and a quarter, and then, convinced that he really was alone, he picked up the box and carried it indoors. He lit a candle, put on his spectacles, and began to spell out one of the papers. Thus it read:

Date.....

On presentation pay to me the sum of £.....for hate received.

That seemed simple enough. Luke Hoddy sat in a chair, and stared now at the box. Having done that for a little while he turned to the paper again, and stared at that. And at last, when he found his faculties shaking down into their proper places, he got ink and pen, and filled in the topmost form. He filled it in for the full five thousand pounds, having a natural desire for as much as he could get. Then he signed it, slipped it into the slot, and went to bed.

In the morning he woke feeling particularly well — uncommonly well. As he got out of bed he caught sight of his face in the jaggy piece of looking-glass that stood on the mantelpiece, and saw a positive smile on it. He sat for a moment to wonder at this, and presently broke into a laugh. He remembered a ridiculous dream about the devil and a chest.

Sunlight came in at the poky little window, and the sound of a thousand birds. The light fell on the corner of a deal table, and there lay a little bundle of papers. There was no mistake — they were the blank bills. Luke Hoddy rubbed his fist over his head to clear his thoughts. The thing would seem to have been no dream, after all. But as he pulled on his

clothes he remembered the attorney at Witham. No doubt this was some joke of his—Luke had noticed the extraordinary likeness from the first. But why should he take all this trouble to put a sell on a stranger? Luke Hoddy floundered into the only other room of his cottage, and there saw the iron-strapped box standing against the wall. Truly it was no dream. There, along the slot in the lid, lay the white edge of the paper, which he had thought he had pushed well in. Or, at any rate, it was some paper, or papers. *What* was it? He reached and pulled out—not one paper, but five, and each was a thousand-pound banknote!

It was true, then—quite true; neither dream nor sell, but simple fact. Here was the actual, indubitable money. Luke Hoddy sat for a while in the blankest of brown studies, and then began to chuckle. Chuckling, he went out into the open, and looked across the fields, lusty and sparkling in the fresh morning. A little child, carrying a basin in a blue handkerchief, stood in amaze to see old Hoddy so merry; whereupon he gave the child an apple for nothing, and sat down to laugh at the strangeness of things.

He sobered down after a little, and wondered at the impulse that had led to the gift. That apple was the first thing he had ever given away in his life, and it seemed a foolish thing to do. Especially—and the thought came like a grip at the throat—especially if the thing were a sell, after all, and the notes spurious.

This was a matter that must be settled at once. So he watched for the carrier's cart that morning, and went by it to Witham, to the bank. Here his spirits rose again, for the cashier made no difficulty about the notes, but opened an account with them, and old Hoddy left the premises with a pass-book of his own, containing an entry of five thousand pounds to his credit.

He resolved to see about Paigles's farm without delay, and to that end called on the attorney. Hoddy observed the lawyer pretty closely, and was relieved to find that, although he was smartly enough dressed, he was not so very much like the visitor of last night, after all. The lawyer promised to make discreet inquiries as to the price of the farm, and Luke Hoddy left him.

That night he filled in another bill for the full five thousand, and in the morning drew out another bunch of notes. Then he went out and caught the children going to school and distributed apples among them till nothing remained on the tree but leaves; laughing so much at the fun that rumors arose that old Hoddy was gone mad. The bank cashier was a little surprised to see him again with precisely the same amount, and the lawyer was also a little surprised to have another visit, and instructions to look out for a few more freehold investments, in addition to Paigles's farm. But that mattered nothing, and the next day old Luke Hoddy banked five thousand more.

Paigles's farm was for sale, and at a moderate price; also there was a deal of other eligible property to be had in the neighborhood, and as the money rolled in Hoddy took the first steps toward becoming a landed proprietor of no small consideration.

But lawyers have their fees to earn, and between the first steps and the last there are a great many more, and in those days there were more than there are now; and every step took time. So that it came to pass that before the last seal was pressed and the last fee earned, old Hoddy, rising one morning, very merry, turned to pull out his customary notes from the box, but instead of five, found only one piece of paper, and that not a bank note. It was, in fact, his own bill of exchange, just as he had drawn it the night before, except that there now appeared across it, in the blurred capitals of a roughly inked stamp, the words, "REFERRED TO DRAWER."

Luke Hoddy had grown so used to drawing his money regularly and making his daily trip to Witham, that he went through some minutes of dumb amazement before he realized that his stock of hate was at last absolutely exhausted, and no more banknotes were to be expected from the box. At first his smile faded and his face lengthened; but it was not for long. Indeed, he was a very rich man, and he had of late begun to wonder what he should do with all his money. For the credit of human nature I shall not tell the precise figure of old Hoddy's riches; and very few would believe in the existence of such a stock of hate as it would

imply if I did. But he was a very rich man, and was putting money into other securities besides land. So his face soon broadened again into the grin it had worn since he had stripped his apple tree. He would not need to go to Witham to-day, and he would have leisure to think things over.

He was still in the little cottage on Cock-a-Bevis Hill—indeed, there had scarce been time for a change. He used to detest the place, but now that all his hate was sold, he rather liked the situation. He had a design of building a house close by, some day, but meantime the cottage did very well, and he resolved in any event to leave it standing, and use it sometimes.

He went out into his garden and beyond the fence, whistling. Presently he saw the girl coming, driving her cows out to the meadow, and the brown lad with her, just as they had passed in the opposite direction on the evening when Hoddy had received the Owner of the Box. But this time they could not help seeing him, for he called to them gaily, with questions about banns and a wedding-day, and a promise of a silver teapot when the day should come. And when they had passed he was reminded to fill a basket with eggs and carry them down to the cottage of the round-faced woman who had so many children. After which, finding his experiences in generosity such novel fun, he got five shillings' worth of pennies at the Crown and Cushion and gave one to every child he could catch. Some of them wanted a deal of catching, for it was not easy for people to understand this change in old Hoddy's habits. The fact was that not only had he got rid of all his old hatred, but when he remembered it he felt a little ashamed, and had a great desire to make amends.

Paigles's farm was bought at last, and more than half the parish with it; the last fee was paid, and the deeds were locked in the strong-room at the bank. Then, when the time came to sell up Paigles, old Hoddy lowered his rent instead. And as to the other tenants, he discovered a way of grinding their faces against platters and quart pots, giving them and their families the most enormous dinner, in three barns, that Cock-a-Bevis Hill had ever looked down on.

It was in the merriment that followed this dinner that the transactions began that revealed the sole drawback to Hoddy's extraordinary bargain. For in his sudden revulsion from misanthropy and misogyny he conceived an almost exaggerated opinion of the attractions of his tenants' daughters and sisters, and in some cases of their aunts and mothers. Nor did it stop there, for as the days went and the news of his wealth and amiability spread and multiplied, old Hoddy found himself involved in such a complication of entanglements that there was nothing for it but to call in the aid of the Witham attorney, by whose aid, and the payment of a good deal of money, actions for breach were compromised, bigamy averted, and safety found in the end by marriage with an active and respectable widow.

But these things came to a head later, and, in any case, they have little to do with the story. Meantime, the iron-strapped box stood in the corner of Luke Hoddy's keeping-room, full of compressed hate, waiting for the devil to come and fetch it.

Now, the report of old Hoddy's sudden wealth went about among the good folk of those parts, and not among the good folk only. It reached also two vagabond thieves, tramping through Witham from Springfield Gaol, after a narrow squeak for their neck at the assizes; and this was not the first time they had cheated the gallows. They turned aside from the main road because of the rumors, for a feeble old man of great wealth, living alone in a cottage of two rooms, offered singular attractions to their inquiring natures.

They came to Cock-a-Bevis Hill, and learned enough to make them very hopeful; and that night they took a lantern and two bludgeons, and lifted old Hoddy's simple latch with neither noise nor trouble. Old Hoddy was snoring sturdily in the other room, but, though they had come willing to stop his snore forever, they checked at the sight of the iron-bound box in the corner. It stood very notable among the poor furniture about it, and here, they were well assured, was the best the place could yield the end of their desires—the treasure chest. So they left old Hoddy to his snore, and carried the box quietly out, and up the breezy slope of

Cock-a-Bevis Hill, under the stars. In a sheltered hollow near the top they set it down, and pried it open with a chisel; and that was the end of both of them.

In the morning Paigles's horsemen found them lying dead in the hollow, contorted and black, something like men struck by lightning; and the box lay by them, plain and empty.

When Luke Hoddy learned the news in the morning he looked up the hill and at the clouds, and saw that the breeze held steady from the west, as it had done the day before; and he knew that all his hate had been carried away on the winds from off the south. It had saved the hangman a double turn, and that was all it had done, good or bad; what became of it nobody could ever tell, though I have heard it conjectured that a good deal of it fell in Germany.

But the Owner of the Box was sadly vexed, as you would guess. Nevertheless, he dissembled his anger, and as soon as he heard of his misfortune (which he did by means of which I know nothing) he came to old Hoddy, polite as ever, with the idea of reducing his bad debt as far as possible. He went cautiously to work, being out of confidence with himself in the county of Essex, and remembering his ancient defeat at Barn Hall — of which I may tell another time.

"Well, Mr. Hoddy," he said, "we've had a little misfortune. It's no fault of yours, of course, and I shall make some very special arrangements for the guilty parties. But to prove my perfect and continued confidence in yourself, I've come to do business again, on very exceptional terms. I'm ready to enter into that other little transaction at which you hinted during our last interview. As I said then, it's a thing I very rarely do, in spite of vulgar opinion to the contrary; but in your case,

an old and respected customer, I'm willing to stretch a point. You've found me treat you very well in our first deal, and I don't want to drop the connection. What do you say?"

Because, you see, now that all Hoddy's hate was quite gone, Hoddy himself was such a very different person that he was a very desirable bargain, and the devil was ready to buy him forthwith.

Old Hoddy chuckled deep and long. "It do seem to me," he said, "as you'd do better in the shires. I count you make a poor trade in Essex. At Dedham an' Snoreham they be too wide awake for 'ee, an' too clever at Little Witham; you'd starve at Pinchpoles, an' you can't fob 'em at Fobbing. But a 'shire man alluz was a fool, an' I count you'd do better right over across the Lea, at Much Hadham. What you're at now is to buy me, eh?"

"At a great price, Mr. Hoddy; a noble sum!"

Old Hoddy chuckled again. "Very kind, I'm sure. 'Fore I lost my hate I'd ha' talked it over. As it is — well, now, d'ye know the stile at the bottom o' t' hill?"

"Yes."

"Well, if ye go over that an' keep along by t' hedge you come to another. Know that?"

"Perfectly."

"Other side o' that there's a ditch."

"Just so."

"An' a meddy with a tree in the middle — oak. D'ye know the oak, too?"

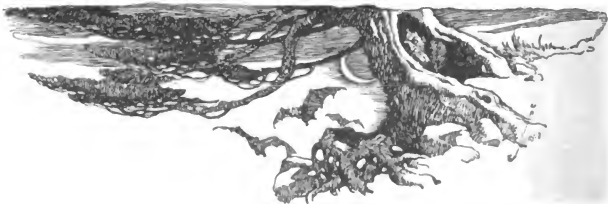
"Yes."

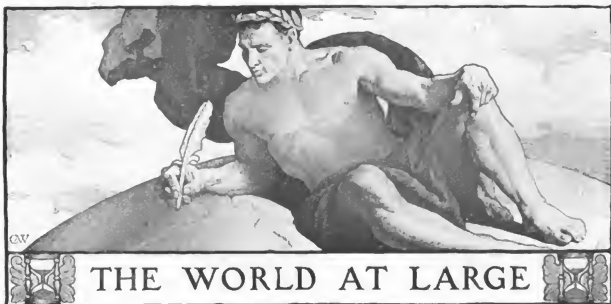
"Well, if you went along down there, now, alone, an' ran round that there oak, who'd you be a-chasin'?"

"Myself."

Old Hoddy guffawed loud and long, with his thumb against his nose.

"That's my opinion, too!" he said.





Edited by Homer Saint-Gaudens.



sented twenty-four hundred years ago. They were lucky to be able to build their

theatre in the classic stadium of Soldiers' Field. They were all the more lucky to find that the concrete walls lent themselves admirably to open-air performances with wonderfully good acoustic properties. The cast was chosen from the student body by competition in June, 1905, since when

careful preparation carried the work up to the two successful performances on June 16th and 19th. The stage proper-

ties, from the all necessary altar of Dionysus, to the smallest design based on Greek vase paintings, were executed with clear headed attention by Professor Gulick and Mr. Joseph Linden Smith, who is known as an expert on Greek and Egyptian antiquities. The only radical change made from things as they were fell in the case of the full costumes of the Greek tragic actor; for though the Cor-

thurnus which raised the actors several inches above the chorus, the onkos upon the huge tragic mask, the padding on chest and body, and the large gloves may have produced a powerful imaginative impression on the ancient Greeks, yet they would have been sure to have caused a laugh in more mod-



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THE TEMPLE BUILT IN THE STADIUM OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF THE "AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS"

ern eyes. Not only did the performances succeed as tests of archeological reconstructions, but they gave an emotional



SECRETARY ROOT AND HIS FAMILY, WITH COMMANDER WINSLOW AND LIEUTENANT PALMER ON BOARD
THE CHARLESTON JUST BEFORE SAILING

appeal, even with the unfamiliar tongue, that held the attention of a fairly large audience for fully two hours despite a slow, constant rain.

MR. ELIHU ROOT's three months' trip to South America and the Pan American Congress is most fittingly being made in an American warship. The Charleston, one of the best vessels in the navy of the United States, was refitted to afford the needed accommodations for the diplomat sent on such an important mission. Yet the very government which so generously provides such a means of transportation, contains men that only a few weeks ago, were protesting in the wake of the Honorable John Sharp Williams against the appropriation of a most proper sum to defray the traveling expenses of the President, when in the course of his duties it becomes necessary for him to go to a distant part of the United States. However, logic never rises to a government position. It is to be hoped that the Pan-American Congress will justify the half million dollar appropriation that has been given it by

the Brazilian government. From the point of view of the United States, it may do much to break down the barriers between this country and those republics of the south. For, despite the Monroe Doctrine, the connection of the United States with the countries of the neighbor continent has been almost exclusively political, while Europe has had the benefit of being attached to them by the ties of language and race.

It was unfortunate, but not unexpected, that Miss May Sutton could not repeat her foreign tennis triumphs of 1905, and lower the colors of all her English adversaries. Her opponent, Miss Douglass, who defeated her, was admittedly playing at the top of her form, after an unvanquished season in open tournament. On the other hand, Miss Sutton's preliminary upset in Liverpool had shaken the confidence she had hitherto reposed in herself through an unbroken succession of victories. However, she did not go on the court a beaten girl, but after a bad start played magnificently, being only overcome by a greater



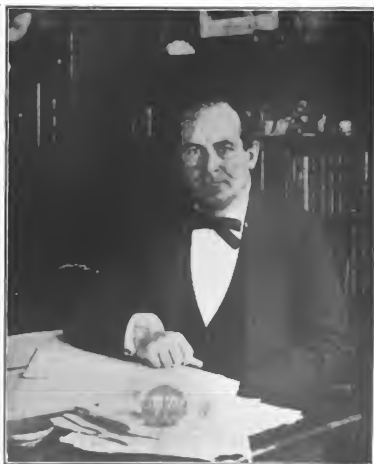
MISS MAY SUTTON, THE AMERICAN TENNIS CHAMPION WHO MET
DEFEAT IN ENGLAND

tactician with five years' more experience. In the third game of the second set, there occurred an incident which illustrates the good feeling which ran through all of the tennis contests. At that time both girls had crossed over, thinking that one of Miss Sutton's drives was "in" and had won the game. The crowd nearest the line shouted a different opinion, so back the players walked to the old courts, where Miss Douglas chivalrously served two faults, thus returning the score to what they considered proper.

THE boom which the southern and western states have started for William J. Bryan as the Democratic candidate for President in 1908, has reached such dimensions as even to stir excitement in the placid breasts of Tammany politicians. Two defeats and the experience of years has bred a restraint in place of that hot-headed chase after the silver dollar for which Mr. Bryan was so often criticised. Perhaps, too, Mr. Bryan's trip abroad has served to widen his understanding of life in general. It is certainly encouraging to hear of the speech he made on the nation's duty at the Independence Day banquet under the auspices of the American Society in London. Then the republican Mr. White-

evening, expressed all that could be said of the Democratic orator: "At home as a citizen I have openly and squarely opposed him at every stage of his conspicuous career, and I am reasonably sure when at home to continue to do the same. Abroad, as the official representative of the entire American people, I am glad to welcome him as a typical American, whose whole life has been lived in the daylight and whom a great host of my countrymen have long trusted and honored." Such remarks as these from such a thorough partisan as Mr. Reid has shown himself can be received only as compliments by his prospective opponent.

MR. ROGER E. FRY, assistant to Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, in the Metropoli-



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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, WHO HAS ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION ABROAD

tan Museum of Fine Arts in New York, has been borrowing trouble for himself

from the American artists. These men say that while they are only too happy to see the directors of their museum, employing conservative intelligence towards making necessary restorations in old and valuable paintings, they must protest against extreme or experimental methods of removing dirt, when they are applied to canvases that cannot be replaced. No one of them wishes to assume that an aspect of age is an element of value in an old painting. They agree that Mr. Fry is to be praised in his desire to present the public with a Velasquez or a Rubens in the condition that the originator created it. Trouble has come, however, from the fact that Mr. Fry has removed the outer layers and coverings until there remains the painting that he, and not the contemporary American artists, considers as the one that actually existed in the days when the old master completed his work. The artists also feel special resentment against the curator's treatment of "The Holy Family," by Rubens, which cost the museum \$55,000. According to their statement, the over-enthusiastic application of fluid has removed from the picture not only the grime of years and yellow varnish, but as well has taken out the glow which spread over the canvas, leaving certain of the



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SARAH BERNHARDT ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR EUROPE AFTER HER FAREWELL AMERICAN TOUR

come. The artists may be right and again the artists may be wrong, for undoubtedly they are piqued that much of the money, which they consider should be spent on national art, has gone to buy certain antiques, at what they consider very high prices. Also, they were undoubtedly rubbed the wrong way not long ago, when the eminent director was quoted as saying that as the Romans sought their best art in Greece, so the United States is now delving among the treasures of the British Isles.



MR. ROGER E. FRY, ASSISTANT TO SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE, AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

colors disagreeable, harsh, and without the soft transparent shadows formerly so wel-

lcome. This foremost French actress was forced to give many of her representations during

SARAH BERNHARDT'S farewell trip to America, (and Americans certainly hope it will not be her last farewell trip), has been furnished with an unusual round of excitement and five thousand dollar a night performances, wherever she was able to obtain a bona fide theatre. Thanks to the efforts of the theatrical trust, and unguarded words of excitable ministers on one side, and the extraordinary advertising powers of her managers on the other,



Photo by the Water-Color Post Card Co., London, Eng.
REJOICING AT THE DEATH OF THE DUN COW. THE CELEBRATION AT
WARWICK CASTLE

her American tour under a monster tent that she carried with her from place to place, holding four thousand two hundred spectators. Sarah Bernhardt has all the Gallic love for an "affair," however, so it is reported that she hugely enjoyed the situation. Perhaps the most significant of her performances, anyhow the one she most keenly appreciated, was that of "Phedre," Racine's classic tragedy, which she played at the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California, before seven thousand people, who went to see her from San Francisco only a few days after the earthquake, while the ruins of their homes were still cooling.

THE men and women of the barbaric Great Britain fifty years after the death

of the Magna Charta, of the divided Great Britain that suffered the War of the Roses, of the Great Britain in its prime under Queen Elizabeth, and of the religious Great Britain that struggled with its cavaliers and its Round Heads—all these people were represented at the historic pageant that took place not long ago on the lawns about Warwick Castle. History is a dry subject to many, so that when its facts and its quibbles mingle with the picturesque

and the romantic, the average mortal finds himself unconsciously learning more of the days of the past in an afternoon spent walking with these strangely dressed men



Photo by the Water-Color Post Card Co., London, Eng.
QUEEN ISABELLA AND HER PAGES. THE CELEBRATION AT WARWICK CASTLE

and women under old elms than he ever did by a year's unceasing study of Miss Charlotte Yonge's "Young Folks' History of England." To such an end the efforts of the Countess of Warwick are particularly commendable, nor is that the only direction in which the pageant has achieved success. Aesthetics make intangible talking, but there is no doubt but that fêtes such as these, if kept up to a certain extent, would produce lasting and tangible results in turning British minds from beef and shops.

A NIGHTMARE is a modest beseeching nag of phantasy compared to the hair straightening apparition the rabbit fiend might meet on a moonlight night, if he came upon a horse representing the size and



AN AUTOMOBILE POWERED HORSE

of Christ, of the turbulent Great Britain of Norman days, of the liberty seeking Great Britain of the years of the signing



MODELS OF THE THREE SHAMROCKS PRESENTED BY SIR THOMAS LIPTON
TO THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB

strength of a lusty automobile as it plunged through the country. No wonder the New Jersey town commissioners are at their wits' end to keep their road corners in some sort of condition. No wonder the restricted speed limits are being extended farther and farther into rural districts. Think of the hoof marks this hundred times enlarged quadruped would make in the best macadam road. Yet for all his force, the automobile powered horse remains a well controlled beast, and one that the rabbit fiend is only too anxious to own, since if the mechanical quadruped were not well in hand there would be a fine scattering of gravel and conversation.

THE models of the three Shamrocks, which have been presented by Sir Thomas Lipton to the New York Yacht Club, will probably be interesting in years to come as furnishing historical data on the building of nautical racing machines, for their type, it is hoped, will soon be extinct. The Shamrock I, designed by Mr. William Fife, was built in 1899 by the Thornycroft Company, and sailed a losing race against the Columbia off Sandy Hook in the contest of that year. The Shamrock II, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson and built by Messrs. Denny in 1901, met a similar fate against the old American Defender, while the Shamrock III, a combination of the work of Fife and Denny,

had no better luck with the Reliance in 1903. Probably the defeats of these three vessels closed one chapter of the history of international racing. Recently the contests between the American schooners "Corona" and "Elmira," have developed much interest among lovers of sport on the water, for nothing seems so to rouse up the salt spirit as a thresh through rolling waters in one of these large schooners. The America's cup was won by such a boat, and the early contests for that first medal of the sea were decided in a most exciting way between two-stickers. Some of the more conservative members of the New York Yacht Club are still unwilling to sail an international race under the new rules, which tend toward more seaworthy constructions and a return to old conditions. Their contentions will easily break down, however, if Sir Thomas Lipton challenges with a schooner. For the rules of the cup races permit the building of



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A \$20,000 RAFT ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER

schooners so much larger than that of any of the present day sloops, that the "stand-patters" could not meet such a situation by

merely turning the "Reliance" into a schooner, even if they knew she would be fast under her altered rig. Besides, for sport's sake, it would be well to give the situation a new element of chance. Designers in the United States seem to have proved conclusively that they can place in water a sloop faster than any such vessel produced in England. What would happen in case of a schooner is a matter of doubt, and it is doubt that breeds excitement.

THE transformation of Fifth Avenue from a residential to a commercial thoroughfare involves a new relation of the stoop-line to the building owner on one side, and the walking public on the other. So it comes about that legal measures, which have hitherto lain dormant, are to be used to procure the added space needed to enlarge both the driveway and sidewalks. Certainly this will be harsh upon the residents who still cling to their brown stone fronts and high stoops between Washington Square and Central Park.



Photo by Arthur Heintz

FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, WHERE THE STOOP-LINE LAW WILL MAKE RADICAL CHANGES. THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST BUILDING IS ON THE RIGHT

But congested traffic is an all powerful argument, so the thirty feet of sidewalk must be a thing of the near future, and the families of the old days must console them-



HER IMPERIAL AND ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY, NOW MOTHER TO THE HEIR TO THE GERMAN THRONE

selves with the thought that, anyhow, the west side is now the fashionable side. A regrettable result, however, of the reinforcement of these old laws, is that the Knickerbocker Trust Company building, which stands on the north-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, must sacrifice a large share of its eastern façade, which for some time past has held a reputation among the most beautiful bits of architecture in the city.

GERMAN ROYALISTS are gleeful, but German Socialists are glum, for a boy was born to her Imperial and Royal Highness, the Crown Princess of the German Empire and Prussia, at fifteen minutes after nine o'clock on July 5th, 1906, in the marble palace at Potsdam. The army has its doubts, at least the soldiers of the army, for they do not know whether to rejoice over the holiday and extra rations furnished by the occasion, or to weep at the thought of the numberless goose-steps which they will be forced to take on parade from time to time before the royal child.

A \$20,000 RAFT is quite out of the realm of the imagination of even the small

boy, for the water which it displaces would make a small pond by itself; yet such a float is not an uncommon occurrence in the Columbia River, Oregon. The lumber camps of that region, instead of driving their timber down the river loosely, as is done on the Connecticut and such streams in the Eastern States, are forced by the size of the body of water to bind the trees that they have cut during the winter into one huge float, which is piloted as a unit to the saw-mills.

THE temple of the great Buddhist Vihara, which was erected, under the equator, some 350 miles south of Batavia, in the eighth and ninth centuries, displays in its complicated decorations the results of a labor that would cause the work expended on the Great Pyramids of Egypt to sink into insignificance. This classic ruin in Java covers an area of nine acres and reaches 150 feet above its surrounding plain. The Pyramids surpass the Vihara in height and stand as everlasting monoliths, but this



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TWO OF THE SEVENTY-TWO DAGOBES IN THE COURT OF THE VIHARA TEMPLE

rateness, with its three miles of carved relief and its hundreds of statues. For instance, on the circular terraces at Boro are seventy-two latticed stone dagobes, each containing a sitting figure of Buddha, and complicated and refined in sculptured work beyond anything in India. Lastly, it may be noted that, accustomed as the modern traveler is to find multitudes of companion tourists at any given point on this world's surface, he may come here and rest his æsthetic soul in quiet, away from the lunch basket of an offensive neighbor.



Photo by Van der Wende

THE FOUR-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD TURTLE IN THE NEW YORK ZOO

temple, built in the honor of the hero Gautama, has no peer in decorative elabo-

He is four hundred years old and still crawling around. At least, they say he is four hundred years old, though his known biography only dates back to his coming to the New York Zoo ten years ago. He does not carry children on his back after the fashion of the well-



THE FRENCH IDEA OF HUGE DERRICKS

bred testudinate reptile so popular in the English menagerie. However, he is quite



Paint by Van der Weyde

MEHITABLE GREEN, WHO LIVES WITH HER DOG DEWEY

the center of attraction in his part of the grounds, especially as his weight more than equals his years.

HERE in America the people are accustomed to twenty-five story buildings, endless subways, and huge dams, but this illustration of "The Arms of Modern Giants" shows that the French imagination can out-top even the dreams of the wildest of American engineers. The cut, taken from a Parisian monthly, illustrates "The enormous steel titan crane lifting into space the weight of one hundred and fifty thousand kilogrammes; it places, as in the legend, mountains on mountains."



AERIAL NAVIGATION AT FORT GEORGE, NEW YORK

ANY person sufficiently distraught to desire to walk down Bromfield Street, Hoboken, may happen upon a retiring little house bearing a door-plate marked "Dewey." Dewey is in the accompanying illustration. Dewey is the dog, not the woman. The woman is Mehitable Green. Mehitable Green lives with Dewey, not Dewey with Mehitable Green. Mehitable Green lives with Dewey because she knows that other persons know that she is rich. Riches bring occasional demands for money. Money may be saved by concealing the whereabouts of one's residence. One's residence may be easily concealed by living with Dewey.

AERIAL navigation no longer remains a

sport, confined to the venturesome or the rich. Any person can engage in it at any time and acquire its accompanying dizzy feelings in such centers of harrowing amusements as Luna Park and Dreamland, Coney Island, or Paradise Park, Fort George, New York City. The average stranger who steps aboard one of these airships wears a supercilious and confident smile; but in two minutes he clutches his seat wondering whether the rope will break, whether he will be swept into space as a stone from a sling, or whether he will become violently ill. Not long ago the Ferris Wheel had its attractions, but it was immediately relegated to the backyard when this invention put in an appearance.

PRESENT day honesty, and the cleanly American sporting spirit receive their best compliment each time thirty thousand persons spend an afternoon exchanging six million dollars in five, ten, and twenty dollar bills in a crowded yard, without the slightest cause for a complaint of welching, disorder, thefts, or trouble of any kind. This is not



LUTHER TAYLOR, DEAF AND DUMB PITCHER FOR THE NEW YORK NATIONALS

Gravesend or Belmont Park, where more than three hundred bookmakers stand up on their stools to flourish their slates and their currency before a struggling body of men, in the placid assurance that they will not fall the victims to a gang of toughs.



Photo by Vander Weide

IN THE BETTING RING, OPENING DAY OF THE BROOKLYN JOCKEY CLUB

an uncommon occurrence in such places as the betting rings of the great race tracks of must be silently but thoroughly vented by his fingers. Let us have peace.

BASEBALL men are noted talkers. Yet in at least one instance the lack of the faculty of speech or hearing proves no hindrance to a man's power to play one of the most difficult positions on the team, that of pitcher. Umpires sigh with relief when they see in the box Luther Taylor, the deaf and dumb "slab man" of the Giants, for the latter's only relief to his feelings

PAMELA AND I

BY C. S. HULBERT, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. FUHR



VERY woman," said Pamela, "is interested when she hears that a certain man has never been in love, and particularly so in the case of Bobby."

"Do you share in this — er — prejudice?" I inquired politely.

"Am I more than woman?" she answered, smiling demurely and studying the teacup she held.

"Happy Bobby!" said I. Then I added hopefully, "But I have never been in love myself — until lately."

"A man in love is interesting to only one creature — his fellow-sufferer," she observed oracularly.

"Does that mean the lady he loves, or the lady who loves him?"

"Good gracious! What a distinction, Mr. Gifford! Is there generally any difference?"

"You should know," I declared in a tone of elaborate meaning.

"I hope you are not thinking I am the Sphinx," she said, looking up at me — well, in a way she has.

"Indeed, no!" said I. "You are not a riddle-maker, but a riddle."

"Bravo, Mr. Gifford! If you keep up like that you may yet rival Bobby Scott in popularity."

"Dare I aspire to the proud post of Mayfair idol?"

"Cleverer and cleverer! Why, I am immensely proud of myself! It is a great thing to be able to draw you."

"I did not know, Miss Pamela, that you were artistic."

"I might have meant that, even though I didn't. All women are artists, of course."

"If you mean they paint —"

"It's false!" she exclaimed, laughing,

as she rose and made her adieux to her hostess.

"How lonesome you will be, walking home alone," I said sympathetically as we reached the sidewalk.

"If you were very determined to come with me, of course I could not drive you back," she suggested, toying with the button of her glove, on which her eyes were obstinately fixed.

"I have a very strong will," I confessed as we strolled along. "When once I am set nothing much can move me."

"But your ears are not too large," said Pamela with a rippling, mocking smile. "And I wonder if I could not move you."

"I said 'nothing much'; perhaps you could."

"'Nothing much'! I don't think you are very gallant, Mr. Gifford!"

"Little but precious," said I firmly. "The diamond and the boulder, you know." And I tapped myself on the chest.

"I am sure you are the bolder, indeed," declared she, pouting deliciously.

Just at this moment a rather handsome, clever-looking man of middle height saw Pamela, raised his hat and rushed across the street at the risk of his life. She turned to me, dimpling, "Here comes Bobby Scott now!"

"The rivals," said I darkly. Pamela tittered.

"Oh, Mr. Scott, do let me introduce you to Mr. Gifford."

He bowed; so did I. "Delighted," I murmured, shooting a deprecating glance at Pamela.

She smiled and turned swiftly to me. "Oh, Mr. Gifford, I do believe I must have left my handkerchief — my best one — at Mrs. Leland's. Won't you please go back for it? And when you bring it back you may stop for afternoon tea — perhaps." She gave him a fluttering glance, then transferred it to me.

"Mayn't I come if I can't find the handkerchief?" said I, bowing to hide a smile.

"Perhaps," said Pamela again as our glances of amused understanding crossed, for I was almost sure that in her side-pocket rested the "best handkerchief," and her laughing eyes would not deny it. So I left them and walked home thinking of — prejudices.

"Well, how is your Bobby Scott?" said I.

"My Bobby Scott" is eminently satisfactory, thanks, Mr. Gifford," answered Pamela. "What a simply *indecent* shot," she added as the cue slipped and accomplished something perilously near a scratch.

We were in the billiard room, Pamela and I. I was practicing some very fancy shots and Pamela was sitting on the edge of the table, swinging one foot and indulging in chocolate creams and criticism.

I chalked my cue and Pamela asked, selecting a raspberry cream and biting it, "Didn't you say your letter was from the Spanish cousin your mother wants you to marry some time?"

"I'm afraid so, Miss Crafts," said I in a spirit of supreme self-abasement.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gifford?"

"I meant I am afraid I *shall* have to marry her some time not far off, and I called you 'Miss Crafts'; I hope you noticed that."

"I hardly recognized myself," said she, smiling down at me with one raised eyebrow and a perfect warfare of dimples.

"How unkind of you to suggest that 'Miss Pamela' is a universal privilege —"

"Not quite as bad as that, Mr. Gifford!"

"Well, nearly," said I firmly. "Do you deny that every man you've ever flirted with has called you that?" And I looked my sternest; not, of course, because I felt so, but out of principle.

"Denied!" exclaimed Pamela. "Three of them, just this last season even, left off the Miss!" and she flung out her arm at me triumphantly.

I shot worse than ever.

"But, Mr. Gifford, since my affairs don't seem to improve your aim, let's talk

about yours. Tell me all about it. An international *mariage de convenance*! It is quite like a romance, isn't it? Is the lady very fond?"

I unfolded my letter. "She calls me 'My dearest cousin,'" I quoted.

"That's a trifle," said Pamela. "Hurry up, please; what else does she say?" And she picked up the balls and fell to juggling with them, looking to me for applause.

"She signs herself, 'Your loving cousin.'"

"She would, of course," said Pamela, approvingly. "But what a lot you must have left out," and she smiled demurely.

"Confidences —" I began.

"I don't believe there's a confidence in it," said she recklessly. "I am sure if there were you would read it, just to prove how superior was her taste to mine."

"Really! Miss Pamela, I don't wonder you are admired!" I exclaimed. "You are so intuitive; quite like a modern spiritualistic medium."

"My spirits are not departed, however," she said. "But let's have some more of that letter. I won't sit here and have you call me names."

"I shall be so glad to see you, dear Charles," I read. "I hope it will be mutual," I added softly nodding, as I folded the sheet and placed it with ostentatious care over my heart.

"Dutiful," murmured Pamela; then, "A *souçon* of flattering familiarity goes a long way with a man."

"May I ask," said I, "if that is why I have occasionally seen and even — er — felt you, when carried away by your feelings, place your hand on a man's arm?"

"Don't be horrid, Mr. Gifford," besought Pamela. She rose and came to me. "Really, that carnation in your button-hole is *very* crooked," and she began to set it straight, with her wavy hair at my chin and her little hands fluttering.

Suddenly she raised her head; one hand still lay on my breast. "Bobby Scott is really fascinating," she observed, and her dimples began to play. I could watch her dimples for hours in perfect delight. They come and spread as do the ripples in a still pool when you toss in a handful of pebbles. And then the largest two screw up the corners of her mouth, and



"SUCH WAS PAMELA"



one on her chin glimmers and flickers like a light seen through a snowstorm.

"Does your present position suggest —" I began, but she popped a chocolate in my mouth and that dimple on her chin — which I call her star dimple — flickered more than ever.

"I think you're outrageous," said she; then she laughed.

Such was Pamela.

And Bobby Scott? I wondered.

She was lovely; there was no doubt about that. When my mother sent for me and I entered the mother's snuggery my first thought was that she was the Spanish gypsy of tradition. Deep, slumberous black eyes in a bronze-pale face; warmly black hair; a fine figure, and dimpled hands, with a golden tinge; yes, she was beautiful.

"Your cousin, Herma Da Va," said my mother proudly, yet with a touch of beseeching, as though she asked a cordial greeting of me.

I took one of the cool little hands and smiled into her eyes; it is a trick I have — to study one's eyes. The splendid depths were stirred and threw out a spark to meet my glance. There came to me on that instant the remembrance of a picture gallery and how Pamela and I had admired the intense, speaking eyes of a canvas called "Black Diamonds." Such eyes I now saw again. And I remembered how I had said, smiling, that Pamela's eyes were yellow diamonds, and that she had cried, "You talk as though I were a cat!"

"And this is Cousin Charles," my cousin murmured, with a faint pressure of my hand. Her manner was subtly flattering; her eyes almost caressing. "I cannot help being agreeably surprised."

"I am afraid your former estimate must have been poor," said I, somehow resenting her lack of dimples.

She dropped her eyes, still smiling. "How lovely America is — and Americans are even more so. You have never been to Spain, dear Aunt?" she asked.

"Never," said my mother.

"Ah, you have missed much. Spain is indescribably charming."

"And Spaniards even more so," I murmured.

Mother smiled. "Suppose, Charles,

that you show your cousin the hot-house before she dresses for dinner," she suggested, and satisfied with this piece of diplomacy, took up her fancy work and began to embroider a wonderfully made butterfly.

"Really," said I as we strolled among the flowers, "I should pay you some compliments as to your sisterhood with those scarlet roses if I did not disapprove of such conversational subterfuges."

"You pay me a compliment every time you speak my name," she smiled. Even so easy is it to pay compliments that one does it without realizing.

"Your name? How so?"

"Oh, my full name, you know. 'Hermosa' means 'lovely'; and then my usual pet name 'Hermanita' means 'little darling.' 'Herma' is only the handy abbreviation, and — a safe road for the escape of compliments."

"Hermosa! How suitably they name in Spain!" said I. Then picking one of the bright flowers, "Miss Lovely, will you not put this in your hair? I have artistic longings which, as a rule, are not even suspected, far less catered to. At present I am longing to admire the contrast between this flower and your hair."

"Do they all talk so in America?" she laughed as she tucked the rose behind one ear.

"Who would not be eloquent with such a temptation? It is enough to make a flatterer of a misanthrope, I assure you," I returned, thinking how well the red rose characterized her.

"And what would it make of one already a flatterer?" she quizzed.

"A fool," I said with conviction.

"I am loth to believe that," said she, and, laughing saucily, ran into the house.

"I think," said Pamela; "that Bobby — that Mr. Scott understands me."

"Always a pleasant thing to feel," said I, but I did not think it pleasant.

"And so," said she, "I am going to marry him."

"I beg your pardon?" I cried.

"And so," she repeated, "I am going to marry him." And she picked up a book and rustled its leaves in her nervous way.

"Is it safe?"

"Safe, Mr. Gifford? What do you mean?"

"Why, do you feel that *you* understand *him*?"

"But," objected Pamela, "how should I feel confident he understands me unless I understand him?"

"Oh, well, I thought you might have taken his word for it."

"I never trouble myself with the opinions of others when I have plenty of my own. And he is so devoted."

"And you?"

"Oh, of course he isn't the *first*."

"Nor the dearest?" I murmured.

"N-no," said Pamela slowly. "But he *is* the last," she added, smiling. A moment before I could have vowed that in her tone was something moved; I knew that it was moving.

"After the first, the next best is the last, I infer?"

"Sometimes," she half-whispered. "But sometimes —."

"I wonder," said I, abruptly, and it may seem irrelevantly, "if he calls it the 'star dimple' — I wonder if he understands *that*, as well as others, as one other?"

Pamela rose. "How silly, Mr. Gifford! Don't you think we'd better not talk any more about that dimple?"

"Ask me to do anything but forget it," I answered. Then as I reached for my hat I added, "I shall reserve my congratulations until I meet Mr. Scott."

"Goodbye," said Pamela softly. "And — Mr. Gifford! You needn't — quite — forget."

I always pitied the much maligned dog

in the manger. I am sure it *hurt* him to see the ox approaching.

We were in the conservatory, Herma and I. Mother had just left us; together we had been talking of our approaching marriage. And now we stood, each, I think, reviewing the past talk.

Then Herma spoke, breaking a little silence, filled only by the scent of a great bunch of her favorite crimson roses that I had cut for her.

"I would not have you think this a love match," she said. There was a pearl ring on her little finger; she turned it round and round and her look was far away.

Suddenly I knew.

"There is some one — in Spain?" I said softly.

A blush swept over her. My roses fell upon the path. "Yes — yes!" she cried; then her eyes came back to mine and searched them.

"And there is some one here, I think," she said quietly, taking the flowers I had stooped to pick up.

I bent my head.

"And we stand together among the roses, like an idyll done in crayon," said Herma, with a sadly bitter little smile. "Do you remember when you said these roses were like me?"

"Yes," said I.

Still smiling faintly, she raised one to her lips and kissed it; then she tore off the brilliant petals and scattered them among the plants.

With one accord we turned and walked into the house.



A LETTER TO THE DUCHESS

BY LEONARD MERRICK



YOU said to me last night, Duchess: 'You are a great musician, Socoloski, but a great musician may be a great fool!' I had vexed you. If I should not know that, forgive me. Perhaps it is common of me to recognize that I vexed you—I shall always be ignorant of the best manners. Pray be indulgent to my ignorance. Pray let me write to you boldly, because I have something to say.

"But how difficult it is! I am a vulgarian, who can only express himself by his violin! I want to say that when you looked at me so kindly, I was not the dolt and ingrate that I seemed. I was very proud, very honored. If I appeared insensible of your interest it was because I had just been stricken by a grief which I dared not hint.

"I arrived at your house late last night. You will be revolted to learn what delayed me. When my recital was over, and I had escaped from the fashionable ladies who scrambled to kiss my hands, and pull buttons from my coat as keepsakes, I hurried to a minor music hall to hear a girl in tinsel sing a trashy song. I hurried there because I loved her, Duchess, and I had much to think of when I left. To understand what was in my heart when I reached your drawing-room, you must read my love story from the beginning—my very vulgar love story that will disgust you.

"Most of the things that you have seen about me in the papers were false—anecdotes invented by my agent. The public ask for anecdotes of their favorite artists, and it is business to give the public what they want. I generally play the music that they want, though it is seldom the music I like best. I say that most of the things you have heard about me were false, but this much is true: my father was a peasant, and I have fiddled in a fair.

"I was happy. I have been told of

artists who suffered agonies in their youth, always tortured by ambition, and dismayed by their obscurity. With me it was quite different. I was more joyous in a tent than I am now on the platforms. I even knew at the time that I was happy. That says much. Ungrateful, perhaps, I sound to you? Still, I shall be frank.

"I was thirteen when I first heard the words, 'You will be famous.' I was on my way to buy some apples, and the discussion that detained me bored me a great deal. So ignorant was I that I swear to you, 'Fame' said no more to me than that one day I would fiddle with a roof of wood over my head, and that storekeepers and farmers would spell my name from a bill at the doors.

"My patron had me educated. To him I owe, not only my position in the musical world, but the fact that I am able to write this letter. I shall not weary you by describing the years of study. When I began to understand what lay before me, my apprenticeship looked an endless martyrdom; more than once I was at the point of flying from it. There is, they say, a special department of Providence for the protection of fools; it is Providence, no wisdom of my own, I have to thank that I am not still a vagrant scraping to villagers among the show wagons. The plans mapped out for me succeeded in spite of myself. At last the time arrived when an agent said, 'Now we will commence.'

"Of course, I had come to my senses before this. So far from hankering after the tents of my boyhood now, I was ashamed to remember that I had ever played in them; so far from picturing fame as the applause of shopkeepers in a shed, I thirsted for something more than the reception accorded me at my debut. Ambition devoured me now. If I have the right to praise myself for anything, it is for the devotion with which I worked during the five years that followed.

"Well, I made a furore. Audiences rained roses on me, and struggled to reach

the platform. Great ladies invited me to their receptions, and bent their eyes on me as if I were a god. I found it frightfully confusing; under my veneer, under my fashionable suit, I was still the peasant who had held his cap for coppers. I discovered that it was necessary for me to do more than master my art—that I was required to say interesting things to people who frightened me; my popularity suffered a little because I could not do it. The agent was furious at my bashfulness. 'You must speak to the ladies as if you were in love with them,' he told me; 'or if you cannot do that, be rude! Make an effect somehow. You answer as if you were a servant.'

"Many of my eccentric remarks that you have heard, Duchess, have been composed with difficulty and practiced with care. The world will not have us as we really are. My agent often returns a portrait-poster of me to the printer, with the instructions, 'Put more *soul* into the eyes.'

"I am coming to my love story. It was no further back than last year that I first met her. I had given a recital at Blithepoint, and was remaining there for a few days' rest. One evening I went to a variety entertainment in the pavilion on the pier.

"In the bill were three girls described as 'The Three Sisters Clicquot.' They appeared as theatre attendants—the programme sellers who show you to your box—and sang, to a rather plaintive air, that they once hoped to be 'stars' themselves. And then, having blossomed into gauze and spangles, they burlesqued melodrama. After their turn two of the trio came into the stalls, and by chance we spoke; a strong man had broken a sixpence in halves and thrown the pieces over the footlights—one of the girls asked me to let her see the piece that I had picked up.

"I do not suppose I exchanged twenty words with her, and certainly I gave no thought to the incident; but a night or two later I drifted onto the pier again, and came face to face with her.

"She greeted me gaily. 'Have you been in front?'

"'No,' I said; 'I am only strolling. Where are your sisters—are they really your sisters?'

"'Oh, no,' she answered, 'It's Nina Clicquot's show—good name to choose, eh? The other girl, Eva Jones, and I are engaged by her, that's all. This is my card.' From a battered purse she took a card, on which was printed:

MISS BETTY WILLIAMS.
The Three Sisters Clicquot.

"We were near the entrance to the buffet. 'Will you come and have a drink?' I asked.

"'Oh, I don't think I will, thanks,' she said. 'I'm waiting for Eva—I might miss her.'

"'Oh, you'd better come,' I said.

"We went in and sat down at one of the tables. She did not strike me as particularly good looking then; the charm of her face lay in its changefulness, and as yet I had not seen it change, for her capabilities as an actress were of the slightest. I saw merely a pale, slim girl, becomingly dressed in some dark stuff that was rather shabby; when she lifted her brandy and soda a finger tip showed through a glove. I wondered why I had brought her in, and was glad that there was no crowd to recognize me. It wasn't till she told me so that I was sure she recognized me herself.

"She said: 'I have never heard you play; I should love to! Did you do good business down here?'

"I couldn't help smiling. Yet it had a pleasant ring, that question. It revived the past—the days when I used to see the takings divided on the drum!

"'Oh,' she exclaimed laughing, 'I forgot! Of course, you did—I'm not used to talking to big guns.' But there was no embarrassment in her apology—she might have been living among 'big guns' all her life.

"'How long have you been at it?' I asked her.

"'The halls? Three years,' she said. 'I was on the stage for a little while, not that I was up to much. I was the starving heroine once—the manager said I was the worst leading lady he had ever seen, but that I "looked the part," because I was all bones. I *am* a skeleton, aren't I? I chucked the stage; the halls pay much better—and my voice isn't bad. Of course, it's not a trained voice, but it

isn't bad, eh? We have two shows a night next week — that means five pounds to me. Good for little Betty!' By the way, she was not little.

"What do you do with so much money?" One must say something.

"Oh, I've plenty to do with it," she said.

"A husband to keep?"

"Give us a chance!" she laughed. "No, but mother doesn't make much by the shop any more — she's a costumier — and there are the kids to bring up — I've two young brothers. She did well once. I used to go up West to try for engagements, dressed to kill — she lent me the models to put on. I often didn't have twopenny in my pocket, but I looked a treat! The only thing was I was so afraid of its raining — then we couldn't sell the models."

"You've had hard times?" I said, interested.

"She nodded gravely. 'Rough! I've always found very good pals, though. When I went into the chorus at the Regalia I and a friend of mine hadn't a cent between us for 'bus fares; and there was an old Johnnie — one of the syndicate — who took to us. Quite straight! He said: "Look here, I know you two girls aren't getting enough to eat; I've booked a table at the Troc, and you're both to lunch there right through the rehearsals. If you can't get away for lunch, it's to be dinner; but one square meal a day the two of you are to have regularly, or there'll be rows. Mind, it isn't to be a meal for more than two!"' Her face lit with laughter. "There were some boys in the chorus just as stony as we were; my friend would lunch one day, and I'd lunch the next — we'd each take a boy in turn! But the old man found out what was going on — and the Troc was off! . . . I've had cases of champagne sent me, if you please! He was a wine merchant's son — wanted to marry me; his screw in the business was about a pound a week. Nice little fellow. He always called me "Jack." He used to say: "I can't come in the pit to see the show to-night — I haven't got a bog; but have a case of champagne, Jack — it doesn't cost me anything!"'

"I liked it. For years I had conversed with only two kinds of women — the

women who awed me, and the women who were awed. In five minutes I was as spontaneous as she. Her tones were, for the most part, very pleasant, and now that she was animated, the play of her features fascinated me. When we had finished our drinks we sauntered round and round the pavilion.

"The performing birds are on," she said as we caught the music; 'I hate that show; I hate an audience for standing it. Don't they know it's cruel? Performing birds make me think of the first bird you see die — you're a child; it's generally the first time you've looked at death. You bury your bird in the garden, and you line the grave with flowers, so that the horrid earth shan't touch it.' Her voice fell to a whisper.

"By the burst of applause that reached us in the moonlight I knew that the pavilion was packed.

"That's Heracles, the strong man," she said as we listened again. 'What did you think of him? He's in love with my sister — I mean Eva Jones. You know what a little slip of a thing she is? He wanted to kiss her, and she put on side — oh, Eva was very haughty!' "Sir, how dare you?" He had hold of her finger, and he drew her to him as if she had been a piece of paper. It was so funny, to see her going! He worships the ground she walks on — fact! That was the reason his challenge night was a frost — didn't you hear about his challenge night? He bet that no twelve men in Blithpoint could pull him over the line. Then he got drunk, because she wouldn't have anything to do with him — and they pulled him all over the stage. It cost him ten pounds, besides his reputation. He cried. "Ah, little girl," he said to her, "it is all through you!"'

"It was amazing that on the boards she could not act! As I heard her tell this story, I would have sworn she was a born comedienne. The exaggerated dignity of Miss Jones, its ludicrous collapse, the humiliation of the strong man — she brought the scenes before me. 'Go on,' I begged; 'talk some more!'

"But before she could talk much more the obdurate Miss Jones appeared. I was presented, and wished them 'good night.' I could have seen them to their lodgings, but — well, Miss Jones' costume was not

to my taste, and she had forgotten to take the 'make-up' off her eyes.

"I am writing more than I intended; I had no idea that my explanation would be so long!

"The next night I did walk to their lodgings with them. It was Saturday, their last night in the town; on Monday they were to open in a London suburb. Miss Jones had to leave a parcel with an acquaintance at the Theatre Royal, and in her absence Betty Williams and I paced the street alone—a quarter of an hour, perhaps. She was looking forward to the week at home. She was serious to-night; she talked to me of her mother and the 'boys.' I said I hoped she would find them well; and we shook hands—"Good-bye." The incident seemed closed, but I went away with an impression I had never experienced before—the impression of having met some one who ought to have been my very good friend.

"When I breakfasted on the morrow I felt blank in realizing that her train had already gone. Every day I had to combat a temptation to run up to that suburb. When my holiday came to an end I wondered if she was in town still. By a music hall paper I ascertained that 'The Three Sisters Clicquot' were in Derby. Each week I bought the paper to learn the movements of 'The Three Sisters Clicquot'; and each week I told myself it would be absurd of me to follow her so far. Eventually I followed her to Yorkshire!

"What a town! The gray, grim streets, the clatter of the clogs, the women's dreary faces under the shawls! I put up at a commercial hotel—there was nothing else—and was directed to the Empire.

"Their name was far down the programme—"No. 10, The Three Sisters Clicquot." I began to think we would never reach it. No. 8 proved to be a conjurer, and my heart sank as I beheld the multitude of articles that he meant to use before he finished. No. 9 was a troupe of acrobats; a dozen times they made their bows and skipped off—only to run on again and do some more. At last! The number '10' was displayed; the little plaintive symphony stole from the orchestra, the three girls filed on—Eva Jones, next Miss Clicquot, then Betty.

"I wondered if she would notice me. I saw her start—she smiled. I was so pleased that I had come! We talked presently in the passage under the stage. She was very surprised; I did not tell her that I was there only to meet her again. Once more I walked with her and Eva Jones to their door. In the morning I called on them.

"I stayed in the place four or five days. There were luncheons in the private room that I had been able to secure at the hotel. I went to tea with them at their lodgings. In fine, I was very much in love, and I knew that I had been a fool. I knew it for a reason which will be difficult for you to credit, Duchess. This girl, who took a brandy and soda with a stranger in a bar, who accepted little presents from others, and dined with men who had only one motive for inviting her, remained perfectly virtuous. In different classes there are different codes—she did not regard her behavior as wrong; more, if she had committed the act which she knew to be wrong, she would have broken her heart. 'No matter how much a man cares for a girl,' she said to me once, 'he can't hold her any more sacred than she holds herself at the beginning. A girl saves herself for a man she is thinking of; she hasn't seen him—in all probability she never will see him; but she is saving herself for him—the imaginary man—from her head to her heels! . . . You tell me I "shouldn't do this," and I "shouldn't do the other"—I don't do any harm. If you knew how dull it is on tour, you'd understand my taking all the fun I can get. When a fellow asks me to lunch, I go. I say I'll go with another girl—that tells him everything, doesn't it? I swear to God I've only let one man kiss me in my life—and then I only did it out of pity, because he was so cut up. A man is never dangerous till he's beaten. Do you know that?' Well, I wasn't prepared to marry her, and she couldn't be anything to me if I didn't; I left Yorkshire with the firm intention of never seeing her any more.

"However, I missed her dreadfully, and at the end of a month I succumbed again. I went to Lancashire this time. The same impatience in my stall, the same quiver of expectancy at the plaintive introduction that was so familiar now, the

same throb as the three girls appeared! Why should I bore you with details? I was with her all day, every day. Tea and chatter in the lodgings became an institution, and we grew serious only when the melancholy dusk signaled her departure for the hall. She was not fascinated by her career. 'How I hate going in!' she murmured sometimes as we reached the artists' entrance, with the group of loafers spitting on the curb. And I sat in front, just to see the turn, and talk to her again between the first performance and the second—in the passage at the foot of the dirty steps, where such draughts poured through the slamming door, and the gas jet blew crooked in its cage.

"She was fond of me; I knew it. I had only to ask her to marry me—I knew that her consent wouldn't be due to my position. There were moments when I was very near to asking her. But I was Socoloski, and she—a third-rate variety artist. I shuddered to think what the society ladies would say if their god stooped—for that matter, what everybody would say. No woman could have been more different from the wife I had pictured. Yet no woman had ever been so truly a companion to me. Always a Bohemian at heart, I had naturally fallen in love with a Bohemian; but when he draws a portrait of the wife that he desires, every man is conventional. Besides, you, and great ladies like you, had made me a snob. She drove with me to the station on the day I left. She knew I wouldn't go to her again—I heard it in her voice. That was the only time I felt dull when I was with her—we both could have said so much, and were allowed to say so little. I remember the look in her eyes as the train crept from the platform. I shall always remember the look in her eyes as she smiled on the platform!

"Even a weak man may be strong sometimes—in the wrong place; I stuck to my resolve. At first I still glanced at the *Encore*, just to know where she was, but before long I denied myself this, too. Fortunately, my American tour started soon afterwards. The change helped me while it lasted, but when I came back the struggle was as bad as ever. Six months had passed. I was desperate. I didn't know what to do to keep myself in hand.

"Duchess, my motive in addressing you is to write the truth, even the truths that one blushes to acknowledge. When I welcomed the dawn of your interest in me, I turned to you as a chance of forgetting *her*—I did not mean to prove so obtuse as I appeared last night. Perhaps, a gentleman might have seized the chance also, but, I suppose, only a cad would own to it to you afterwards.

"And I couldn't forget! I never responded to your gaze without wishing it were hers. I resented the very gowns that you received me in, because *she* was poorly dressed. I hated myself for being in your drawing-room while she was trudging through the rain.

"My God, it's awful to think of a woman like that—to have the thought of her beset you as you open your eyes in the morning; to think till you're worn out thinking of her, and pray to think of something else; to think of her till you want to escape from your own mind!

"Tolerate me a little longer!—I have nearly done.

"Last Saturday—it was a year since I had seen her. I broke down—I was ready to make her my wife. I wondered if she would look as pleased as she used to look when she saw me—and then I froze at the thought that 'The Sisters Clicquot' might be abroad, that they might have vanished altogether. When I searched the *Encore* again I—there were emotions!

"'The Three Sisters Clicquot!' I found it. They were in Portsmouth on Saturday; yesterday they were to be in town. It was impossible for me to go to Portsmouth; my prayer was that, after my recital yesterday, I might reach the London hall before she left. I had no means of knowing whether their turn would be late or early; all through that recital I was sick with the fear that I might miss her. The audience delayed me beyond endurance—I was shaking from head to foot when I escaped. I threw myself into the carriage, and told the man to drive like mad.

"He couldn't find the stage door, and, too impatient to keep still, I leaped out and went to the box office. It was all right—they hadn't been on yet! There could be no chance to speak to her until the turn was over, so—just as I used to do—I

sat down to wait in the stalls. Just as I used to do, I read 'The Three Sisters Clicquot's' name in a programme, and wished that the preceding turn didn't last so long.

"I had taken it for granted that they would be giving a different song now — and my heart tightened at the greeting of that familiar symphony again. For an instant I could not look at the stage. I knew, with my head bent, the moment when the three girls filed on; I knew how they were moving, where they were standing — now the note that they were going to sing! I looked up for Betty's face — and saw a stranger.

"I couldn't tell you anything of the next few minutes — I only remember that I felt cold and dazed; I don't think I saw the turn very clearly. There seemed something unreal in another woman's standing in Betty's place, and wearing the frock that Betty had worn.

"Afterwards, I found the artists' entrance, as I had proposed to find it — only I asked for Eva, instead of Betty. She came down to me, smiling, in her stage costume.

"'Who'd have thought of seeing you!' she exclaimed as we shook hands; 'I was just going to "change."'

"'How are you?' I said dully, and our eyes questioned each other.

"'I suppose you know about Betty?' she said.

"I could only look at her.

"'She's dead!' she told me.

"The last turn was on; a comedian was bawling doggerel. I listened to bars of it before I whispered, 'Dead?'

"'She got typhoid when we were in

Lincoln — she died last month. Hadn't you heard?'

"'No . . . It's still "The Three Sisters Clicquot" on the bills.'

"'Oh, yes, of course — it's always "The Three Sisters Clicquot." . . . The new girl's not as good as Betty was — do you think so?'

"'I don't know.'

"The comedian was dancing now — I heard the rattle of his feet. Shabby people kept hurrying past us through the passage, up the dirty steps; the door at the top was slamming, and the gas jet blew crooked in its cage. It was strange to be among these things and not see Betty.

"'Good-bye,' I said. 'Did she ever talk of me after I went?'

"'Sometimes. She wasn't the girl to say much. Betty liked you, though.'

"'I liked Betty,' I said. . . . 'Well —'

"'Well,' she said, 'I must get along and change. Buck up!'

"And then I went to you, your Grace; I had promised to play to your guests, and I could not break my word. But you may understand what I was feeling while I played — that my thoughts were in a grave. And when we were alone, you may understand that, though you are young and beautiful, and a duchess, and exalted me by your caprice, I could not be guilty of that — outrage, that adultery towards the dead.

"Most humbly I beg you to believe that I esteem the honor you have done a man who was unworthy — who was loyal neither to you nor her. You will never pardon me for this letter. Good-bye!"





Photograph by Alice Boughton.

"LOW TO THE GRASS THE GREEN BOUGHS OF THE ORCHARD
HEAVILY DROOP WITH THEIR RUDDY-HUED LOAD"



AN AUTUMN COLOR-SCHEME

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

BUTTERFLY-HAUNTED, the great purple asters
Throng, golden-hearted, the edge of the road;
Low to the grass the green boughs of the orchard
Heavily droop with their ruddy-hued load.

Scarlet and orange, the bitter-sweet berries
Light the soft gray of the weather-worn rails;
Rose-pink and crimson Virginia creeper
Over the bronze of the blackberry trails.

Sapphire the sky; and the branches, wind lifted,
Show the great clouds that drift snowily by;
Sad and reluctant—thou first of the falling!—
Drops the brown leaf that was quickest to die.





Photograph by Alice Boughton

*Oh, swiftly glides the bonnie boat
Just parted from the shore,
And to the Fisher's Chorus note
Soft moves the dipping oar.* *—Joanna Baillie.*



SOME ROOF GARDENS

BY JAMES HUNEKER



WHO was the first man to introduce the roof-garden in this city? Was it not some descendant of those Babylonians who enjoyed the pleasures of the Hanging Gardens in Nineveh? History saith not. Yet, it is but a few years ago that Aronson, then the debonaire Rudolph, transformed the top of the Casino into a miniature mid-night paradise, where music and beauty mingled beneath the stars, and all New York flocked to the spot. It was my first roof-garden. There may have been predecessors, but I can't remember them. And to my taste, it was the most picturesque. In those days I dreamed of a roof-garden with clustering palms, luxuriant plants, mysterious shaded alleys of green, filled with hammocks or lounging chairs, tables — not too many — and music. But not the music of the hard-handed band player; instead, a string orchestra, well concealed, discoursing a voluptuous Strauss or Waldteufel valse, or pulsing with the mad fiery rhythms of the Hungarian Gypsy. Above all, no ragtime, no travesty in the nature of the African cakewalk. Music for the nerves; music for the soul. In summer one wishes to relax, and music in the se-

verer classic forms is not to be thought of; though antique minuets and gavottes would make a gamble variety. I even went so far as to fancy a pianoforte artist, a Pachmann, for example, who, hidden behind a bank of roses, would play divinely for us Chopin mazourkas and ballades. It was a dream. Rudolph Aronson did not deny that the scheme was a delightful one, but he demurred, asking, naturally enough, whether this exotic plan of mine would draw an audience. It would not. That I knew. Yet, how far superior to the noisy platitudes of the vaudeville, the inevitable vulgarity which soon ruled every establishment of the kind!

I had hoped that the ingenious Oscar Hammerstein, when he built the colossal New York Theatre, with its roof-garden, would introduce something novel. He hadn't the time. Madison Square Garden offered excellent opportunities for an inventive mind. But, one and all, they patterned after the Casino, so that the roof-garden in this year of grace is only a variety show, elevated a few hundred feet above the sidewalk, and, as a rule, crowded, hot and uncomfortable. All are under roof; when it rains you might as well be in the stuffy auditorium of a theatre. Furthermore, nearly every hotel has its own garden on the roof, and I



MISS EVA FAY AT HAMMERSTEIN'S ROOF GARDEN

have found such places more to my liking than the stereotyped resorts, as the music is not too obstreperous, and there is seldom a crowd. Thus was a charming novelty spoiled by the usual managerial submission to popular lack of taste.

Wasn't it during the early roof-garden craze that some unknown bard blossomed into the doggerel which set all Broadway smiling?

"Oh, the little Aronsons, Aronsons,
Aronsons,

Oh, the little Aronsons, up on the roof.
Oh, the little stockholders, stockholders,
stockholders,

Oh, the little stockholders, down in the
soup."

I'm not certain of the other verses; I vaguely remember that the names of the Frohmans, the Haymans and managers who have since vanished were introduced with burlesque effect. Now those days have been swallowed up by the remorseless maw of forgetfulness, and other Kings rule in Israel. (Excepting, of course, the Frohmans, Haymans and the perennial Oscar of the Lucky Hat.) New York tired of roof-gardens for years.

Then came a revival of the habit. Men who stay in town must have a cool spot whereon to congregate, to chat and sip their drinks. To-day the roof-garden is a summer show. Often a bad one, for the patience of the public in the open air is amazing. Plays and vaudeville "turns" that would not be tolerated in winter time are received with perspiring approbation, and the "chaser" of the regular vaudeville hall is often the star of the roof-garden.

One night last month, when the heat was fairly endurable, I made a round of the roof-gardens, from Hammerstein's "Paradise" to "Heidelberg in the Air," and was deeply impressed by what I witnessed. The best thing I saw at the "Paradise" was Oscar himself. I say this in all sincerity. Hammerstein is unique. He is a man who loves good art, though he might say, with Faust, that in him two spirits struggle. Music is his passion. I recall gleefully the famous forty-eight hours, when, at the instigation



RUE AND PREVINE AT HAMMERSTEIN'S PARADISE ROOF

of Gustave Kerker, he immured himself in a room at the top of the Gilsey House,

where he composed the music and text of an opera. I was one of the judges. The result was "The Kohinoor," which was actually performed at his theatre, now the New York. Here is an instance of his ingenuity — to trap him at anything is difficult: The opening chorus merely consisted of "Good morning, Mr. Morganstein; good morning, Mr. Isaacstein," sung on one note, while the orchestra made a few simple modulations. Time was thereby gained. And Oscar introduced the first pony ballet — ladies with flowing horse-tails. The opera was a success. Hammerstein became the rage of the paragrapher. One thing he has never forgiven the jury. We hired a hand-organ, a persistent Italian, to grind out horrible sausage-like music below his window. Oscar shook his fist from time to time at the man, but the fellow had been too heavily bribed to take the hint. A policeman finally drove the music away. Oscar might have claimed a "foul," but he didn't. Furthermore, when the jury, with characteristic bad taste, sent him ham sandwiches and pork pies, he ate them without a murmur. And he won his bet. I shall not dwell upon the quality of his music. I have since heard worse.

To-day the love of art in Oscar has triumphed. He is about to give New York grand opera, and on a scale, he asserts, that will be a tribute to his in-



LA BELLE DZIRIA, A ROOF GARDEN FAVORITE

telligence and foresight. He was happy as he related the difficulties he had overcome in gathering together a company of superior and "world renowned" singers.

"Artists, every one of them, my dear

THE FENCHKOFFS, RUSSIAN DANCERS AT HAMMERSTEIN'S ROOF





THE AUDIENCE AT THE WISTARIA ROOF GARDEN

boy," he said with that peculiar open-arm gesture all of his own.

"I'm not boasting, but I've never failed in anything I have undertaken — at least, I didn't know when I was 'licked' —

and I think I understand New York audiences by this time." He certainly knows how to cater to the public's appetite for vaudeville.

The audience that night was large; there is space in plenty at the "Paradise." (What a Hammersteinian title!) Sitting at tables, or in the regular numbered seats, it presented the accustomed profile of human beings in summer undress and eager not to be bored. The man who said "Isn't it hot?" was absent. We all pretended that it was mid-winter, and applauded vociferously. After the Spook Minstrels had finished their shadowy, though far from silent act, Dronza, the speaking head, an evolution of the old head of Robert Houdin and Pepper's artificial human, came in for its share of interest. Its interior was revealed. No fraud could be detected. Ventriloquism was out of the question. And we surrendered ourselves gratefully to the illusion — not believing in it for a moment. It was a surprise to see Charles Henry Melzer attentively following the show as if he had never heard of the San Francisco earthquake or Herr Conried. Even Max Hirsh, whose benign countenance is



PEREGRINUS MUSICAL DOG AT THE PARADISE ROOF

familiar to every opera-goer in the country, sat in a box, and forgot that he reached New York after the Californian quake episode, with a hotel key and his accustomed amiability.

Probably the audience was the better part of the performance. One man in it laughed too hilariously for a team of "artists," and he was asked to go down on the left and get his money refunded. The occurrence had a suggestion of the fine Italian hand of Oscar. The Russian giant was so tall that I wondered at the size of his brewery bill. He must drink by the keg. Full of subtle curves and youthful beauty was Lalla Selbini, "The Bathing Beauty." Isn't that a midsummer's night dream of a name! She pedaled like a great *virtuosa* her bicycle. She defied the laws of gravitation as she discarded its front wheel and triumphantly circled about between heaven and earth, a miracle of undress and charming insolence. A prettier girl is not seen many times on the boards. Her bathing costume struck the masculine beholder as quite proper for the dog-days—lucky dog!—and something altogether gratifying in its open-eyed freedom. A gesture of the Selbini refutes all the heresies of Puritanism. But the temperature rose when she was on view, and soon I fled



SELMA BRAATZ AT THE PARADISE ROOF GARDEN

across the street, not daring to take my pulse, temperature or respiration in the transit.

JULIA SAUNDERSON. BEAUTIFULLY SUPPORTED IN "THE TOURISTS"



The Aerial Gardens, at the New Amsterdam Theatre, are pretty, but, unfortunately, a drizzling rain had set in, and the vista of shrubbery and the floors and tables, glistening in the wet, were not inviting. So I went into the theatre, where Manager Harris was presenting a musical play by the Yankee Doodle comedian, George M. Cohan. It was called "The Governor's Son," and its sub-title was "A Summer Song Show." A piece full of old-fashioned complications, it is like an old Palais Royale farce, without the salt. But the young man Cohan is clever. He makes the most of his native mannerisms, and he is always droll and entertaining. At his age, however, Harry Dixey was an artist. George Cohan is a natural low-comedian, with a keen eye for sheer burlesque traits. Where his forte lies is his versatile grip on popular taste. He gives the public a medley of fun, slang, music that it likes, and in his own performance there is a sub-acid flavor of ironic jocularly that appeals precisely to Broadway. You laugh, and you forget all about him five minutes afterward. But he is amusing and his company capital. His father, "Jerry" Cohan, I remember long as a fun-maker. Ethel Levy, Truly Shattuck — amplitudinous now — Helen Cohan, William Keogh, and Jack Webster — son of Nellie McHenry — made a well-trained ensemble.

So the rain was negligible, and after an act I traveled to the New York roof-garden. There I saw Carrie de Mar, the Rain Dears, Ned Weyburn's aggregation; the Carmen Sisters, Cliquita, the

midget — shall I continue? It was the same old story — a tale thrice told, signifying boredom for the seasoned New Yorker, but joy to the uninitiated. Frankly, I envy them, our cousins from the country, our brethren of the East and West Sides, to whom this glitter and bustle, noise called music, shrieking called singing, and knocking about called comedy, fill with contentment. It is like the real thing, Broadway; the Great White Way; in two words — New York. And I assure you that it is difficult to revivify one's early illusion. I dislike the posture of the used-up man, with his air of blasé; and, really, isn't the roof-garden one of the particular plagues invented by a malign deity, and further developed as an instrument of torture and boredom by the theatrical manager! We are all moths at some time of our life; Robert Louis Stevenson once said that the young man who hadn't made a fool of himself wasn't worth talking about — or an idea to that effect. (It's too hot to verify quotations!) The roof-garden, then, came into existence to supply the demand for summer foolery, for a new accent in the silly season. Let us feebly commend it; let us raise our voices in a fatigued hurrah. But for me, my own roof-tree and its comparative silence — anywhere, anywhere away from the blare and glare of the New York garden. Luckily for that breezy institution, few think as I do. Hence the *al fresco* show, with its monotonous, mediocre, vaudeville, its easily amused humans, and its astute management. The roof-garden is an enduring institution of our Gotham.

NED WEYBURN AND THE RAIN DEARS AT THE NEW YORK ROOF GARDEN





CATHERINE TANNER AS EGYPT IN "HIS HONOR THE MAYOR"

U of M



THOMAS FORTUNE AND BEATRICE MCKAY AS THE CRICKETS IN "SEEING NEW YORK"



A GROUP OF GIRLS FROM "HIS HONOR THE MAYOR"



NEVA AYMAN IN "SEEING NEW YORK"



A "RAIN DEAR" AT THE NEW YORK ROOF

UorM



PAULA MARR, IN "THE SOCIAL WHIRL."



LALLA SELBINI AT HAMMERSTEIN'S ROOF GARDEN



MACHOW, THE RUSSIAN GIANT, NINE FEET, TWO AND ONE-HALF INCHES TALL, AT HAMMERSTEIN'S

Photo



MISREPRESENTATIVE WOMEN

(MRS. GRUNDY)



BY HARRY GRAHAM

WHEN Lovely Woman stoops to smoke
 (A vice in which she often glories),
 Or sees the somewhat doubtful joke
 In after-dinner stories,
 Who is it to her bed-room rushes
 To hide the fervor of her blushes?

Who is it, tell me, in effect,
 Who loves to center her attentions
 On all who wilfully neglect
 Society's conventions,
 And seems eternally imbued
 With saponaceous rectitude?

When Susan's skirt's a trifle short,
 Or Mary's manner rather skittish,
 Who is it, with a fretful snort
 (So typically British),
 Emits prolonged and startled cries,
 Suggestive of a pained surprise?

'Tis Mrs. Grundy, deaf and blind
 To anything the least romantic,
 Combining with a narrow mind
 A point of view pedantic,
 Since no one in the world can stop her
 From thinking ev'rything improper.

The picture or the marble bust
 At any public exhibition
 Evokes her unconcealed disgust
 And rouses her suspicion,
 If human forms are shown to us
In puris naturalibus.

The bare, in any sense or shape,
 She looks upon as wrong or faulty;
 Piano-legs she likes to drape
 If they are too decoll'te;
 For long with horror she has viewed
 The naked Truth for being nude.

On modern manners that efface
 The formal modes of introduction
 She is at once prepared to place
 The very worst construction,
 And frowns, suspicious and sardonic,
 On friendships that are termed Platonic.

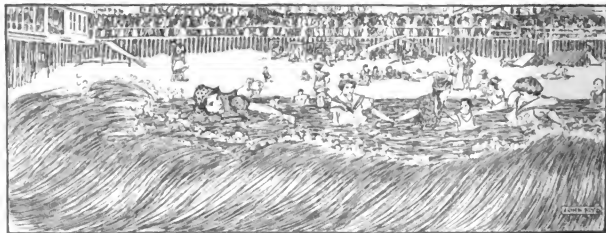
The English Restaurants must close
 At twelve o'clock at night on Sunday,
 To suit (or so we may suppose)
 The taste of Mrs. Grundy;
 On week-days, thirty minutes later,
 Ejected guests revile the waiter.

A sense of humor she would vote
 The sign of mental dissipations;
 She scorns whatever might promote
 The gayety of nations;
 Of genuine fun she seems no fonder
 Than of the noxious *dooblontonder!*

And if you wish to make her blench
 And snap her teeth together tightly,
 Say something in Parisian French
 And close one optic slightly.
"Rien ne va plus! Enfin, alors!"
 She leaves the room and slams the door!

O Mrs. Grundy, do, I beg,
 To false conclusions cease from rushing,
 And learn to name the human leg
 Without profusely blushing!
 No longer be (don't think me rude).
 That unalluring thing, the prude!

No longer scan the world, I pray,
 In search of trifling social errors;
 Let "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"
 No longer have its terrors;
 Leave diatribe and abjuration
 To Mrs. Chant and Carrie Nation.





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"Why are the birdies on the wires?" asked little Nellie Gray.

"They're picking currents, don't you know," said knowing Willie Day.

—Dan-Sayre Groesbeck.

BYE, BABY BUNTING

BY OLIVER HERFORD

DRAWING BY GILBERT WHITE

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Sister's gone a hunting
With the hounds to chase the cubs;
Mother's at the Country Clubs
Playing Bridge, some wealth to win,
To roll the Baby Bunting in.

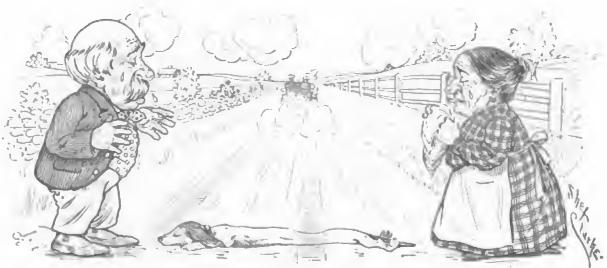


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MONK: That's because when the machine breaks down he drags it home himself.



THERE WAS A LONG SILENCE BETWEEN THEM.



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BY FRANCES MAULE



HEY see me in my garden plot,
So neat and meek and mild,
And whisper to their little girls,
"Now there's a model child—"
They never guess that in my heart
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The Metropolitan Magazine

B. F. Russelt, Publisher, New York

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Price 15 Cents per Copy; \$1.50 per Year.

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Issued Monthly by THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE COMPANY, 3 W. 29th St., New York.

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

The October Metropolitan Magazine

(Special Autumn Number.)

**METROPOLITAN
MAGAZINE**



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Reduced from the full page drawing by WALTER
TITTLE in THE OCTOBER METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

is impossible to imagine a more vitally interesting symposium of articles than that which will appear in THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE for October. Among others who have written plain statements of fact of the position of the companies after the recent investigation are PAUL MORTON and CHARLES A. PEABODY, both reform presidents of large companies, and both life insurance experts. There will be other papers written from the point of view of the insured and of the insurer, and the purpose of each will be to give the truth from all sides; so that every reader may know the exact situation, and define his own attitude in relation to it.



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THE METROPOLITAN adds monthly to its reputation for securing for its readers the very best of the short stories. Recently very little of ANTHONY HOPE'S work has been published in America.



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"Prudence and the Bishop," which appears in the October number, is charming in its delicate sentiment beyond anything its author has heretofore produced. It is full of the sort of sentiment that the young experience and with which the old live in retrospect. The daughter of a vicar cursed with poverty and blessed with a large family, Prudence finds herself between a rich marriage for the financial rescue of the family, and a hopelessly poor one for the sake of her heart. The dream of a bishop's palace shows the way out.

"MCPIKE, BACKSLIDER," by A. M. CHISHOLM, is one of those great short stories,



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THE OCTOBER METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

which appear at only too rare intervals. The hero, a Canadian lumberman, is so human that when you lay the story down you feel as though you had made a new flesh and blood acquaintance.

THERE has been secured for this number also, the latest work of IAN MACLAREN, "The Making of a Man." How long has it been since you have seen a new story from this author's pen? Dr. Watson may not write a great deal, but when he does send forth anything it is sure to be of vast literary importance. What effect the construction of a peat dam had on George, known as Grandolphus, is too good a story to tell in brief. You must find out about it for yourself.

THERE are two great stories of seafaring men in the October number. "The Persecution of Nathan Peters," by T. JENKINS HAINS, shows how pride wins through many tribulations, and in the end may strive to justify itself in tragedy. "The Admiral and the Tug," by F. WALTHORTH BROWN, is of quite a different character, being the account of how a shrewd Cape Codder intrigued with South American politicians, became an admiral, and sank three warships with a tugboat, after which he returned to Yankeeland and enjoyed what he had saved from the above mentioned unique operations.

IN addition to these there are many other stories scheduled. "The Danger of Being a Twin," is another



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IN THE OCTOBER METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

characteristic yarn from Leonard Merrick. "The Baby Wrangler," by Alice M. Cleveland, is a story of New Mexico in which a bank teller, a robber, a baby, its mother, and a sheriff's posse figure in a series of dramatic incidents. "The Run on the Greenville Bank," by Stanley Waterloo, is a clever financial story which no one who has, or has ever had, a bank account can afford to miss. "The Poseur," by Ward Muir, is a quaintly pathetic little tale. "Three and Out" shows Anne Warner's genius for humor and incident at its best. James Huneker will discuss Paul Hervieu's new play, "The Awakening," which is shortly to be produced in this country. Other stories and articles are scheduled.



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IN the art work of the October METROPOLITAN, such well known artists as E. Hering, C. J. Taylor, George Gibbs, Frank Tenney Johnson, C. D. Hubbard and David Ericson are represented.



Reduced from the full page illustration by ALICE BOURGTON in THE OCTOBER METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

H. E. ROOD has written for the October number an article on the American Museum of Natural History. The paper contains an account of some of those great natural curiosities which are puzzling scientists—curiosities of the existence of which most of the world knows nothing. The article is illustrated by a series of remarkable photographs.

"THE POND," by Sidney Allen, is another article, interesting and unique, and above all charming. The illustrations accompanying it are of the sort that make you, if you are a country man, homesick for the country.

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Some Features for October

In addition to the regular departments for October there will be special articles on "Ornamental Iron-work," "Frauds in Old China," "Children's Playgrounds," "Glass Houses," "Potter Bronzes," "More Garden Notes" for October and a remarkable article on the famous Beaulieu Abbey, by the Dowager-Countess De La Warr. The illustrations throughout will be as usual complete and plentiful.

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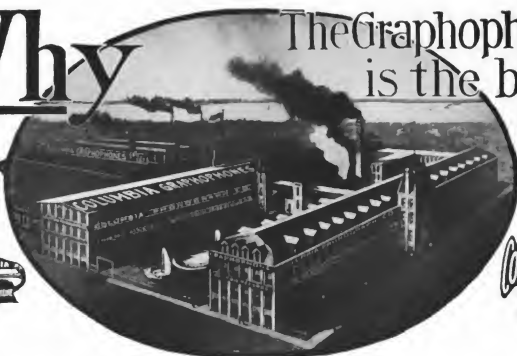
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MAGAZINE TALK

ANTHONY HOPE and Ian Maclaren, when they write, both, as a rule, have something quite definite to say. It is a mistake, often accomplished by the hasty reader, to fancy Mr. Hawkins' one purpose the amusement of his audience. This is as just as to say that a sailboat is only for the eye because it is graceful. The opposite error is as greedy of the quick at conclusions. Ian Maclaren has said a great deal, and there are probably many who, granting this, fear he is not sufficiently amusing.

Mr. Hawkins and Dr. Watson — for both men keep their real names from the covers of their books — have accomplished much within a comparatively short time. They have advanced to the foremost rank of British authors. Whatever they write is of importance to two continents, and perversely enough, having achieved this enviable position, Mr. Hawkins and Dr. Watson are not writing as much as their admirers would wish. There is this advantage, however: such of their work as is published nowadays is superior in technique and thought to their earlier productions.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE is fortunate to have scheduled for its October number stories by each of these great British writers, both of whom have something interesting to say to you. One approaches you through sentiment, and the other through your common sense. Both capture you, and when you have finished reading the two stories you have had a mighty amusing time, and the world somehow looks better from every point of view. Although Mr. Hawkins is English,

and Dr. Watson, Scotch, the appeal of these stories is universal; they mean as much to Americans as to Englishmen. They deal with emotions you all know — love and sympathy.

You might imagine from his accomplishments that Anthony Hope is an old man. As a matter of fact, he is only forty-three years old, and should have before him many years

of important activity. Like Rudyard Kipling, he married an American girl, Elizabeth, the daughter of Charles H. Sheldon, of New York. He studied for the law, attending Marlborough, and Baliol College, Oxford, but early displayed his ambition for a literary career. His first efforts were in the field of romance, and these yielded small success until the publication of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Perhaps his most graceful and delicate work lies in the stories of which one speaks as "the Dolly Dialogue sort." Ever since the publication of the first of the "Dolly Dialogues" it has been recognized that Mr. Hawkins



ANTHONY HOPE, WHOSE UNUSUAL STORY, "PRUDENCE AND THE BISHOP," APPEARS IN THE OCTOBER METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

has found a splendid medium for more than sheer cleverness — for sentiment, for satire, for humor, for wit.

"Prudence and the Bishop," his latest story, which appears in the October number of this magazine, has been pronounced by those who have read the proofs as one of the best stories, long or short, Mr. Hawkins has ever written. Its quaint, subtle charm; its deft suggestion; its smoothly drawn characters, all fascinate, hold you throughout, and make you wish it were much longer than it really is. It is a love story, and it contains a lesson that no

lover should miss. But its charm is quite as poignant for the old who have not forgotten their sentimental days.

DR. JOHN WATSON (Ian Maclaren) has steadily traveled the road of British literary fame. Born in 1850, he attended the Stirling Grammar School and Edinburgh University, completing his education on the continent. In 1874 he was licensed by the Free Church and became assistant at Barclay Church, Edinburgh. "Beneath the Bonny Briar Bush," practically the first work published under the name of Ian Maclaren, appeared in 1894, and created such a demand for the author that for several years one or more volumes of his work were published.

Dr. Watson is an enthusiastic golf player. He is well known in this country, as he was the Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale University in 1896.

His latest story, "The Making of a Man," which has been secured for the October number of THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, is full of human nature, and is one that will amuse everyone, unobtrusively, teaching a great big lesson. It has all the delicate charm of the author's earlier work, combined with a certain rugged virility that swings you into instant sympathy with the dam-builders, who have set out to make a man of the resplendent Grandolphus.

THE "great short story" is an uncertain guest. Now and then it arrives and we welcome it, and treasure it, for the next one may be far off. It reminds one of a comet, whose orbit, constantly altering, brings it within our view at changing intervals. It is seldom brought back by prize contests. Persuasion of those who have once achieved it avails nothing. It is an erratic quantity that shapes itself. Something that is very like a great short

story comes from the Canadian lumber camps. Whether or not it is really the hoped-for visitor is a matter time only can judge. At least, it is unusually strong, human, and compelling. "McPike, Backslider," is the name of this story, and its author is A. M. Chisholm. It will appear in the October number of this magazine. It possesses harsh strength that fascinates, human touches that grasp your sympathy, hurried action that carries you breathlessly along, and coloring that gives you the illusion and makes you friends with its characters. In any case, the story is well worth reading. McPike is a good man to meet, think what you will of him after you have shaken hands good-bye.



DR. JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN), THE FAMOUS BRITISH LITERARY MAN WHOSE LATEST STORY, "THE MAKING OF A MAN," APPEARS IN THE OCTOBER METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

GORDON ROSS, whose remarkable drawings accompanied Wallace Irwin's poem of the San Francisco catastrophe, "You Sabe Me," in the August number, has recently made his home in New York City. He himself was a victim of the earthquake and fire and made his drawings from the actual impressions he received on the spot. Shortly after the crash he escaped to Oakland, and it was from the waterfront in the early morning that he got that wonderful view of the burning city, which he managed to retain in his memory

until he had put it on canvas. Mr. Ross had known Wallace Irwin on the Pacific Coast, and the latter, when told that Ross was to illustrate the poem, said that he was the one man to do it. Poem and drawings came from men working from their hearts to crystallize the spirit of what they had known and loved.

THE model of the Macomb statue was accredited, through an error, to Albert Jaegers in the department "The World at Large" in the August number. The sculptor to whom the credit for the model should have been given is Adolph A. Weinman.

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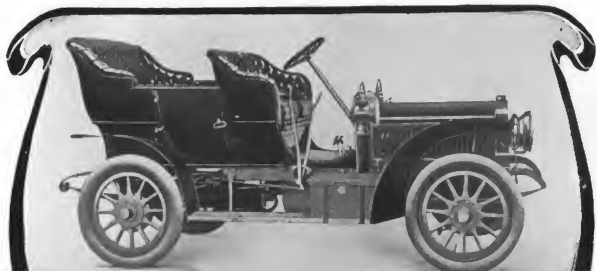
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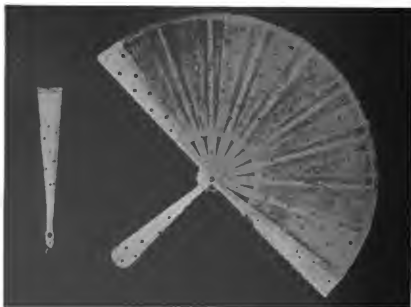
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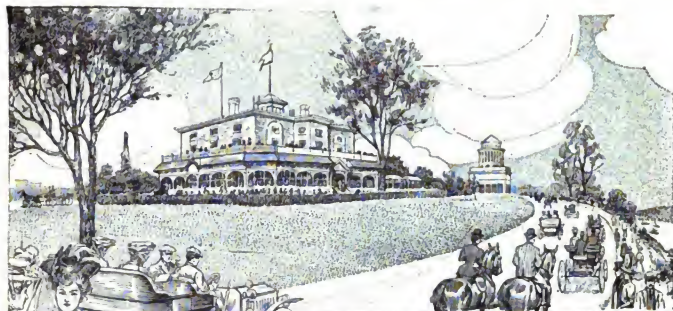
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